



*Be still ye Swains, attend the Song,
Of Beard and Arne, of Lowe and Young.*

H. Burgh delin. et Sculpfit.

THE
Merry Man's **COMPANION,**
AND
Evening's agreeable Entertainer:
CONTAINING

*Near six Hundred of the very best
and most Favourite*

Songs, Catches, Airs, &c.

Now in Vogue;

Many of which were never yet published;

TOGETHER

With the Songs of the late Seasons

AT THE

PUBLIC GARDENS:

The like not Extant.

THE WHOLE

Design'd for **MIRTH and JOLLITY,**

Is printed in an Alphabetical Order

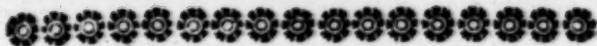
For the

Reader finding out any particular Song.

LONDON;

Printed and sold by **H KENT** *in Finch-Lane,*
and **THO. PAYNE** *Bookseller near the South*
Sea-House in Bishopsgate Street. **MDCCL.**





S O N G 1.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall,
Which serv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen and Hall,
No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate,
No Ambition had he, nor Duns at his Gate:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
If at Night he could purchase a Jug of brown Nappy.
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
Saying just to a Hair I made both Ends meet:
Derry down, &c.

But Love the Disturber of High and of Low,
That shoots at the Peasant as well as the Beau;
He shot the poor Cobler quite thorough the Heart,
I wish he had hit some more ignoble Part:
Derry down, &c.

It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,
Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay;
Her Eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry Day,
That she shot the poor Cobler quite over the Way:
Derry down, &c.

He sung her Love-Songs as he sat at his Work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would flee,
Which put the poor Cobler quite into Despair:
Derry down, &c.

He took up his Awl that he had in the World,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
He pierc'd through his Body instead of the Sole,
So the Cobler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll:
Derry down, &c.

And now in good Will I advise, as a Friend,
All Coblers take Warning by this Cobler's End;
Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by what's past,
That Love brings us All to an End at the Last.
Derry down, &c.

Sequel to the Cobler.

But the rest of this Story is sad to relate :
 You've an End of the Cobler, but not of his Fate.
 No Mortal came near him, no Shroud cou'd he have ;
 No Coffin provided, nor Care for a Grave.

Derry down, &c.

'Till at length this young Damsel, being mov'd with
 Compassion,
 Resolv'd, after Death, he should follow the Fashion :
 When he had lain full six Days 'till his Leather was
 shrunk,

She cramm'd the poor Cobler into an old Trunk.

Derry down, &c.

Her Petticoat served instead of a Pall,
 Supported by six, who were Coblers all :
 No Gloves on their Hands, no Coats on their Backs,
 Their Mourning, tho' solemn, was Size and Lamp-black

Derry Down, &c.

And when this poor Cobler was laid in his Grave,
 As the last friendly Office, they squall'd out a Stave,
 Oh ! had you but seen, their Grin and their Jirk,
 You'd have sworn they were all keeping Time at their
 Work.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G 2.

A Cuckold it is thought
 A most reproachful Name ;
 Since Wives commit the Fault,
 Whilst Husbands bear the Blame.
 'Tis natural for Women
 Such little Slips to make ;
 And if they were not common,
 How many Heads would ake ?
 I'll give my Wife her Humour,
 If she'll but give me mine ;
 And tho' I hear bad Rumour,
 I never will repine.
 If she a Cuckold make me,
 I'll serve her in her Coin ;
 And may the Devil take me,
 If e'er I lag behind.

S O N G

(3)

S O N G 3.

A Curse attend that Woman's Love,
Who always would be pleasing;
The Pertness of the Billing Dove,
Like tickling, is but teasing.

What then in Love can Woman do?
If we grow fond they shun us;
And when we fly them, they pursue,
But leave us when they have won us.

S O N G 4.

A Courting I went to my Love,
Who is sweeter than Roses in May;
And when I came to her, by Jove,
The Devil a Word could I say.

I walk'd with her into the Garden,
There fully intending to woo her;
But, may I be ne'er worth a Farthing,
If of Love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her Hand close to my Breast,
While my Heart was as light as a Feather;
Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But, ---- Madam, 'tis very fine Weather.

To an Arbour I did her attend,
She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
I crept to the furthest End,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which Way was the Wind,
For I thought in some Talk we must enter;
Why, Sir! she answer'd, and grinn'd,
Have you just sent your Wits for a Venture?

Then into the Parlour we went,
There I vow'd I my Passion would try;
But there I was still as a Mouse,
Oh! what a dull Booby was I?

A 2

S O N G

A Damsel, I'm told,
 Of a delicate Mold,
 Whose Father was dead, to enrich her,
 Of all her fine Things,
 Lace, Ribbons, and Rings,
 Priz'd nothing so much as her Twitcher, poor Girl,
 Priz'd nothing so much as her Twitcher.

The Youths all around,
 With Courtship profound,
 Try'd every Art to bewitch her :
 But she was so chaste,
 She'd not be embrac'd
 By any thing else but her Twitcher, poor Girl,
 By any Thing, &c.

Each offer'd his Pelf,
 In Exchange for herself,
 If to him the Parson might stich her ;
 But still she reply'd,
 She'd never be ty'd
 To any Thing else but her Twitcher, poor Girl,
 To any Thing, &c.

But Cupid, grown wild,
 To see himself foil'd,
 Resolv'd to find Ways to bewitch her,
 And humble her Pride,
 Whatever betide,
 He scorn'd to give Way to the Twitcher, poor Girl,
 He scorn'd, &c.

Brisk Strephon, the young,
 Whose amorous Tongue
 Was baited with Words to bewitch her,
 The God did prepare,
 To combat the Fair,
 And try'd to out-rival her Twitcher, poor Girl,
 And try'd, &c.

Young Strephon drew nigh her,
 And flush'd with Desire,

Try'd

Try'd Kisses and Oaths to bewitch her,
 He prattl'd and toy'd,
 But still she reply'd,
 Pish, let go the Hold of my Twitcher, poor Girl,
 Pish, let go, &c.
 But this cunning Spark,
 So well took his Mark,
 He found out the Way to o'er-reach her;
 He gave her a Trip,
 Which happen'd to slip
 The mystical Knot of her Twitcher, poor Girl,
 The mystical, &c.
 And thus having ended
 The Thing he intended,
 Who knows what he did to bewitch her,
 She cry'd, No, no, no;
 But yet I can't go:
 Now do what you will with my Twitcher, dear Boy,
 Now do, &c.

S O N G 6.

A Dean and Prebendary
 Had late a new Vagary,
 And where at doubtful Strife, Sir,
 Who led the better Life, Sir,
 And was the better Man.
 The Dean he said that truly,
 Since Bluff was so unruly,
 He'd prove it to his Face, Sir,
 That he had the most Grace, Sir,
 And thus the Fight began, &c.
 The Preb reply'd like Thunder,
 And roar'd out, 'twas no wonder,
 Since Gods the Dean had three, Sir,
 And more by two than he, Sir,
 For he had got but one, &c.
 Now whilst these two where raging,
 And in Disputes engaging,
 The Master of the Charter
 Said both had caught a Tartar,
 For Gods, Sir, there where none, &c.

A 3

That

That all the Books of Moses
Where nothing but Supposes ;
That he deserv'd Rebuke, Sir,
Who wrote the Pentateuch, Sir,
'Twas nothing but a Sham, &c.

That as for Father Adam,
And Mrs. Eve his Madam,
And what the Serpent spoke, Sir,
'Twas nothing but a Joke, Sir,
And well invented Flam, &c.

Thus in this Battle-royal,
As none would take Denial,
The Dame for which they strove, Sir,
Could neither of them love, Sir,
Nor neither could convince, &c.

She therefore sily waiting,
Left all three Fools a-prating ;
And being in a Fright, Sir,
Religion took her Flight, Sir,
And ne'er was heard of since, &c.

S O N G 7.

A Fox may steal your Hens, Sir,
A Whore your Health and Pence, Sir,
Your Daughter rob your Chest, Sir,
Your Wife may steal your Rest, Sir,
A Thief your Goods and Plate.

But this is all but Picking,
With Rest, Pence, Chest and Chicken ;
It ever was decreed, Sir,
If Lawyer's Hand is fee'd, Sir,
He steals your whole Estate.

S O N G 8.

A Lass that was laden with Care
Sat heavily under a Thorn ;
I listen'd a while for to hear,
And thus she began for to morn.

So merry as we twa have been :
 So happy as we twa have been !
 O my Heart is like to dispair,
 When I think of the Days we have seen !
 When you my dear Shepherd, was there,
 The Birds did melodiously sing ;
 And the cold nipping Winter did wear
 A Face that resembled the Spring :
 Our Flocks feeding close by his Side,
 As he gently pressed my Hand.
 I had the wide World in my Pride,
 And could all its Glory withstand.
 At the Eve, when the rest of the Follie
 Were merrily seated to spin,
 I sat myself under his Oak,
 And I heavily sighed for him.
 My Dear, he wou'd oft to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me ?
 Or why do you thus turn away
 From him who is dying for thee ?
 But now he is far from my Sight,
 Perhaps new Advice may approve ;
 Which makes me relent Day and Night,
 That ever I granted him Love.

S O N G 9.

A Lovely Lass to a Fryer came,
 To confess in a Morning early.
 In what, my Dear, are you to blame ?
 Now tell to me sincerely.
 I have done, Sir, what I dare not name,
 With a Man who loves me dearly.
 The greatest Fault in myself I know,
 Is what I now discover.
 You for that Crime to Rome must go,
 And Discipline must suffer.
 Lack-a-Day, Sir, if it must be so,
 Pray send with me my Lover.

No,

No, no, my Dear, you do but dream,
 We'll have no double Dealing ;
 But if with me you'll repeat the same,
 I'll pardon your past Failing.
 I must own, Sir (but I blush for Shame)
 That your Penance is prevailing.

S O N G 10.

A Maiden of late,
 Whose Name was sweet Kate,
 She dwelt in London near Aldersgate ;
 Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
 She wou'd have a Child without help of a Man.

To a Doctor she came,
 A Man of great Fame,
 Whose deep Skill in Physick Report did proclaim :
 Quoth she, Mr. Doctor, shew me if you can,
 How I may conceive without help of a Man.

Then listen, quoth he,
 Since so it must be,
 This wond'rous strange Mid'cine I'll shew presently,
 Take nine Pound of Thunder, six Legs of a Swan,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

The Wool of a Frog,
 The Juice of a Log,
 Well parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,
 With the Egg of a Moon Calf, if get it you can,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

The Love of false Harlots,
 The Faith of false Varlets,
 With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
 With Feathers of Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

Nine Drops of Rain,
 Brought hither from Spain,
 With the Blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,
 With eight Quarts of Brimstone brew'd in a Beer Can
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

Six Pottles of Lard
 Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
 With nine Turkey-Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
 With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a Pan,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

These Med'cines are good,
 And approved have stood,
 Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood,
 Squeez'd from a Grasshopper and the Nail of a Swan,
 To make Maids conceive without help of a Man.

S O N G 11.

A Maiden's soft Wailings I now shall recite,
 Whom Jealousy robb'd of each rural Delight;
 Such Strains never came from the Linnet's sweet
 Throat,

Nor sings the gay Goldfinch so charming a Note.

At Dusk of the Evening, poor Phillis forlorn,
 With Love unreturn'd, and hard Labour now worn,
 First lean'd on her Rake, then with Heart-breaking
 Sighs,

She vented her Grief from her Lips and her Eyes.

Come Night dark as Pitch, and encompass my Head,
 For Celadon basely from Phillis is fled;
 The Ribbon, his Cudgel undauntedly won,
 Last Sunday the happier Dorcas put on.

'Tis sure if he'd Eyes (but they say Love has none)
 That Ribbon at Church might have made me well
 known;

Alack! I am warm'd with curs'd Jealousy's Smart,
 For with that same Ribbon he gave his false Heart.

My Visage I've often observ'd in yon Lake,
 My Features are not of the Homliest Make:
 Tho' Dorcas may boast of a still whiter Dye,
 The glassy black Slow turns in rolling my Eye;

The fairest of Blossoms will drop with each Blast,
 But Beauty that's brown, like the Holly, will last;
 Her Skin much resembles the pale wither'd Leek,
 While fine Catherine Pears glow in my ruddy Cheek.
 Ah!

Ah! did he but know the Attempt I withstood,
 When the spruce pretty 'Squire I met in yon Wood!
 A broad Piece of Gold he then put in my Hand,
 But Virtue could him and his Proffer withstand:
 If Virtue is nothing, then Life is my Foe,
 The murmuring Stream soon shall rid me of Woe.
 My Complaints, O ye Lasses, with this Burthen aid,
 'Tis hard, that a Damsel so true dies a Maid.

SONG 12.

A Maid is like the Golden Ore,
 Which hath Guineas intrinſical in't,
 Whoſe Worth is never known before
 It is try'd and impreſt in the Mint.
 A Wife's like a Guinea in Gold,
 Stamp'd with the Name of her Spouſe;
 Now here, now there, is bought and is ſold,
 And is current in every Houſe.

SONG 13.

A Pox on ſuch Fools, let the Scoundrels rail,
 Let 'em boaſt of their Liberty:
 They're no freer than we, for the World's a Goal,
 And all Men Priſoners be.
 The Drunkard's confin'd to his Claret,
 The Miſer to his Store:
 The Wit to his Muſe and a Garret,
 And the Cully Cit to his Whore.
 The Parſon's confin'd to his Pigs,
 The Lawyer to Hatred and Strife:
 The Fidler to's Borees and Jiggs,
 And the Quack to his Gliſter-pipe.
 The Churchman's confin'd to be civil,
 The Quaker's a Priſoner to Light:
 The Papiſt is bound to the Devil,
 And the Puritan's fetter'd with Spite.
 Since old Adam's Race are all Priſ'ners like us,
 Let us merrily quaff and ſing:
 Z-----s, why ſhould we pine for Liberty thus,
 When we're each of us free as a King.

SONG

A Pox on the Times,
 Let 'em go as they will,
 Tho' the Taxes are grown so heavy,
 Our Hearts are our own,
 And shall be so still,
 Drink about my Boys and be merry.

 Let no Man despair,
 But drive away Care,
 And drown all our Sorrow with Claret ;
 We'll never repine,
 So they give us good Wine,
 Let 'em take all our Dross, we can spare it.

 We value not Chink,
 Unless to buy Drink,
 Or purchase us innocent Pleasure ;
 When 'tis gone, we ne'er fret,
 So we Liquor can get,
 For Mirth of itself is a Treasure,

 No Miser can be
 So happy as we,
 Tho' compass'd with Riches he wallow ;
 Day and Night he's in Fear,
 And ne'er without Care,
 While nothing disturbs the good Fellow.

 Come fill up the Glass,
 And round let it pass,
 For Nature doth Vacuums decline ;
 Drown the spruce formal Ass,
 That's afraid of his Face,
 We'll drink till our Noses do shine.

 While we've plenty of this
 We can ne'er do amiss,
 'Tis an Antidote against our Ruin ;
 And the Lad that drinks most,
 With Honour may boast,
 He fears neither Death or Undoing.

A Presbyterian

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(12)

SONG 15.

Presbyterian Cat watching of her Prey,
And in the House
She caught a Mouse
Upon a Sabbath Day.
Minister offended at such a Cat prophane,
Threw by his Book,
The Cat he took,
And bound her in a Chain.
A damn'd confounded Creature, and Blood-shedder
said he,
Think'st thou to throw
To Hell below
My holy Wife and me.
You well may't be assured, thou Blood for Blood
shall pay,
For taking of the Mouse's Life
Upon the Sabbath Day.
When up he took the Bible, and heartily he pray'd
That the great Sin,
The Cat was in
Might not on them be laid.
In strait to Execution poor Boderam was drawn,
There hang'd was she
Upon a Tree,
While Pres. John sung a Psalm.

SONG 16.

Pedler proud, as I heard tell,
He came into a Town;
With certain Wares he had to sell,
Which he cry'd up and down:
The first of all he did begin
With Ribbands, Laces, Points or Pins,
Girdling, Tape or Filleting,
Maids any Coney-skins.
Have of your fine perfum'd Gloves,
And made of the best Doe-Skin;
Such as young Men do give their Loves,
When they their Favour win:

With

(13)

Besides he had many a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, &c.

I have of your fine Necklaces,
As ever you did behold;
And of your Silk Handkerchiefs,
That are lac'd round with Gold:
Besides he had many a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, &c.

Good Fellow, says one, and smiling fat,
Your Measure does somewhat pinch;
Beside your Measure at that rate,
It wants above an Inch:

And then he shew'd her a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, &c.

The Lady was pleas'd with what she had seen,
And vow'd and did protest;
Unless he'd shew it her once again,
She ne'er shou'd be at rest:

With that he shew'd her a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, &c.

With that the Pedler began to huff,
And said his Measure was good,
If that she pleas'd to try his Stuff,
And take it while it stood:

And then he gave her a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, &c.

Good Fellow, said she, when you come again
Pray bring good Store of your Ware;
And for new Customers do not sing,
For I'll take all and to spare:
With that she hugg'd his prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, or Laces, Points, or &c.

SONG 17.

A Shepherd kept Sheep on a Hill so high,
fa, la, la, &c.

And there came a pretty Maid passing by, fa, la.
Shepherd, quoth she, dost thou want e'er a Wife?
No by my Troth I'm not weary of my Life,
fa, la, la, &c.

B

Shepherd

Shepherd, for thee I care not a Fly,
 For thou'lt not the Face with a fair Maid to lye.
 How now, my Damsel, say'st thou me so,
 Thou shalt taste of my Bottle before thou dost go.
 Then he took her and laid her upon the Ground,
 And made her believe that the World went round.
 Look yonder my Shepherd, look yonder, I spy
 There are fine pretty Babies that dance in the Sky.
 And now they are vanish'd, and now they appear,
 Sure they will tell Stories of what we do here.
 Lie still, my dear Chloris, enjoy thy Conceit,
 For the Babies are to young, and to little to prate.
 See how the Heavens fly swifter than Day,
 Rise quickly, or they will all run away:
 Rise quickly, my Shepherd, quickly I tell ye,
 For the Sun, Moon and Stars, are got in my Belly.
 O! Dear, where am I pray shew me the Way?
 Unto my Father's House hard by;
 If he chence to chide me for staying so long,
 I'll tell him the Fumes of your Bottle was strong.
 And now thou hast brought my Body to Shame,
 I prithee now tell me what is thy Name.
 Why Robin in the Rushes my Name is, quoth he,
 But I think I told her quite contrary.
 Then for Robin in the Rushes, she did enquire,
 But he hung down his Head, and he would not come
 nigh her;
 He wink'd with one Eye, as if he had been blind,
 And he drew one Leg after a great Way behind.

SONG 18.

A Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and a Taylor,
 Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
 To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
 Whose Name was Buxom Joan;
 Whose Name was Buxom Joan.
 For now the Time was ended
 When she no more intended
 To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,
 Nor grow the Sheets in vain
 And lie a-Nights alone,

The

The Soldier swore like Thunder
 He lov'd her more than Plunder ;
 And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
 Which he had brought from far, Sir,
 In fighting for her Sake.

The Tayler thought to please her,
 By off'ring her his Measure ;
 The Tinker too, with Metal,
 Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
 And stop up ev'ry Leak.

But while these three were prating,
 The Sailor slyly waiting ;
 Thought, if it came about, Sir,
 That they should all fall out, Sir,
 He then might play his part.

And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
 To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
 And then he let fly at her
 A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
 Which won this fair Maid's Heart.

S O N G 19.

A Taylor, good Lord, in the Time of Vocation,
 When Cabbage was scarce, and when Pocket was
 low,

For the sake of good Liquor pretended a Passion
 To one that sold Ale in a Cuckoldly Row ;

Now a Louse made him itch ;

Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,

And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

One Day she came up, when at Work in his Garret,
 To tell what he ow'd, that his Score he might know,
 Says he, it is all very right I declare it ;

Says she, then I hope you will pay ere I go.

Now a Louse, &c.

Says Prick-Louse, my Jewel, I love you most dearly,
 My Breast every Minute still hotter does glow.

Ay, only, says she, for the Juice of my Barley,

And other good Drink in my Celler below.

Now a Louse, &c.

B 2

Says

Says he, you mistake, 'tis for something that's better,
Which I dare not name, and you care not to show.
Says she, I'm afraid you are given to flatter,
What is it you mean, and pray where does it grow ?
Now a Loufe, &c.

Says he, 'tis a Thing that has never a Handle,
'Tis hid in the Dark, and it lies pretty low.
Said she, then I fear that you must have a Candle,
Or else the wrong Way you may happen to go :
Now a Loufe, &c.

Says he, was it darker than ever was Charcoal,
That I never was there, yet the Way do I know.
Says she, 't be such a terrible dark Hole,
Don't offer to grope out your Way to it so :
Now a Loufe, &c.

Says he, you shall see I will quickly be at it,
For this is, oh this is the Way that I'll go.
Says she, do not touzle me so, for I hate it,
I vow by and by you will make me cry oh ;
So they both went to work,
Now a Kiss, then a Jirk,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

The Taylor arose when the Business was over ;
Says he, you will rub out the Score ere you go :
Says she, I shall not pay so dear for a Lover,
I'm not such a Fool I would have to know :
Now a Loufe made him itch,
Here a Scratch there a Stitch,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

S O N G 20.

A Trifling Song you shall hear,
Begun with a Trifle and ended :
All trifling People draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.
Were it not for Trifles a few,
That lately have come into Play,
The Men would want something to do,
And the Women want something to say.

What

What makes Men trifle in dressing?

Because the Ladies, they know,
Admire, by often possessing,
That eminent Trifle a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,
The Trifle of Trifles to gain,
No sooner the Virgin is rifled,
But a Trifle shall part them again.

What mortal Man would be able
At White's half an Hour to sit?
Or who cou'd bear a Tea-table,
Without taking Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles secure;
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see;
White Rods are no Trifles I'm sure,
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place,
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will shew you his Grace
Makes Promises Trifles indeed.

A Coach with six Footmen behind,
I count neither Trifle nor Sin;
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A scandalous Trifle within?

A Flask of Campagne, People think it
A Trifle, or something as bad:
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle by Gad.

A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow;
A Peace is a Trifle to Day;
Who knows what may happen Tomorrow?

A Black-Coat a Trifle may Cloak,
Or to hide it a Red may endeavour;
But if once the Army is broke,
We shall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle, they say,
The Reason pray carry along,
Because they at ev'ry new Play,
The House they with Trifles do throng.

But

But with People's Malace to trifle,
And to set us all on a Foot,
The Author of this is a Trifle,
And his Song is a Trifle to Boot.

S O N G 21.

A Tory, a Whig and a moderate Man,
O'er a Tub of strong Ale
Met, in Aylebury Vale,
Where liv'd a plump Lads, they call'd Buxom Nan;
The Tory a Londoner, proud and high,
The Whig was a Tradesman plaguey fly,
The Trimmer a Farmer, but merry and dry :
And thus they their Suit began.
Pretty Nancy, we're come to put in our Claim;
Resolv'd upon Wedlock's pleasing Game;
Here's Jacob the Big,
And William the Whig,
And Roger the Grigg,
Jolly Lads as e'er were buckled in Girdle fast;
Say which will you chuse,
To tye with a Noose?
For a Wife we must carry, whate'er comes on't;
Then think upon't,
You'll ne'er be sorry when you have don't;
Nor like us the worie for our wooing so blunt;
Then tell us who pleases best.
The Lads, who was not of the Motion shy,
The ripe Years of her Life
Being twenty and five,
To the Words of her Lovers strait made reply;
I find you believe me a Girl worth Gold,
And I know too you like my Copy-hold;
And since Fortune favours the Brisk and the Bold,
One of ye I mean to try,
But I'm not for you, nor Sacheverel's Cause,
Nor you with your Hoadly's Hums and Haws;
No Jacob the Big,
No William the Whig,
But Roger the Grigg.
With his Mirth and Mildness happily please me can;
'Tis him I will chuse
For the conjugal Noose:

So

So that you, the Church Bully may rave and rant,
 And you may cant,
 Till both are impeach'd in Parliament;
 'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation does want;
 So I'm for a moderate Man.

SONG 22.

A Very pretty Fancy, a brave gallanta Showe,
 A very pretty Fancy, a brave gallanta Showe,
 E juste come from France, a very pretty Fancy
 E juste come from France, toute nouveau.
 De first ting be de true Picture of de great magnificent
 City of Londre,
 Dat fill every Part of de World vid Surprize, Pleasure,
 and Vonder.
 Here de cunning French, de wise Italian and Spaniard
 runne,
 And vere can dey go else, morbleau, to get one quarter
 of de Money,
 And for de Diversions, dat make a de Pleasure for this
 great Tewn,
 Dey be so many, so fine, so p'asant, so cheap as never
 was known:
 Here be de Hay-Market, vere de Italian Opera do sweet-
 ly sound,
 Dat cost a de brave Gentry no more as two hundred
 thousand Pound.
 Here be de famous Comedians of de World, de troupe
 Italien,
 Dat make a de poor English weep, because dey vil troupe
 home agen;
 De toder Place be Medamoiselle Violante shew a thou-
 sand Trick,
 She jump upon de Rope ten storie high and never break
 her Neck.
 Here be de wise Managers shew all de Vifdom of deir
 Brain,
 Dat make a de fine ting of Vagnor and Abericock in
 Drury-Lane,
 See how dey turn about, for deir own Diversion, in de
 Flying Chair:
 So prodigious Entertainment vil never be dis thousand
 Year.

SONG

A Wig that's full,
 An empty Skull,
A Box of Bergamot;
 A Hat ne'er made
 To fit his Head,
 No more than that to plot.
 A Hand that's white,
 A Ring that's right,
A Sword, Knot, Patch, and Feather:
 A gracious Smile,
 And Grounds and Oil,
 Do very well together.
 A Smatch of French,
 And none of Sense,
All-conquering Airs and Graces;
 A Tune that thrills,
 A Leer that kills,
Stoln Flights and borrow'd Phrases.
 A Chariot gilt,
 To wait on Jilt,
An awkward Pace and Carriage:
 A foreign Tour,
 Domestic Whore,
And mercenary Marriage.
 A Limberham,
 G----- D----- ye M'am.
A Smock-face, tho' a mann'd one;
 A peaceful Sword,
 Not one wise Word,
But strut and prate at random.
 Duns, Bastards, Claps,
 And am'rous Scraps
Of Cælia and Amandis;
 Toss up a Beau,
 That grand Ragou,
That Hodge-podge for the Ladies,

SONG 24.

A Woman's Ware, like China,
Now cheap, now dear is bought ;
When whole tho' worth a Guinea,
When broke's not worth a Groat.

A Woman at St. James's,
With Hundreds you obtain ;
But stay till lost her Fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane.

SONG 25.

ALL you that wou'd refine your Blood,
As pure as sam'd Lewillin ;
By Waters clear, come ev'ry Year,
And drink at Bally Spelling.
If Spots or Itch the Skin enrich,
With Rubies past the telling ;
'Twill clear the Skin, before you've been,
A Month at Bally Spelling.
If Lady's Cheek, be green as Leek,
When she comes from her Dwelling ;
The kindling Rose within it glows,
When she's at Bally Spelling.
The Sooty Brown, who comes to Town,
Grows here as fair as Helen,
Then back she goes, to kill the Beaux,
By Dint of Bally Spelling.
Our Ladies are as fresh and Fair,
As Rose or bright Dunkelling ;
And Mars might make a fair Mistake,
Were he at Bally Spelling.
We Men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling ;
The Reason's plain, the Ladies reign,
They're Queens at Bally Spelling.
By matchless Charms, unconquer'd Arms,
They have the Gift of quelling ;
Such desp'rate Foes as dare oppose
Their Pow'r at Bally Spelling.

Cold Water turns to Fire and burns,
 I know because I fell in
 A Stream that came from one bright Dame,
 Who drank at Bally Spelling.
 Fine Beaux advance, equip'd for Dance,
 And bring their Ann or Nell in
 With so much Grace, I'm sure no Place
 Can vie with Bally Spelling.
 No Politicks, no subtle Tricks,
 No Man his Country selling;
 We eat, we drink, we never think
 Of these at Bally Spelling.
 The troubled Mind, the past with Wind,
 Do all come here pell-mell in;
 And they are sure to work their Cure,
 By drinking Bally Spelling.
 If Dropsy fills you to the Gills,
 From Chin to Toe tho' swelling;
 Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt,
 A Cure at Bally Spelling.
 Death throws no Darts thro' all these Parts,
 No Sexton's here a Knelling:
 Come judge and try, you'll never die,
 And live at Bally Spelling.
 Except you feel Darts tip'd with Steel,
 Which here are every Belle in,
 When from their Eyes sweet ruin flies,
 We die at Bally Spelling.
 Good Cheer, sweet Ale, much Joy, no Care,
 Your Sight, your Taste, your Smelling,
 Your Ears, your Touch, transporteth much,
 Each Day at Bally Spelling.
 Within this Ground we all sleep sound,
 No noisy Dogs a yelling;
 Except you wake, for Celia's sake,
 All Night at Bally Spelling.
 Here all you see, both he and she,
 No Lady keeps her Cell in:
 But all partake the Mirth we make,
 Who drink at Bally Spelling.

My Rhymes are gone, I think I've none,
 Unless I should bring Hell in;
 But since I'm here, to Heav'n so near,
 I can't at Bally Spelling.

S O N G 26.

ALL in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,
 The Streamers waving in the Wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 O where shall I my true Love find!
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your Crew.
 William, who high upon the Yard,
 Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known Voice he heard.
 He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below:
 The Cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
 And quick as Light'ning on the Deck he stands.
 So the sweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,
 Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
 (If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her Nest:
 The noblest Captain in the British Fleet
 Might envy William's Lips those Kisses sweet,
 O Susan, Susan, lovely Dear!
 My Vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me wipe off that falling Tear,
 We only part to meet again;
 Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be
 The faithful Compass that still points to thee.
 Believe not what the Landmen say,
 Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind:
 They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry Port a Mistress find:
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present where'er I go.
 If to fair India's Coast we sail,
 Thine Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright:
 Thy Breath is Afric's spicy Gale,
 Thy Skin is Ivory so white:

Thy

Thus ev'ry beautiful Object that I view
 Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely Sue.
 Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms
 William shall to his Dear return.
 Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious Tears should fall from Susan's Eye.
 The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,
 The sails their swelling Bosoms spread ;
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head.
 Her leis'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land,
 Adieu, she cry'd, and wav'd her Lily Hand.

S O N G 27.

ALL the World's in Strife and Hurry,
 And the Lord knows when 'twill cease ;
 Some for Interest, some for Glory,
 Some for War and some for Peace :
 Since the High-Church then and Low
 Make our daily Mischiefs grow,
 And the Great, who sit at the Helm in doubt,
 Are not sure, how quickly they may turn out ;
 How blest is the happy he,
 Who from Town, and the Faction that is there, is free ;
 For Love and no ill Ends,
 Treats his Neighbours and his Friends ?
 He shall ever, in the Book of Fame,
 Fix with Honour a glorious Name.
 He that was the High Purse-bearer,
 At his Levy no Crouds you see ;
 He that was the Grand Cause-hearer,
 Now no longer makes Decree :
 Nay to prove her vavering Evil,
 And that Fortune is the Devil,
 The Hero leading our Arms abroad,
 Whom they late did celebrate like a God,
 Scarce has any to drink his Health
 If a Friend does not kindly put it round by stealth ?
 A Whig

A Whig is out o' Graoe,
 And a Tory in his Place :
 Riddles all, and something is amiss.
 What a whimsical World is this !

S O N G 28.

ALL you that must needs take a Leap in the Dark,
 Pity the Fate of young Lawfon and Clark :
 Cheated with Hope, by Mercy abus'd,
 Betray'd by the sinful Ways we have us'd ;
 Cropt in our Prime of Strength and Youth ;
 Who can but weep at so sad a Truth ?

Once we thought 'twould never be Night ;
 But now, alas ! 'twill never be Light.
 Heav'nly Mercy shine on our Souls,
 Death it draws near, hark, St. 'Pulchre's Bell tolls !
 Nature is stronger in Youth than in Age,
 Grant us thy Spirit, Lord, Grief to assuage.

Courses of Evil have brought us to this,
 Sinful Pleasure, deceitful Bliss ;
 We ne'er should have Cause so much to repent,
 Could we with our Callings have been content ;
 The Snares of Wine and Women fair,
 First were the Cause we now despair.

You that now view our fatal End,
 Warn'd by our Case, your Carriage mend ;
 Soon or late grim Death will come ;
 Who'd not prepare for so certain a Doom ?
 Span long Life, with lifeless Joys,
 What's in this World but Care and Noise ?

Youth, tho' blest by being so,
 As vast thy Joy, so great thy Woe ;
 Ev'ry Sin that gives Delight,
 Will in the End thy Soul affright :
 'Tis not thy Youth, thy Wealth, thy Strength,
 Can add to Life one Moment's Length.

God is as merciful as just ;
 Cleanse our Hearts, since die we must ;
 Sweet Temptations of worldly Joy
 Make for our Grief, and Peace destroy :

C

Think

Think then, when Man his Race has run,
Death is the Prize which he has won.

Sure there are none so absurd and odd,
To think with the Fool there is no God ?
What is't we fear, when Death we meet,
Were it not to account at the Judgment-seat ?
That Providence, we find each Hour,
Proves him a supernat'ral Pow'r:
In Mercy open thy bright Abode,
Receive our Souls, tremendous God !

SONG 29.

Altho' I be but a Country Lads,
Yet a lofty Mind I bear---O,
And think myself as good as those
That rich Apparel wear---O,
Altho' my Gown be home-spun gray,
My Skin it is as fast---O,
As them that Sattin Weeds do wear,
And carry their Heads aloft---O.
What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep ?
'Tis a Thing that must be done---O,
With Garlands of the finest Flowers,
To shade me from the Sun---O.
When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where Grass and Flow'rs do spring---O,
Then on a flowry Bank at Noon,
I set me down and sing---O.
My Paisly Peggy, cork'd with Sage,
Contains my drink but thin---O,
No Wines do e'er my Brain enrage,
Or tempt my Mind to Sin---O.
My Country Curds, and Wooden Spoon,
I think them unco fine---O,
And on a flowry Bank at Noon,
I set me down and dine---O.
Altho' my Parents cannot raise
Great Bags of shining Gold---O,
Like them whose Daughters, now a Days,
Like Swine are bought and sold---O ;

Yet

Yet my fair Body it shall keep
 An honest Heart within---O,
 And for twice fifty thousand Crowns,
 I value not a Pin---O.
 I use nae Gums upon my Hair,
 Nor Chains about my Neck---O,
 Nor shining Rings upon my Hands,
 My Fingers straight to deck---O?
 But for that Lad to me shall fa',
 And I have Grace to wed---O,
 I'll keep a Jewel worth them a,
 I mean my Maidenhead---O.
 O canny Fortune give to me
 The Man I dearly love---O:
 Tho' we want Gear, I dianna care,
 My Hands I can improve---O:
 Expecting for a Blessing still,
 Descending from above---O,
 Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
 Repeating Tales of Love---O.

S O N G 30.

Amongst the pure Ones all,
 Who Conscience do profess;
 And in that Sort of Conscience
 Do practice nothing less:
 I mean the Sect of those Elect,
 That's loath to live by Merit.
 That lead their Lives with other Mens Wives,
 According unto the Spirit,
 One met with a holy Sister of ours,
 A Saint who dearly lov'd him,
 And fain he would have kiss'd her,
 Because the Spirit mov'd him:
 But she deny'd, and he reply'd,
 You're damn'd unless you do it:
 Therefore consent, do not repent,
 For the Spirit doth move me to it.
 She, not willing to offend.
 Yielded unto his Motion;
 And what these two did intend,
 Was out of pure Devotion.

To lie with a Friend and Brother,
 She thought she should die no Sinner ;
 But ere five Months were past and gone,
 The Spirit was quick within her.
 But what will the Wicked say,
 When they shall hear of this Rumour ;
 They'll laugh at us every Day,
 And scoff us in ev'ry Corner :
 Let 'em do so still, if they will,
 We mean not to follow their Fashion ;
 They'e none of our Sect, nor of the Elect.
 Nor none of our Congregation.
 But when the Time was come,
 That she was to be laid,
 It was no very great Crime,
 Committed by her, they said ;
 'Cause they did know, and she did shew,
 'Twas done by a Friend and a Brother ;
 But a very great Sin, they said, it had been,
 If it had been done by another.

SONG 31.

Andrew and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,
 Margaret and Thomas, and Jockey and Mary ;
 Kate o'th' Kitchen, and Kit of the Mill.
 Dick the Plowman, and Joan of the Dairy,
 To solace their Lives, and to sweeten their Labour,
 All met on a Time with a Pipe and a Tabor.
 Andrew was cloathed in Shepherd's Grey :
 And Will had put on his Holliday Jacket ;
 Beck had a Coat of Poplin-jay,
 And Madge had a Ribbon hung down to her Placket ;
 Meg and Moll in Frieze, Tom and Jockey in Leather,
 And so they began all to Foot it together.
 Their Heads and their Arms about them they flung,
 With all the Might and Force they had ;
 Their Legs went like Flails, and as loosely hung,
 They cudgell'd their Arses as if they were mad ;
 Their Faces did shine, and their Fires did kindle :
 While the Maids they did trip and turn like a Spindle.
 Andrew

Andrew chuck'd Maudlin under the Chin,
 Simper she did like a Fermety-Kettle ;
 The Twang of whose Blubber-Lips made such a Din,
 As if her Chops had been made of Bell-metal :
 Kate laugh'd heartily at the same Smack,
 And loud she did answer it with a Bumb-crack.
 At no Whitson-Ale there e'er yet had been
 Such Fraysters and Friskers as these Lads and Lasses;
 From their Faces the Sweat ran down to be seen,
 But sure I am, much more from their Arses ;
 For had you but seen't, you then would have swore,
 You never beheld the like since you were born.
 Here they did fling, and there they did hoist ;
 Here a hot Breath, and there went a Savour ;
 Here they did glance, and there they did gloist ;
 Here they did simper, and there they did slaver :
 Here was a Hand, and there was a Placket,
 Whilst, hey ! their Sleeves went flicket-a-flacket,
 The Dance being ended, they sweat and they stunk,
 The Maidens did smirk it, the Youngsters did kifs'em,
 Cakes and Ale flew about, they clapp'd Hands and drunk,
 They laugh'd and gigg'l'd until they bepist 'em ;
 They laid the Girls down, and gave each a green Mantle,
 While their Breasts and their Bellies went pintle-a-pantle.

S O N G 32.

AN elderly Lady, whose bulky squat Figure,
 By Hoop and white Damask was render'd much
 bigger,
 Without Hood, and bare-neck'd, to the Park did repair
 To shew her new Clothes, and to take the fresh Air.
 Her Shape, her Attire, rais'd a Shout and loud Laughters:
 Away waddles Madam, the Mob hurries after.
 Quoth a Wag then, observing the noisy Croud follow,
 As she came with a Hoop, she is gone with a Hollow.

S O N G 33.

ARtist, who underneath the Table
 Thy curious Texture hast display'd,
 Who, if we may believe the Fable,
 Wait once a blooming lovely Maid.

Insidious, restless, watchful Spider,
 Fear no officious Damsel's Broom ;
 Extend thy artful Building wider,
 And spread thy Banners round my Room.

While I thy wond'rous Fabrick stare at,
 And think no hapless Poet's Fate,
 Like thee confin'd to lonely Garret,
 And proudly banish'd Rooms of State.

And as from out thy tortur'd Body,
 Thou draw'st thy slender Wit and Pain ;
 So does he labour, like a Noddy,
 To spout Materials from his Brain.

He for some gaudy flatt'ring Creature,
 That spreads her Charms before his Eye :
 And that's a Conquest little better,
 Than thine o'er captive Butterfly.

Thus far, 'tis plain you both agree ;
 Your Death, perhaps, may better show it ;
 'Tis ten to one but Penury
 Ends both the Spider and the Poet.

SONG 34.

AS Chloe came into the Room t'other Day,
 I peevish began, where so long cou'd you stay,
 In your Life Time, you never regarded your Hour,
 You have promis'd at two, & pray (look Child) 'tis four,
A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels,
 'Tis enough that it's loaded with Baubles and Seals,
A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear ---
 Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.

Lord! bleis me, said she, let a Body but speak,
 Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud, fall'n into my Neck,
 It has hurt me and vexed me to such a Degree;
 See here, for you never believe me, pray see,
 On the left Side my Breast what a Mark it has made;
 So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd,
 That Seat of Delight I with Wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.

SONG

AS Sparks fly upwards, Man is born
 To Sorrow and to Trouble ;
 But he that takes to him a Wife,
 Doth make his Burthen double ;
 For Women we have always found,
 In Strife and Mischief to abound :
 Of Man they make a Bubble,
 Of Man, &c.

Oh ! Job he was a patient Man,
 He liv'd in spite o' th' Devil ;
 Tho' Goods and Chattles all were lost,
 Yet Job was very civil ;
 But when he took to him a Nurse,
 She prov'd indeed his greatest Curse ;
 Ah ! she prov'd his greatest Evil,
 Ah ! she prov'd, &c.

Oh ! Sampson was a mighty Man,
 He fill'd the World with Wonder ;
 With Jaw-bone he Philistines slew,
 His Blows did sound like Thunder ;
 But when with Daliah he toy'd,
 The Sorc'refs soon his Strength destroy'd ;
 She quickly brought him under ;
 She quickly, &c.

King David was an upright Man,
 I tell to you no Fiction,
 Until that Beersebea he saw,
 That pretty pleasing Vixen,
 When he her naked Body view'd,
 He found his Goodness soon subdu'd ;
 She wrought him great Affliction,
 She wrought, &c.

King Solomon was the wisest Man
 That ever try'd with Woman ;
 When he had try'd the Set all round,
 The Virtuous and the Common,
 They're all alike he wisely cry'd,
 Vexation, Vanity, and Pride ;
 They merit Praise of no Man,
 They merit, &c.

The

The poor Man he goes out to Work,
 As hard as he is able ;
 At Night when he comes Home well tir'd,
 She bids him rock the Cradle ;
 And if the same he doth refuse,
 The saucy Pufs will him abuse,
 And thump him with the Ladle,
 And thump, &c.

The Thief that rides up Holborn Hill,
 To Oliver Cromwell's Palace,
 May find some Friend perchance step in,
 To save him from the Gallows :
 Oh ! no, he cries, drive on to Gib,
 I'll ne'er be Slave to my own Rib,
 Drive on the Cart good Fellows,
 Drive on, &c.

S O N G 36.

AS I sat at my Spinning-wheel,
 A bonny Lad there pass'd by ;
 I kenn'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 Gude Faith he had a bonny Eye :
 My Heart new Panting gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.
 Most graciously he did appear,
 As he my Presence did draw near,
 Add round about my slender Waist
 He clasp'd his Arms and me embrac'd :
 To kiss my Hand he down did kneel,
 As I sat at my Spinning-wheel.
 My Milk-white Hand he did extol,
 And prais'd my Fingers long and small ;
 And said there was no Lady fair,
 That ever cou'd with me compare.
 These pleasing Words my Heart did feel ;
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.
 Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he wou'd never be deny'd ;
 But did declare his Love the more,
 Until my Heart was wounded sore,

That

That I my Love cou'd scarce conceal ;
But yet I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

As for my Yarn, my Rock and Reel,
And after that, my Spinning-wheel,
He bid me leave them all with Speed,
And gang with him to yonder Mead.

My panting Heart strange Flames did feel ;
Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

He stopp'd and gaz'd, and blithly said,
Now speed thee well my bonny Maid ;
But if thou'st to the Hay-cock go,
I'll learn thee better Work, I trow.

Good Faith I lik'd him passing-weel ;
But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

He lovely veil'd his Bonnet oft,
And sweetly kiss'd my Lips so soft ;
Yet still, between each honey Kiss
He urg'd to gang to further Bliss :

Till I resistless Fire did feel,
Then let alone my Spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasing Cocks of Hay,
Then with my bonny Lad I lay ;
What Damsel ever could deny
A Youth with such a charming Eye ?
The Pleasure I cannot reveal,
It far surpass'd the Spinning-wheel.

SONG 37.

AS it fell on a Holy-day,
As it fell on a Holy-day,
And upon a Holy-tide a,
And upon a Holy-tide a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the Gate a ;
John Dory was fitted, the Porter was witted,
To let him in thereat a.

The first Man that John Dory did meet,
Was good King John of France a ;
John Dory could well of his Courtessie,
But fell down in a Trance a.

A Par-

A Pardon, a Pardon, my Leige and my King.

For my merry Men and for me a :

And all the Churls in merry England

I'll bring them all bound to thee a.

And Nichol was then a Cornish Man,

A little beside Bohide a ;

And he mann'd forth a good black Bark,

With fifty good Oars on a Side a.

Run up, my Boy, unto the Main Top,

And look what thou canst spy a :

Who ho ! who ho ! a goodly Ship I do see,

I trow it to be John Dory a.

They hoist their Sails, both Top and Top,

The Misen and all was try'd a ;

And every Man stood to his Lot,

Whatever should betide a.

The roaring Cannons then were ply'd ;

And dub a dub went the Drum a ;

The founding Trumpets loud they cry'd,

To courage both all and some a.

The grappling Hooks were brought at length,

The brown Bill, and the Sword a ;

John Dory at length, for all his Strength,

Was clapp'd fast under board a.

SONG 38.

AS walking forth to view the Plain,

Upon a Morning early ;

While May's sweet Scent did chear my Brain,

From Flowers which grew so rarely ;

I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,

She shin'd, tho' it was fogie ;

I ask'd her Name ; Sweet Sir, she said,

My Name is Katherine Ogie.

I stood awhile, and did admire

To see a Nymph so stately ;

So brisk an Air there did appear

In a Country Maid so neatly :

Such natural Sweetness she display'd,

Like a Lily in a Bogoe ;

Diana's

Diana's self was ne'er array'd

Like this same Katherine Ogie.

Thou Flow'r of Females, Beauty's Queen,

Who sees thee, sure must prize thee,

Tho' thou art dress'd in Robes but mean,

Yet those cannot disguise thee:

Thy handsome Air, and graceful Look,

Excels a clownish Rogue;

Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,

My charming Katherine Ogie.

O were I but some Shepherd-Swain!

To feed my Flock beside thee,

At Boughting-time to leave the Plain,

In milking to abide thee:

I'd think myself a happier Man,

With Kâte, my Club and Dogie,

Than he that hugs his Thousands Ten,

Had I but Katherine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' Imperial Throne,

And Statesmen's dangerous Station;

I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,

I'd smile at conquering Notions;

Might I caress, and still possess

The Lass of whom I'm vogue;

For these are Toys, and still look less,

Compar'd with Katherine Ogie.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed

For me so fine a Creature,

Whose Beauty rare makes her exceed

All other Works in Nature:

Clouds of Dispair surround my Love,

That are both dark and fogie:

Fity my Case ye Pow'rs above!

Else I dye for Katherine Ogie.

S O N G 39.

AS Chloe on Flowers reclin'd o'er the Stream,

She sigh'd to the Breeze, and made Collin her Theme;

Tho' pleasant the Stream, and tho' cooling the Breeze,

And the Flowers tho' fragrant, she panted for Ease,

And the Flowers, &c.

The

The Stream it was fickle, and hasted away,
 It kiss'd the sweet Banks, but no longer would stay;
 Tho' beautiful inconstant, and faithless tho' fair,
 Ah! Collin look in, and behold thyself there,
 Ah! Collin look in, &c.

The Breeze that so sweet on her Bosom did play,
 Now rose to a Tempest, and darken'd the Day,
 As soft as the Breeze, and as loud as the Wind,
 Such Collin when angry, and Collin when kind,
 Such Collin when, &c.

The Flowers when gather'd so beautiful and sweet,
 Now fade on her Bosom, and die at her Feet;
 As fair in their Bloom, and as foul in Decay,
 Such Collin when present, and Collin away,
 Such Collin when, &c.

In Rage and Despair from the Ground she arose,
 And from her the Flowers so faded she throws;
 She weeps in the Stream, and she sighs to the Wind,
 And resolves to drive Collin quite out of her Mind,
 And resolves, &c.

But what her Resolves, when her Collin appear'd,
 The Stream it stood still, and no Tempest was heard:
 The Flowers recover'd their beautiful Hue,
 She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true,
 She found he, &c.

SONG 40.

ASK, thou silly dotard Man,
 Whence our Ruin first began,
 How our Grief and deadly Woe
 Did from Woman, Woman, flow?
 We might live and happy be,
 Could we shun this Enemy;
 All the Pangs the Heart e'er knew,
 From vain Woman, Woman, grew.
 Ask what calm Felicity
 Man enjoy'd, how blest was he;
 Nought could his Repose invade,
 'Till false Woman, she was made,

Soon as she receiv'd her Breath,
Man was subject unto Death :
Other Evils to their Shame,
From deceitful Woman came.

Ask what Ills befel old Troy,
Which false Helen did destroy,
Of the tender Bridegrooms, who
Were by Woman, Woman slew.

How the brave Mark Anthony
Lost the World by faithless She ;
Ruin'd States, lost Crowns and Kings,
From vain Woman, Woman, springs.

S O N G 41.

AS Celadon once from his Cottage did stray,
To court his dear Jug on a Hillock of Hay ;
What awkward Confusion oppress'd the poor Swain,
When thus he deliver'd his Passion in Pain.

O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes,
Sweet Jug, 'tis for thee faithful Celadon dies ;
My Pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,
And sleeping or waking thy Name I repeat.

When Swains to an Alchouse by Force do me lug,
Instead of a Pitcher; I call for a Jug ;
And sure you can't chide at repeating your Name,
When the Nightingale every Night does the same.

Sweet Jug he a Hundred Times o'er does repeat,
Which makes People say, that his Voice is so sweet.
Ah ! why dost thou laugh at my sorrowful Tale,
'Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't prevail.

For Roger, the Thatcher, possesses thy Breast,
As he at our last Harvest Supper confest.
I own it, says Jug, he has gotten my Heart,
His long curling Hair, looks so pretty and smart.

His Eyes are so black, and his Cheeks are so red,
They prevail more with me than all you have said ;
Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do what you can,
'Twill signify nothing for Roger's the Man.

D

S O N G

AS Celia near a Fountain lay,
 Her Eye-lids clos'd with Sleep,
 The Shepherd Damon chanc'd that Way
 To drive his Flook of Sheep,
 To drive, &c.

With awful Step h' approach'd the Fair,
 To view her charming Face,
 Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,
 And ev'ry Part a Grace,
 And ev'ry, &c.

His Heart inflam'd with amorous Pain,
 He wish'd the Nymph would wake,
 Tho' ne'er before was any Swain
 So unprepar'd to speak,
 So unprepar'd, &c.

Whilst slumb'ring thus fair Celia lay,
 Soft Wishes fill'd her Mind,
 She cry'd, come, Thyrsis, come away,
 For now I will be kind,
 For now, &c.

Damon embrac'd the lucky Hit,
 And flew into her Arms,
 He took her in the yielding Fit,
 And ris'd all her Charms,
 And ris'd, &c.

SONG 43.

AS Damon late with Chloë sat,
 They talk'd of am'rous Blisse;
 Kind Things he said, which she repaid,
 In pleasing Smiles and Kisses.
 With tuneful Tongue, of Love he sung;
 She thank'd him for his Ditty:
 But said, one Day, she heard him say,
 The Flute was mighty pretty.

Young Damon, who her Meaning knew,
 Took out his Pipe to charm her;
 And while he strove with wanton Love,
 And sprightly Airs, to warm her:

She begg'd the Swain, to play one Strain,
 In all the softest Measure,
 Whose killing Sound would sweetly wound,
 And make her die with Pleasure.

Eager to do't, he takes the Flute
 And ev'ry Accent traces :
 Love trickling thro' his Fingers flew,
 And whisper'd melting Graces :
 He play'd his Part with wond'rous Art,
 Expecting Praises after ;
 But she instead of falling dead,
 Burst out into a Laughter.

Taking the Hint, as Chloe meant,
 Said he, my Dear, be easy ;
 I have a Flute, which, tho' 'tis mute,
 May play a Tune to please ye.
 Then down he laid the charming Maid,
 He found her kind and willing,
 He play'd again, and tho' each Strain
 Was silent, yet 'twas killing.

Fair Chloe soon approv'd the Tune,
 And vow'd he play'd divinely ;
 Let's have it o'er, she said, once more,
 It goes exceeding finely :
 The Flute is good that's made of Wood,
 And is, I own the neatest :
 Yet ne'ertheless I must confess,
 The silent Flute's the sweetest.

SONG 44.

AS down in the Meadow one Morning I past,
 Oh there I beheld a beautiful Lass ;
 Her Age I am sure it was scarcely Fifteen,
 And she on her Head wore a Garland of Green :
 Her Lips were like Rubies, and as for her Eyes,
 They sparkled like Di'monds, or Stars in the Skies ;
 And as for her Voice, it was charming and clear,
 And she sung a Song for the Loss of her Dear.

Why does my Love Billy prove false, or unkind,
 What makes him to change like the wavering Wind ?

D 2

From

From one that is loyal in ev'ry Degree,
 What makes him to change to another from me ?
 O does he delight in my sad Overthrow !
 Or does he take Pleasure to torture me so ?
 His Susan will always prove true to her Trust,
 I'm sorry that Billy should be so unjust.

In the Meadows, as we were a making of Hay,
 O there we did pass the sweet Minutes away ;
 And as we went early to Harrow and Plough,
 I milk'd him sweet Sillabubs under my Cow ;
 O then I was kissed, and set on his Knees ;
 No Man in the World was so loving as he :
 I lull'd him to sleep, and I watch'd him the while,
 And when he did wake, it was with a sweet Smile.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair,
 Imploys all his Wishes, his Thoughts and his Care ;
 He kisses her Hand, and sets her on his Knee,
 And says all the fine Things he once said to me :
 But if she believes him, the false-hearted Swain,
 Will leave her, and then she with me may complain ;
 For nothing's more certain, believe silly Sue,
 Who once has been false, will never prove true.

Her Song being ended, she rose to be gone,
 When over the Meadow came jolly young John ;
 He told her that she was the Joy of his Life ;
 And if she'd consent, he'd make her his Wife :
 Which she not refusing, to Church they both went,
 Young Billy forgot, and young Susan content :
 Most Men are like Billy, most Women like Sue,
 And if Men will be false, why should Women prove true.

SONG 45.

AS I saw fair Chice walk alone,
 The feather'd Snow come softly down,
 Like Jove descending from his Tower,
 To court her in a silver Shower.
 The wanton Snow flew to her Breasts,
 Like little Birds into their Nests :
 But being overcome with Whiteness there,
 For Grief dissolv'd into a Tear ;
 Then falling down her Garment's Hem,
 To deck her, froze into a Gem.

SONG

(41)
SONG 46.

AS I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of late,
A Lais was deploring her hapless Estate;
In a languishing Posture, poor Maid she appears,
All swell'd with her Sighs, and blubber'd with Tears:
She cry'd and she sobb'd, and I found it was all
For a little of that which Harry gave Doll.

At last she broke out, O wretched, she said,
Will no Youth come succour a languishing Maid?
With what he with Ease and Pleasure may give,
Without which, alas! poor I cannot live!
Shall I never leave sighing, and crying, and call
For a little of that, &c.

At first when I saw a young Man in the Place,
My Colour would fade, and then flush in my Face;
My Breath it grew short, and I shiver'd all o'er,
My Breast never popp'd up and down so before,
I scarce knew for what, but now find 'twas all
For a little of that, &c.

SONG 47.

AS musing I rang'd in the Meads all alone,
A beautiful Creature was making her Moan,
Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes,
And she pierc'd both the Air and my Heart with her Cries.
Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes,
And she pierc'd both the Air and my Heart with her Cries.

I gently requested the Cause of her Moan:
She told me her sweet Senefino was flown,
And in that sad Posture she'd ever remain,
Unless the dear Charmer would come back again.
And in that sad, &c.

Why, who is this Mortal, so cruel, said I,
That draws such a Stream from so lovely an Eye?
To Beauty so blooming what Man can be blind,
To Passion so tender what Monster unkind?
To Beauty so, &c.

'Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman, said she,
That thus in lamenting I water the Lee,
My Warbler Celestial, sweet Darling of Fame,
Is a Shadow of something, a Sex without Name.
My Warbler, &c.

Per+

Perhaps 'tis some Linnet, some Blackbird, said I ;
 Perhaps 'tis your Lark that has soar'd to the Sky :
 Come dry up your Tears, and abandon your Grief,
 I'll bring you another shall give you Relief.
 Come dry up your, &c.

No Linnet, no Blackbird, no Sky-lark, said she,
 But one that's more tuneful by far than all Three ;
 My sweet Senefino, for whom I thus cry,
 Is sweeter than all the wing'd Songsters that fly.
 My sweet Senefino, &c.

Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni likewise,
 Whom Stars and whom Garters, extol to the Skies :
 Adieu to the Op'ra, adieu to the Ball,
 My Darling is gone, and a Fig for them all.
 Adieu to the Op'ra, &c.

S O N G 48.

AS, near Porto Bello lying,
 On the gently swelling Flood,
 At Midnight with Streamers flying,
 Our triumphant Navy rode :
 There, while Vernon sat all glorious
 From the Spaniards late Defeat,
 And his Crews with Shouts victorious,
 Drank Success to England's Fleet :
 On a sudden, shrilly-sounding,
 Hideous Yells and Shrieks were heard ;
 Then, each Heart with Fear confounding,
 A sad Troop of Ghosts appear'd ;
 All in dreary Hammocks shrouded,
 Which for Winding-Sheets they wore ;
 And with Locks by Sorrow clouded,
 Frowning on that hostile Shore.
 On them gleam'd the Moon's wan Lustre,
 When the Shade of Hoffer brave
 His pale Bands was seen to muster,
 Rising from their wat'ry Grave :
 O'er the glimm'ring Waves he hy'd him,
 Where the Burford rear'd her Sail,
 With Three Thousand Ghosts beside him,
 And in Groans did Vernon bail,

Heed,

Heed, oh heed! our fatal Story,
 I am Hoyer's injur'd Ghost;
 You who now have purchas'd Glory
 At this Place where I was lost;
 Tho' in Porto Bello's Ruin
 You now triumph free from Fears;
 When you think of our Undoing,
 You will mix your Joys with Tears.
 See these mournful Spectres sweeping
 Ghastly o'er this hated Wave,
 Whose wan Cheeks are stain'd with Weeping;
 These were English Captains brave,
 Mark those Numbers pale and horrid,
 Who were once my Sailors bold,
 Lo, each hangs his drooping Forehead,
 While his dismal Fate is told.
 I, by twenty Sail attended,
 Did this Spanish Town affright,
 Nothing then its Wealth defended,
 But my Orders not to fight;
 Oh! that in this rolling Ocean
 I had cast them with Disdain,
 And obey'd my Heart's warm Motion,
 To have quell'd the Pride of Spain.
 For Resistance I could fear none,
 But with Twenty Ships had done,
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast achiev'd with Six alone.
 Then the Bastimento's never
 Had our foul Dishonour seen,
 Nor the Sea the sad Receiver
 Of this gallant Train had been.
 Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her Galleons leading home,
 Tho' condemn'd for disobeying,
 I had met a Traytor's Doom;
 To have fallen, my Country crying,
 He has play'd an English Part,
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken Heart,

Unrepining

Unrepining at thy Glory,
 Thy successful Arms we hail,
 But remember our sad Story,
 And let Hosier's Wrongs prevail:
 Sent on this foul Clime to languish,
 Think what Thousands fell in vain,
 Wasted with Disease and Anguish,
 Not in glorious Battle slain.
 Hence with all my Train attending
 From their oozy Tombs below;
 Thro' the hoary Foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant Woe:
 Here the Bastimento's viewing,
 We recal our shameful Doom,
 And our plaintive Cries renewing,
 Wander thro' the Midnight Gloom.
 O'er these Waves for ever mourning,
 shall we roam depriv'd of Rest;
 If, to Britain's Shores returning,
 You neglect my just Request;
 After this proud Foe subduing,
 When your Patriot Friends you see,
 Think on Vengeance for my Ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me.

S O N G 49.

AS Tippling John, was jogging on,
 Upon the Riot Night;
 With tott'ring Pace, and fery Face,
 Suspicious of high Flight;
 The Guards who took, him by his Look,
 For some chief Firebrand,
 Ask'd whence he came, what was his Name,
 Who are you? stand, Friend, stand.
 I'm going home, f. n Meeting come.
 Ay, says one, that's the Case,
 Some Meeting he has burnt, you see,
 The Flame's still in his Face.
 John thought 'twas time, to purge his Crime,
 And said, my chief Intent
 Was to assuage my thirsty Rage
 I'th' Meeting that I meant.

Come,

Come, Friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,

Says one, pray let us know,

That we may find, how you're inclin'd,

Are you High Church or Low ?

John said to that, I'll tell you what,

To end Debates and Strife,

All I can say, this is the Way,

I steer my Course of Life.

I ne'er to Bow, nor Burgefs go,

To Steeple-house nor Hall ;

The brisk Bar-bell, best suits my Zeal,

With, Gentlemen, dy'e call ?

Guess then am I, Low Church or High,

From that Tow'r or no Steeple,

Whose merry Toll, exalts the Soul,

And must make high-flown People.

The Guards came on, and look'd at John,

With Countenance most pleasant :

By Whisper round, they all soon found,

He was no damag'd Peasant :

Thus while John stood, the best he cou'd,

Expecting their Decision,

Damn him, says one, let him be gone,

He's one of our own Religion.

S O N G 50.

ASK me not how calmly I,

All the Cares of Life defy,

How I baffle human Woes,

Woman, Woman, Woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I,

You like me may Care defy ;

All the Pangs the Heart endures,

Woman, Woman, Woman cures.

Ask me not of empty Toys,

Feats of Arms and drunken Joys ;

I have Pleasure more divine,

Woman, Woman, Woman's mine.

Rapture more than Folly knows,

More than Fortune can bestow ;

Flowing Bowls and conquer'd Fields,

Woman, Woman, Woman yields.

Ask

Ask me not of Woman's Arts,
Broken Vows, and faithless Hearts;
Tell the Wretch that pines and grieves,
Woman, Woman, Woman lives.

All Delights the Heart can know,
More than Folly can bestow;
Wealth of Worlds, and Crowns of Kings,
Woman, Women, Woman brings.

SONG 51.

AT the Tree I shall suffer with Pleasure,
At the Tree I shall suffer with Pleasure,
Let me go where I will,
In all Kinds of Ill,
I shall find no such Furies as these are.

SONG 52.

ATtend all ye modern young Lasses so gay,
Let not such base Envy your Fancies dismay:
I resolute bent in your Cause do appear,
For what is a Woman now, without an Air?
I resolute bent in, &c.

Tho' Fame has declar'd with her oft erring Sound,
Our--good ancient Dames were in Fardingales bound:
Yet in other Extreame, the said Goddeis declares,
That they had as many vain Whimsies and Airs.
I resolute bent in, &c.

Their furbelow'd Scarves, and their Rumps then in Taste,
Their Petticoats richly bespangled with Lace:
With scarlet Silk Stockings to set off their Ware,
Which is plain, as with us, that they then had their Air.
I resolute bent in, &c.

And now 'tis the Fashion, each spindle-shank Beau,
In's scanty short Garments, struts on like a Crow;
While we in our Turn, in the Mode do appear,
Instead of curtailing, spread ours with an Air.
I resolute bent in, &c.

But yet if this Fashion continues, then mine
From Seven shall soon be extended to Nine:

To maul such poor Coxcombs in Spite of their Jeer,
And we'll bang their Shins as we flaunt with an Air,
I resolute bent in, &c.

S O N G 53.

AT the silent Ev'ning Hour,
Two fond Lovers in a Bower,
Sought, fought their mutual Bliss;
Tho' her Heart was just relenting,
Tho' her Eyes seem'd just consenting,
Yet, yet, she fear'd to kiss.

Since this secret Shade, he cry'd,
Will those rosy Blushes hide,
Why, why will you resist?
When no tell-tale Spy is near us,
Eye not sees, nor Ear can hear us,
Who, who would not be kiss'd?

Celia, hearing what he said,
Gently lifted up her Head,
Her Breast soft Wishes fill;
If, faith she, no Spy is near us,
Eye not sees, nor Ear can hear us,
Kiss, kiss me if you will.

S O N G 54.

Attend ye ever tuneful Swains,
That, in melodious lulling Strains,
Of Chloe sing or Phillis;
Tho' weak my Skill, tho' rude my Verse,
Upbraid me not while I rehearse
The Charms of Polly Willis.

Tho' languid I, and poor in Thought;
No Simile shall here be brought,
From Roses, Pinks, or Lillies;
Some meaner Beauties they may hit,
But sure no Simile can fit
The Charms of Polly Willis.

A Simile to match her Hair,
Her lovely Forehead, high and fair,
Beyond my greatest Skill is;
How then, ye Gods! can be express'd
The Eyes, the Lips, the heaving Breast
Of charming Polly Willis?

She's

She's not like Venus, on the Flood,
 Or as she once on Ida stood,
 Nor mortal Amaryllis ;
 Frame all that's lovely, bright and fair,
 Of pleasing Shape, and killing Air ;
 And that is Polly Willis.
 The Time for Charms may wear away,
 All Beauty must in Time decay,
 Yet in her Power there still is
 A Charm which shall her Life endure,
 I mean the spotless Mind and pure
 Of charming Polly Willis.

S O N G 55.

AT setting Day, and rising Morn,
 With Soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return,
 With all that can improve thee ;
 I'll visit oft the Birkin Bush,
 Where first you kindly told me
 Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
 Whilst round thou didst infold me.
 At all our Haunts I will repair,
 By Green-wood, Shade, or Fountain ;
 Or where the Summer's Day I'd share
 With you upon yon Mountain ;
 There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
 With Thoughts unfeign'd and Tender :
 By Vows you're mine, my Love is yours,
 A Heart which cannot wander.

S O N G 56.

AT Upton on the Hill
 There lives a happy Pair,
 The Swain his Name is Will,
 And Molly is the Fair.
 Ten Years are gone and more,
 Since Hymen join'd these Two,
 Their Hearts were one before
 The Sacred Rites they knew.
 Since which auspicious Day,
 Sweet Harmony does reign,
 Both love, and both obey,
 Hear this each Nymph and Swain.

If haply Cares invade,
As who is free from Care,
Th' Impression's lighter made,
By taking each a Share.

Pleas'd with a calm Retreat,
They've no ambitious View,
In Plenty live, not State,
Nor envy those that do.
Sure Pomp is empty Noise,
And Cares increase with Wealth;
They aim at truer Joys,
Tranquility and Health.

With Safety and with Ease,
Their present Life does flow,
They fear no raging Seas,
Nor Rocks that lurk below.
May still a steady Gale
Their little Bark attend,
And gently fill each Sail
Till Life itself shall end.

SONG 57.

AT dead of Night when Care give Place,
In other Breasts, to soft Repose,
My throbbing Heart feels no Recess,
Since Love and Chloris are my Foes.

At Morn, when Phæbus from the East
Repels the gloomy Shades of Night,
The Grief that racks my tortur'd Breast
Redoubles at th' Approach of Light.

At Noon, when most intense he shines,
My Sorrows more intense are grown;
At Ev'ning, when the Sun declines,
They set not with the setting Sun.

To my Relief then hasten, Death,
And ease me of my restless Woes:
With Joy I will resign my Breath,
Since Love and Chloris are my Foes.

E

SONG

(50)
S O N G 58.

AT Dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep,
The peaceful Cottage lay ?
Pastora left her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook, and useleſs Scrip :
Love led the Nymph aſtray.
Looſe, and undreſs'd, ſhe takes her Flight
To a near Myrtle Shade ;
The conſcious Moon gave all her Light,
To bleſs her raviſh'd Lovers Sight,
And guide the charming Maid.
His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And to aſſuage his Pain,
His reſtleſs Paſſion he obeys,
At ſuch an Hour, in ſuch a Place,
What Lover could contain ?
In vain ſhe call'd the conſcious Moon,
The Moon no Succour gave ;
The cruel Stars, unmov'd, look on,
And ſeem'd to ſmile at what was done,
Nor would her Honour ſave.
Vanquiſh'd at laſt by pow'rful Love,
The Nymph expiring lay ;
No more ſhe ſigh'd, no more ſhe ſtrove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She bluſh'd and dy'd away.
Yet bleſs'd the Grove, her conſcious Flight
And Youth that did betray ;
And panting, dying, with Delight,
She bleſs'd the kind transporting Night,
And curs'd approaching Day.

S O N G 59.

AT St. Oſyth by the Mill
There lives a lovely Laſs ;
Oh ! had I her Good-will,
How gaily Life wou'd paſs.
No bold intruding Care
My Blifs ſhou'd e'er deſtroy,
Her Smiles wou'd gild Diſpair,
And brighten ev'ry Joy.

Like

Like Nature's rural Scene,
 Her artless Beauties charm :
 Like them, with Joy serene,
 Our wishing Hearts they warm ;
 Her Wit, with Sweetness crown'd,
 Steals ev'ry Sense away,
 The list'ning Swains around
 Forget the short'ning Day.
 Health, Freedom, Wealth and Ease,
 Without her tasteless are ;
 She gives them Pow'r to please,
 And makes them worth our Care ;
 Is there, ye Fates, a Bliss
 Reserv'd my future Share,
 Indulgent hear my Wish,
 And grant it all in her.

SONG 60.

AT the Close of the Day,
 When the Bean-flow'r and Hay
 Breath'd Odours in ev'ry Wind :
 Love enliven'd the Veins
 Of the Damsels and Swains ;
 Each Glance and each Action was kind.
 Molly, wanton and free,
 Kiss'd, and sat on each Knee,
 Fond Ecstasie swam in her Eyes,
 See, thy Mother is near,
 Hark ! she calls thee to hear
 What Age and Experience advise.
 Hast thou seen the blithe Dove
 Stretch her Neck to her Love,
 All glossy with Purple and Gold ?
 If a Kiss he obtain,
 She returns it again :
 What follows you need not be told.
 Look ye, Mother, she cry'd,
 You instruct me in Pride,
 And Men by Good-manners are won,
 She who trifles with all
 Is less likely to fall
 Than she that but trifles with one.

Prithee,

Frithee, Molly, be wise,
 Left by sudden Surprise
 Love should tingle in ev'ry Vein;
 'Take a Shepherd for Life,
 And when once you're a Wife,
 You safely may trifle again.

Molly smiling, reply'd,
 Then I'll soon be a Bride:
 Old Roger has Gold in his Chest.
 But I thought all you Wives,
 Chose a Man for your Lives,
 And trifled no more with the rest.

SONG 61.

AT Winchester there was a Wedding,
 The like was never seen,
 'Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading,
 And bonny black Bess of the Green:
 The Fiddlers were crowding before,
 Each Lads was as fine as a Queen:
 There was a Hundred and more,
 For all the whole Country came in;
 Brisk Robin led Rose so fair,
 She look'd like a Lilly of the Vale,
 And ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary,
 And Roger led bouncing Nell.
 With Tommy came smiling Katy,
 He help'd her over the Stile,
 And swore there was none so pretty,
 In forty and forty long Mile:
 Kit gave a green Gown to Betty,
 And lent her his Hand to rise;
 But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,
 For looking blue under the Eyes:
 Thus merrily chatting all,
 They pass to the Bride-house along,
 With Jonny and pretty-fac'd Nancy,
 The fairest of all the Throng.
 The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
 Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,
 And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
 With bak'd, and roasted, and boil'd.

The

The Lads were so frolick and jolly,
 For each had his Love by his Side ;
 But Willy was melancholy,
 For he had a Mind to the Bride :
 Then Philip begins her Health,
 And turns a Beer-glass on his Thumb,
 But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking
 The best in Christendom.
 And now they had din'd, advancing
 Into the midst of the Hall,
 The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,
 And Jeremy led up the Brawl,
 But Margaret kept a Quarrel,
 A Lass that was proud of her Pelf,
 'Cause Arthur had stolen her Garter,
 And swore he would tie it himself :
 She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
 And ready with Anger to cry,
 'Cause Arthur in tying her Garter,
 Had slip'd his Hand to high.
 And now for throwing the Stocking,
 The Bride away was led ;
 The Bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking
 For Candles to light 'em to Bed :
 But Robin finding him silly,
 Most Friendly took him aside,
 The while that his Wife with Willy
 Was playing at Hooper's-hide :
 And now the warm Game begins,
 The critical Minute was come,
 And Chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,
 Went merrily round the Room.
 Pert Stretton was kind to Betty,
 And blithe as a Bird in the Spring ;
 And Tommy was so to Katy,
 And wedded her with a Rush-Ring :
 Sukie, that danc'd with the Cushion,
 An Hour from the Room had been gone,
 And Barnaby knew by her blushing,
 That some other Dance had been done :

And

And thus of fifty fair Maids,
That came to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,
That so did return again.

S O N G 63.

AWay! away! we're crown'd the Day, we're crown'd
the Day!

Away! away! we're crown'd the Day!
The Hounds are waiting for their Play:
The Huntsman's Call invites you all,
The Huntsman's Call invites you all,
Come in, come in, Boys, while you may;
Come in, come in, Boys, while you may.

The jolly Horn, the rosy Morn, the rosy Morn,
The jolly Horn, the rosy Morn,
With Harmony of deep-mouth'd Hounds;
These, these, my Boys, are heavenly Joys,
These, these, my Boys, are heavenly Joys:
A Sportsman's Pleasure knows no Bounds,
A Sportsman's Pleasure knows no Bounds.

The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee, the Husband's Fee,
The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee,
And let him take it not in Scorn;
The Grave and Sage in ev'ry Age,
The Grave and Sage in ev'ry Age,
Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn,
Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn.

S O N G 64.

Bacchus must now his Power resign,
I am the only God of Wine;
It is not fit that Rogue should be
In Competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new World, ye Pow'rs divine,
Stock it with nothing else but Wine;
Let Wine its only product be,
Let Wine be Earth, be Air, and Sea,
And let that Wine be all for me.

Let other Mortals vainly wear
A tedious Life in anxious Care :
Let the Ambitious toil and think,
Let States or Empires swim or sink,
My soie Ambition is to drink.

SONG 65.

BEhold I fly on Wings of soft desire,
Whilst gentle Zephirs waft me on ;
Eager as when a Bridegroom all on Fire
Longs for the Company to be gone :
She blushing flies the Pleasure,
He rushing grasps his Treasure,
'Till with mutual Tendernefs each other they warm,
Since Phœbe's my Guide,
And Love does preside,
Each Monarch, tho' great,
Wou'd envy my State,
For she, she alone has the Power to charm.

SONG 66.

He. **B**E still, O ye Winds, and attentive ye Swains,
'Tis Phœbe invites and replies to my Strains :
The Sun never rose on, search all the World thro',
A Shepherd so blest, or a Fair-one so true.
She. Glide softly ye Streams, O ye Nymphs round me
'Tis Collin commands, and enlivens my Song : [throng,
Search all the World o'er, you never can find
A Maiden so blest, or a Shepherd so kind.
Both. 'Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives Light to the
The sweetest of Blessings that Life can endear ; [Year,
Our Pleasure it brightens, drives Sorrow away,
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.
He. With Phœbe beside me, the Seasons how gay,
And Winter's bleak Months are as pleasant as May :
The Summer's gay Verdure still springs as she treads,
And Linnets and Nightingales sing thro' the Meads.
She. When Collin is absent, 'tis Winter all round,
How faint is the Sunshine, how barren the Ground :
Instead of the Linnet and Nightingale's Song,
I hear the hoarse Raven croak all the Night long.
Both. 'Tis Love, &c.

He.

He. O'er Hill, Dale, and Valley, my Phœbe and I
Together will wander, and Love shall be by :
Her Collin shall guard her safe all the long Day,
And Phœbe at Night, all his Pains shall repay.

She. By Moonlight, when Shadows glide over the Plain,
His Kisses shall cheer me, his Arm shall sustain :
The dark haunted Grove I can trace without Fear,
And sleep in a Church-yard if Collin is near.

Both. 'Tis Love, &c.

He. Ye Shepherds, that wanton it over the Plain,
How fleeting your Transports, how lasting your Pain,
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind She,
And learn to be happy from Phœbe and me.

She. Ye Nymphs, who the Pleasures of Love never try'd,
Attend to my Strains, and take me for your Guide :
Your Hearts keep from Pride, and Inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy from Collin and me.

Both. 'Tis Love. &c.

S O N G 67.

BEhold the sweet Flowers around,
With all the bright Beauties they wear,
Yet none on the Plains can be found
So lovely, so lovely as Celia is fair,
So lovely as Celia is fair.
Ye Warblers, come raise your sweet Throats,
No longer in Silence remain,
O lend a fond Lover your Notes,
To soften, to soften my Celia's Disdain.
To soften my Celia's Disdain.
Oft times in yon flow'ry Vale,
I breathe my Complaints in a Song,
Fair Flora attends the sad Tale,
And sweetens, and sweetens the Borders along,
And sweetens the Borders along.
But Celia, whose Breath might presume
The Bosom of Flora in May,
Still frowning pronounces my Doom,
Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
Regardless of all I can say.

S O N G

SONG 68.

BEfore the Barn-Door crowing,
 The Cock by Hens attended,
 His Eyes around him throwing,
 Stands for a while suspended.
 Then one he singles from the Crew,
 And cheers the happy Hen ;
 With how do you do, and how do you do,
 And how do you do again.

SONG 69.

BE gone, old Care, I prithee be gone from me ;
 Be gone, old Care, you and I shall never agree :
 Long Time have you been vexing me,
 And fain you would me kill ;
 But i' faith, old Care,
 Thou never shalt have thy Will.
 Too much Care will make a young Man look grey,
 And too much Care will turn an old Man to Clay :
 Come you shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily we will play !
 For I hold it one of the wisest things
 To drive old Care away.

SONG 70.

BLow, ye bleak Winds, around my Head,
 And sooth my Heart corroding Care ;
 Flath round my Brows, ye Lightnings red,
 And blast the Lawrels planted there.
 But may the Maid, where-e'er she be,
 Think not of my Distress nor me.

Let all the Traces of our Love
 Be ever blotted from her Mind ;
 May from her Breast my Vows remove,
 And no Remembrance leave behind.
 But may the Maid, &c.

O may I ne'er behold her more,
 For she has robb'd my Soul of Rest ;
 Wisdom's Assistance is too poor
 To calm the Tempest in my Breast.
 But may the Maid, &c.

Come,

Come, Death, O come, thou friendly Sleep,
 And with my Sorrows lay me low ;
 And should the gentle Virgin weep,
 Nor sharp nor lasting be her Woe.
 Then may she think, where-e'er she be,
 No more of my Distress nor me.

SONG 71.

BOast, Britain boast, thy happy Fate,
 Great George thy Sceptre sways ;
 His Rule secures thy present State,
 His Race succeeding Days.
 With Rapture a bright Offspring see,
 On which our Hopes we build ;
 All train'd to guard our Liberty,
 Our holy Faith to shield,
 Great Frederick view, humanely sweet,
 What Bliss shall he impart ?
 In whose rich Soul all Virtues meet,
 Can warm a princely Heart.
 Augusta swells the Transport higher,
 Such Graces round her press,
 As shall the lovely Sex inspire
 Like her, to charm and bless.
 By their Example let's evince,
 How blest the nuptial Life,
 Be ev'ry Husband like the Prince,
 The Princess e'ry Wife.
 Thus while we feel our Joys expand,
 And number blissful Hours,
 Proclaim no Clime like Britain's Land,
 No Princes equal ours.
 When George resumes his native Skies,
 (Tho' distant be that Day)
 Then Frederick shall with Lustre shine,
 And Millions bless his Sway.
 Such Joys as now we Briton's know,
 A long and glorious Train,
 Shall on our happy Children flow,
 In Frederick's future Reign.

SONG

Blowzabella, my bouncing Doxy,
Come let us trudge it to Kerkham Fair;
There's stout Liquor enough to fox ye,
And young Cullies to buy your Ware.

Sbe. Mind your Matters, ye Sot, without meddling
How I manage the Sale of my Toys;
Get thou by Piping, as I do by Pedling,
You need ne'er come to me for Supplies.

He. God'a-mercy, my Sweeting, I find thou think'st
fitting

To hint by this Twitting, I owe thee a Crown.

Sbe. Tho' for that I've been staying, a greater Debt's
paying,

Your Rate of delaying will never compound.

He. I'll come Home with my Pouch so full,
And soundly pay thee all old Arrears.

Sbe. You'll forget it, your Pate's so dull,
As by drowily Neglect appears.

He. May the Drone of my Bag never hum,
If I fail to remember my Blowze.

Sbe. May my Buttocks be ev'ry Man's Drum,
If I think thou wilt pay me a Soufe.

He. Squeakum, squeakum, Bag-pipe will make 'em,
Whisking, Frisking, Money bring in.

Sbe. Smeaking, Topping, Landlady groping,
Whores by the Score will spend it again.

He. By the best that I kiss in the Town,
I swear thou shalt have ev'ry Groat.

Sbe. By the Worst that Woman e'er found,
If I have it will signify nought.

He. Then if good Nature works no better,
Blowzabella I'd have thee to know,
Tho' you fancy my Stock is so low,
I've more Rhino than always I show,
For one good Reason of State that I know.

Sbe. Since you are Cheating I always knew,
For my Ware I got something too;
But I've more Sense than to tell you.

He. Singly then let's try our Wit,
I'll use my Pipe as my Gain shall hit.

She. And if I a new Chapman get,
You shall be easy too.

He. As easy as any worn-out Shoe.

Chorus. Free from Frolick we'll couple gratis,
Thus we'll shew all human Race,
That the Best of the Marriage State, is
Blowzabella's and Collin's Case.

SONG 73.

BOast not, mistaken Swain, thy Art,
To please my partial Eyes,
Thy Charms that have subdu'd my Heart,
Another may despise.

Thy Face is to my Humour made,
Another it may fright;
Perhaps by some fond Whim betray'd,
In Oddness I delight.

Vain Youth, to your Confusion know,
'Tis to my Love's excess,
You all your fancied Beauties owe,
Which fade as they grow less.

For your own Sake, if not for mine,
You shou'd preserve my Fire;
Since you, my Swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The Wonder of your Kind;
But be not of my Judgment proud,
Whom Love has render'd blind.

SONG 74.

BRing out your Coney-skins,
Bring out your Coney-skins Maids to me,
And hold them fair that I may see,
Grey, black, and blue: For the smaller Skins,
I'll give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins,
And for your whole Coney
Here's ready Money.

Come,

Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin
 With thy black Coney, thy black Coney-skin,
 And Mary and Joan will follow,
 With their silver hair'd Skins and yellow :
 The white Coney-skin I will not lay by :
 For tho' it be faint, it is fair to the Eye ;
 The grey it is worn ; but yet for my Money,
 Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney :
 Come away, fair Maids, your Skins will decay,
 Come and take Money, Maids, put your Wares away :
 Ha' ye any Coney-skins, ha' ye any Coney-skins,
 Ha' ye any Coney-skins here to sell ?

S O N G 75.

BY the Side of a Grove, at the Foot of a Hill,
 Where whisper'd the Beach, and where murmur'd
 the Rill ;

I vow'd to the Muses my Time and my Care ;
 Since neither could win me the Smiles of the Fair,
 Since neither could win me the Smiles of the Fair.

Free I rang'd like the Birds, like the Birds free I sung,
 And Daphne's dear Name ne'er escap'd from my Tongue ;
 Whene'er a smooth Accent delighted my Ear,
 I wish'd unawares, that my Daphne might hear,
 I wish'd, &c.

With fairest Ideas my Bosom I stor'd,
 Allusions to none but the Nymph I ador'd ;
 And the more I with Study my Fancy refin'd,
 The deeper Impression she made on my Mind,
 The deeper, &c.

So long as of Nature the Charms I pursue,
 I still must my Daphne's dear Image renew ;
 The Graces have yielded with Daphne to rove,
 And the Muses are all in Alliance with Love,
 And the Muses, &c.

S O N G 76.

BY the gaily circling Glass
 We can see how Minutes pass ;
 By the hollow Cask are told
 How the waning Night grows old,

F

Soon

Soon, too soon, the busy Day
Drives us from our Sport and Play.
What have we with Day to do?
Sons of Care! 'twas made for you.

SONG 77.

Busy, curious, thirsty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I.
Freely welcome to my Cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up:
Make the most of Life you may,
Life is short, and wears away,
Life is, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hast'ning quick to their Decline.
Thine's a Summer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to Threescore;
Threescore Summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.
Will appear, &c.

SONG 78.

By the Mole on your Babbies, so round and so white,
By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms would
By whatever Mole else you have got out of Sight [unite,
I beseech thee to hear me dear Molly!
By the Kiss just a starting from off thy moist Lips,
By the delicate up and down jut of thy Hips,
By the Tip of thy Tongue, which all Tongues far out-
I beseech, &c. [tips,
By the Down on your Bosom, on which my Soul dies,
By the Thing of all Things, which you love as your Eyes,
By the Thoughts you lie down with, and those when you
I beseech, &c. [rise;
By all the soft Pleasure a Virgin can share,
By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,
By the Question I burn for to ask, but don't dare,
I beseech thee, &c.

SONG 79.

By the Toast of your Health, when full Bumpers go
By the am'rous Masquerade Beaus of the Town [down,
By the powder'd peit Fop, and the rustick dull Clown,
I prithee now hear me, dear Chloë. By

By the Pink of the Mode, which the Fair so adore,
By the Pride of the Sex, when their Smiles we implore,
By the Charms of your Dress, and the Force of its Pow'r,
I prithee, &c.

By the Posy display'd on your Ring, or your Garter,
By your delicate Snuff-box enamell'd much smarter,
By the Je-ne-say-quoy, when your Captives cry, Quarter,
I prithee, &c.

By the simpering Dimple your Smiling discovers,
By the ogling Glance when you captivate Lovers,
By the coquetting Belles who censure all others,
I prithee, &c.

By that Circle your Hoop, which such Charms does inclose,
By your killing bright Eyes, and your aquiline Nose,
By the Death they commit, when a Spark you depose,
I prithee, &c.

By your Lips so ambrosial, and Bosom so fair,
By your Parrot's fine Prattle, which charms your fine Ear,
By the gen'rous Sylphs who make you their Care,
I prithee, &c.

By your lilly white Hands, and Fingers so pretty,
By your exquisite Genius, facetious and witty,
By all the gay Fancies, describ'd in this Ditty,
I prithee, &c.

SONG So.

BY the Side of a glimm'ring Fire,
Melinda sat pensively down,
Impatient of rural Esguire;
And vex'd to be absent from Town:
The Cricket from under the Grate,
With a Chip to her Sighs did reply:
And the Kitten, as grave as a Cat,
Sat mournfully pining hard by.
Alas! silly Maid that I was,
Thou sadly complaining, she cry'd;
When first I forsook that dear Place,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
How gayly I pass'd the long Day,
In a Round of continu'd Delight?
Park, Visits, Assemblies, and Play,
And Quadrille to enliven the Night.

How

How simple was I to believe
 Delusive poetical Dreams,
 The flatt'ring Landscips they give,
 Of Groves, Meads, and murm'ring Streams ?
 Bleak Mountains, and wild staring Rocks,
 Are the wretch'd Result of my Pains ;
 The Swains greater Brutes than their Flocks,
 And the Nymphs as polite as the Swains.
 What though I have Skill to ensnare,
 Where Smarts in bright Circles abound ?
 What though at St. James's at Prayers,
 Beaus ogle devoutly around ?
 Fond Virgin, thy Power is lost
 On a Race of rude Hottentot Brutes ;
 What Glory in being the Toast
 Of noisy dull 'Squires in Boots.
 And thou, my Companion, so dear,
 My all that is left of Relief,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to dissuade me from Grief :
 'Tis in vain ther, you'll say, to repine
 At Ills which can't be redress'd ;
 But in Sorrows so pungent as mine,
 To be patient, alas ! is a Jest.
 If farther, to sooth my Distress,
 Thy tender Compassion is led,
 Call jenny to help to undress,
 And decently put me to Bed.
 The most humble Solace I wait,
 Would Heaven indulge me the Boon,
 Some Dream less unkind than my Fate,
 In a Vision transport me to Town.
 Clarissa meantime wed a Beau,
 Who decks her in golden Array,
 The finest at ev'ry fine Show,
 And flaunts it at Park and at Play ;
 Whilst here we are left in the Lurch,
 Forgot and secluded from View,
 Unless when some Bumpkin at Church,
 Stares wistfully o'er the Pew.

BY the Side of a great Kitchen Fire,
 A Scullion so hungry was laid,
 A Pudding was all his Desire,
 A Kettle supported his Head :
 The Hogs, that were fed by the House,
 To his Sighs with a Grunt did reply ;
 And a Gutter, that ear'd not a Louie,
 Ran mournfully muddily by.
 But when it was set in a Dish,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 My Mouth it does water and wish ;
 I think it had better been fry'd.
 The Butter around it was spread,
 'Twas as great as a Prince in his Chair :
 Oh ! could I but eat it, he said,
 The Proof of the Pudding lies there.
 How foolish was I to believe
 It was made for so homely a Clown :
 Or that it would have a Reprieve,
 From the dainty fine Folks of the Town !
 Could I think that a Pudding so fine
 Could ever uneaten remove ?
 We labour that others may dine,
 And live in a Kitchen of Love.
 What though at the Fire I've wrought,
 Where Puddings do broil and do fry ?
 Though Part of it hither be brought,
 And none of it ever set by ?
 Ah ! Collin ! thou must not be first !
 Thy Knife and thy Platter resign ;
 There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,
 And her Turn is sooner than thine.
 And you, my Companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me so pale,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear at a Pudding to rail ;
 Though thro' all the Rooms I shall rove,
 'Tis vain from my Fortune to go,
 'Tis its Fate to be oten above,
 'Tis mine for to want it below.

If while my hard Fate I sustain,
 In your Breast any Pity be found,
 Ye Servants that early do dine,
 Come see how I lie on the Ground :
 Then hang up a Pan and a Pot,
 And sorrow to see how I dwell ;
 And say, when you grieve at my Lot,
 Poor Collin lov'd Pudding too well.
 Then back to your Meat you may go,
 Which you set in your Dishes so prim,
 Where Sauce in the Middle does flow,
 And Flowers are strew'd on the Brim ;
 Whilst Collin, forgotten and gone,
 By the Hedges shall dismally rove,
 Unless when he sees the round Moon,
 He thinks on a Pudding above.

SONG 82.

BY Chresht and shaint Patrick, going Home late last
 Night,
 About two in the Morning, I was put in a Fright ;
 Comes a Dog in a Doublet, stripp'd all in his Shirt,
 And throws down poor Teague very clean in the Dirt.
 Then firing his Pistol direct on my Faish,
 Stand still you dam Dog, or you're dead on the Plaish ;
 De'el tauke him for me, for his Favour and Graish,
 For ne'er was dear Joy in more sorrowful Caish.
 Confounded, and Speechless, bold as Hero I cry'd,
 Your Rogueship one Day shall at Tyburn be try'd.
 If Teague catch you again at such vile Tricks as these,
 He will swear, Joy, upon you his Majesty's Peash.
 Thus threaten'd, he shivilly cry'd, my dear Honey,
 I'll not hurt thee at all, but present me thy Money.
 My Money ! dear Joy--'tis Teague's Soul--he's undone ;
 Well, e'en take it all--for by Chresht I have none.

SONG 83.

CAn Love be controul'd by Advice ?
 Will Cupid our Mothers obey ?
 Though my Heart were as frozen as Ice,
 At his Flame 'twou'd have melted away,

When

When he kist me so closely he press'd,
 'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:
 So I thought it both safest and best
 To marry, for fear you should chide.

SONG 84.

CHild of the Summer, charming Rose,
 No longer in Confinement lie,
 Arise, to Light thy Form disclose
 Rival the Spangles of the Sky.
 The Rains are gone, the Storms are o'er,
 Winter retires to make the Way;
 Come then, thou sweetly blushing Flower,
 Come, lovely Stranger, come away.
 The Sun is drest in beaming Smiles,
 To give thy Beauties to the Day,
 Young Zephyrs wait with gentlest Gales,
 To fan thy Bosom as they play.

SONG 85.

Chloris, Darling of the Muses,
 Fairer than the blooming Spring;
 Sweetest Theme the Poet chuses,
 When of thee he strives to sing.
 While my Soul with Wonder traces,
 All thy Charms of Face and Mind,
 All the Beauties, all the Graces,
 Of thy Sex in thee I find.
 All the Beauties, &c.
 Love, Delight, and Admiration,
 In my Breast alternate rise;
 Words no more can paint my Passion,
 Than the Pencil can your Eyes.
 Lavish Nature, thee adorning,
 O'er your Lips and Cheeks has spread
 Colours that surpass the Morning,
 Smiling with sweet rosy Red,
 Colours that surpass, &c.
 Pallas, Venus too, must never
 Boast their Charms triumphant yet;
 Chloris bright outshining ever
 This in Beauty, that in Wit.

Could

Could the Gods, in their Condition,
 Aught on Earth with Pleasure view ;
 Lovely Chloris, their Ambition
 Would be then to live with you :
 Lovely Chloris, &c.

S O N G 86.

Clarinda the Pride of the Plain,
 So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
 Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,
 Sat pensiv'e, and folding her Arms :
 Her Lute, and her shining Attire,
 Neglected, were laid at her Side :
 While pining with hopeless Desire,
 The Daniel thus mournfully cry'd.
 Oh ! could the past Hours but return,
 When I triumph'd in Angelot's Heart,
 Clarinda would mutually burn,
 Would mutually suffer the Smart :
 But fair from the Plain he is gone,
 Enjoys the sweet Smiles of a Fair,
 Whose Kindness the Shepherd has won,
 And Clarinda no more is his Care.
 How oft at these Feet has he lain,
 Bewailing his sorrowful Fate !
 But all his Complaints were in vain,
 I foolishly doated on State,
 I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,
 To sparkle in golden Array ;
 By my Dress and my Charms to be known,
 In the Park, and at ev'ry new Play.
 I thought without Grandeur and Fame,
 That Marriage no Blessing could prove :
 Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim ;
 And I slighted poor Angelot's Love.
 Such Madneis besotted my Mind,
 I receiv'd all his Sighs with Disdain ;
 I regarded his Vows but as Wind,
 And scornfully smil'd at his Pain.

How happy my Fortune had been,
 Could my Reason have conquer'd my Pride!
 In Bliss I had rivall'd a Queen,
 Had I been my dear Angelot's Bride:
 With him more Content I had found,
 Than Grandeur and Fame can supply;
 For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd,
 With a Passion that never would die.
 I had feasted with innocent Joy
 On the Pleasures of Kindness and Ease;
 While the Fears which the Great-ones annoy,
 Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.
 But ah! that glad Prospect is gone!
 His Love I can never regain:
 And the Loss I shall ever bemoan,
 Till Death shall relieve me from Pain,
 Thus wail'd the sad Nymph all in Tears,
 When the Swain to the Green did advance;
 In his Hand his new Consort appears,
 With a Train gaily join'd in a Dance.
 Impatient, and sick at the Sight,
 To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd,
 (Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
 And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

SONG 87.

Cold and raw the North did blow,
 Bleak in the Morning early,
 All the Trees were hid with Snow,
 Cover'd with Winter yearly;
 As I was riding o'er the Slough,
 I met with a Farmer's Daughter,
 Her rosy Cheeks and bonny Brow;
 Good Faith my Mouth did water.
 Down I veil'd my Bonnet low,
 Meaning to shew my Breeding,
 She return'd a graceful Bow,
 Her Visage far exceeding.
 I ask'd her where she was going so soon,
 And long'd to hold a Parley:
 She told me to the next Market-town,
 On purpose to sell her Barley.

In

In this Purse, sweet Soul, said I,
 Twenty Pounds lies fairly ;
 Seek no further one to buy,
 For life take all thy Barley :
 Twenty Pounds more shall purchase Delight,
 Thy Person I love so dearly,
 If thou wilt lig with me all Night,
 And gang home in the Morning early.
 If Forty Pounds would buy the Globe,
 This Thing I would not do, Sir :
 Or were my Friends as poor as Job,
 I'd never raise them so, Sir :
 For shou'd you prove one Night my Friend,
 We's get a young Kid together.
 And you'd be gone ere nine Months End ;
 Then where should I find the Father ?
 Pray what would then my Parents say,
 If I should be so filly,
 To give my Maidenhead away,
 And lose my true Love Billy ?
 Oh, this would bring me to Disgrace,
 And therefore I say you nay, Sir ;
 And if that you would me embrace,
 First marry, and then you may, Sir.
 I told her I had wedded been
 Fourteen Years and longer ;
 Else I'd chuse her for my Queen,
 And tie the Knot still stronger.
 She bid me then no farther come,
 But manage my Wedlock fairly,
 And keep my Purse for poor Spouse at home,
 For some other should buy her Barley.
 Then as swift as any Roe
 She rode away and left me ;
 After her I could not go,
 Of Joy she quite bereft me ;
 Thus I myself did disappoint,
 For she did leave me fairly ;
 One Word knockt all Things out of Joint,
 I lost both Maid and Barley.

Riding down a narrow Lane,
 Some two or three Hours after,
 Then I chanc'd to meet again
 This Farmer's bonny Daughter.
 Altho' it was both raw and cold,
 I staid to hold a Parley,
 And shew'd once more my Purse of Gold,
 When as she had sold her Barley.
 Love, said I, pray do not frown,
 But let us change Embraces :
 I'll buy thee a fine silken Gown,
 With Ribbons, Gloves, or Laces ;
 A Ring and Bodkin, Muff and Fan,
 No Lady shall have neater ;
 For, as I am an honest Man,
 I ne'er saw a sweeter Creature.
 Then I took her by the Hand,
 And said, my dearest Jewel,
 Why should'st thou thus disputing stand,
 I prithee be not cruel.
 She said my Mind was fully bent,
 To please my fond Desire ;
 Therefore she seem'd to content,
 But I wish I had ne'er come nigh her.
 Sir, said she, what shall I do,
 If I commit this Evil,
 And yield myself in Love with you,
 I hope you will prove civil ?
 You talk of Ribbons, Gloves, and Rings,
 And likewise Gold and Treasure ;
 Oh, let me first enjoy those Things,
 And then you shall have your Pleasure.
 Sure thy Will shall be obey'd,
 Said I, my own dear Honey :
 Then into her Lap I quickly laid
 Full Forty Pounds in Money ;
 We'll to the Market-town this Day,
 And straightway end this Quarrel ;
 And deck thee like a Lady gay,
 In flourishing rich Apparel.

All my Gold and Silver there
 To her I did deliver ;
 On the Road we did repair,
 Out-coming to a River,
 Whose Waters are both deep and wide,
 Such Rivers I ne'er see many ;
 She leapt her Mare on th'other Side,
 And left me not one Penny.
 Then my Heart was sunk full low,
 With Grief and Care furrounded ;
 After her I could not go,
 For Fear of being drowned :
 She turn'd about, and said, Behold
 I'm not for your Devotion ;
 But, Sir, I thank you for your Gold,
 'Twill serve t'enlarge my Portion.
 I began to stamp and stare,
 To see what she had acted ;
 With my Hands I tore my Hair,
 Like one that was distracted.
 Give me my Money then, I cry'd,
 Good Faith, I did not lend it :
 But she full fast away did ride,
 And vow'd she did not intend it.

S O N G 88.

Come gentle God of soft Repose
 And lull my Soul to rest ;
 In thy Embraces let me lose,
 The Pangs that rack my Breast.
 Arise ye dear Deceits, arise,
 And drest in Damon's Form,
 My long expecting wishing Eyes,
 With his Resemblance charm.
 Those melting Sounds still let me hear,
 Which did his Flame impart,
 Which blest with Love my list'ning Ear,
 And pierc'd my yielding Heart.
 Why rove my Thoughts on pleasing Cares
 Which only Dreams bestow !
 For Oh ! when e'er the Morn appears,
 I wake to endless Woe.

The envious Light from my sad Eyes,
 Drives ev'ry Joy away,
 With Night the lovely Phantom flies,
 And leaves me lost in Day,
 Since waking then I am distress'd,
 And Pleasure's fled with him ;
 If sleeping I can still be blest,
 Let Life be all a Dream.

S O N G 89.

G. COME learn by this, ye Batchelors,
 Come learn by this, ye Batchelors,
 Who lead unsettled lives ;
 When once ye come to serious Thought,
 When once ye come to serious Thought,
 There's nothing like good Wives,
 There's nothing like good Wives.

A. Come learn by this, ye Maidens fair,
 Come learn, &c.
 Say I advise you well,
 You're better in a Husbands arms,
 You're better, &c.
 Than leading Apes in Hell,
 Then leading, &c.

S. A Batchelor's a Cormorant,
 A Batchelor's, &c.
 A Batchelor's a Drone ;
 He eats and drinks at all Men's Cost,
 He eats, &c.
 But seldom at his own,
 But seldom, &c.

C. Old Maids and fusty Batchelors,
 Old Maids, &c.
 At Marriage rail and low'r,
 So when the Fox cou'd n't reach the Grapes,
 So when, &c.
 He cry'd, they all were sow'r,
 He cry'd, &c.

All, Old Maids, &c.

G

S O N G

SONG 90.

COME let us drink,
 'Tis vain to think,
 Like Fools on Grief or Sadness;
 Let our Money fly,
 And our Sorrow die,
 All worldly Care is Madness.
 But Wine and good Chear,
 Will, in spite of our Fear,
 Inspire our Hearts with Mirth, Boys:
 The Time we live
 To Wine let us give,
 Since all must turn to Earth, Boys:
 Hand about the Bowl,
 The Delight of my Soul,
 And to my Hand commend it;
 A Fig for Chink,
 'Twas made to buy Drink,
 And before we go hence we'll spend it.

SONG 91.

COME listen, ye English, awhile to my Strain,
 I'll tell you a Story will give you much Pain,
 How Englishmen starve while the Foreigners gain.
 With a down, down, down, derry, &c.
 What have you e'er done to deserve such a Doom?
 With your Fathers your Wit is sure all in the Tomb,
 That you forfeit your Sence for a Squaller of Rome.
 The Voice of an Eunuch what Clown won't obey?
 Sound Sence for Francisque you've barter'd away,
 And for Glasses your Eyes you exchange ev'ry Day.
 No Fool is so dull but their Worth will enhance;
 But if all their Notion come hither to Dance,
 I hope we shall quickly be tir'd of France.
 Court, City and Country stand on their Side,
 Our Delight it is grown, and our Boast and our Pride,
 To see Englishmen walk while the Foreigners ride.
 With Monsieur our Play-Bills are stuck ev'ry Day;
 Italian, French. Dutchmen fill up ev'ry Way,
 And Sigaior and Monsieur is all we can say.

Our Heroes like Italians now impotent grow,
 Our Elders all weak as Francisque in his Show,
 And our Statesmen short-sighted, alas! as a Beau.
 Ye Schools that for Learning are worthily known,
 No Wonder your Benches so empty are grown,
 Since our Nation despise ev'ry Art that's their own.
 In the Manners of England none try to succeed,
 Most of us, like Frenchmen, both habit and Feed,
 But who can't talk French, is a Blockhead indeed.
 Our Old English Dishes we're taught to disown;
 To Ragousts and Toupees we now are so prone,
 That we've neither a Dress nor a Dish of our own.

S O N G 92.

COME all you young Lovers who wan with Despair,
 Compose idle Sonnets and sigh for the Fair;
 Who puff up their Pride by enhancing their Charms,
 And tell them 'tis Heaven to lie in their Arms.

Be wise by Example take Pattern by me.

For let what will happen by Jove I'll be free,

By Jove I'll be free.

For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw, in the Net I was caught,
 I ly'd and I flatter'd as Custom has taught,
 I press'd her to Bliss, which she granted full soon,
 But the Date of my Passion expir'd with the Moon.

She vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it might be,

I'm sorry, my Dear, but by Jove I'll be free,

By Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Phillis as bright as the Morn,
 The Love that I proffer'd she treated with Scorn;
 I laugh'd at her Folly, and told her my Mind,
 That none could be handsome, but such as were kind;

Her Pride and Ill-nature was lost upon me,

For in Spite of fair Faces, by Jove I'll be free,

By Jove I'll be free, &c.

Let others call Marriage the Harbour of Joys,
 Calm Peace I delight in, and fly from all Noise;

Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange Rage,
 And like Birds they sing best, when they're put in a Cage;
 Confinement's the Devil, 'twas ne'er made for me,
 Let who will be bond Slaves, by Jove I'll be free,
 By Jove I'll be free, &c.

Then let the brisk Bumper run over the Glas,
 In a Toast to the young and the beautiful Las:
 Who yielding and easy, prescribes no dull Rule,
 Nor thinks it a Wonder a Lover shou'd cool;
 Let us bill like the Sparrow, and rove like the Bee,
 For in Spite of grave Lessons, by Jove I'll be free,
 By Jove I'll be free,
 For in Spite of grave Lessons, by Jove I'll be free.

S O N G 93.

COME, Rosalind, O come and see,
 What Pleasures are in store for thee,
 What Pleasures, &c.

The Fields their gayest Beauties wear,
 The Flowers in all their Sweets appear,
 The Flowers in all their Sweets appear.

The joyful Birds, in every Grove,
 Now warble out their Songs of Love,
 Now warble out, &c.

For thee they sing, and Roses bloom,
 And Collin thee invites to come,
 And Collin, &c.

Come, Rosalind and Collin join,
 My tender Flocks and all are thine,
 My tender, &c.

If Love and Rosalind be near,
 'Tis May and Pleasure all the Year,
 'Tis May, &c.

Come see a Cottage and a Swain,
 Thou can't my Love or Gifts disdain,
 Thou can't, &c.

Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For Collin calls, then haste away,
 For Collin calls, then haste away.

S O N G

(77)

SONG 94.

COME, ever smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train.
Come, ever smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train.
Come, ever smiling, smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train, thy jocund Train,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train.
For thee we pant and sigh,
For thee, &c.
With whom eternal Pleasures reign.
Come, ever smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
Come, ever smiling Liberty,
Come, ever smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
Thy jocund Train,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train.

SONG 95.

COME, all ye motly Throng, that assemble here
To-night,
And listen to my Song, it may heighten the Delight ;
Here Courtiers and Mechanics, the Churchman and the
Rake,
The Lady and the Bunter, alike the Sport partake.
The Matron and the Maid are secure from prying Eyes,
For Laws of Masquerade don't require we should be wise;
The Dutchess, here a Milkmaid, may talk of Teats and
Cream,
And will not be displeas'd if you'd treat her as she'd
seem.
If any formal Coxcomb dislike the varied Show,
Let ancient Authors mind him, Jove taught it first below;
From him the masquing' Business for Pleasure first began,
Or wherefore was he wrapt in the Feathers of a Swan ?
Agreeable Deception's the Entertainment here,
The Prude may give a Loose, the Coquet may be sincere ;
G 3 A Drury

A Drury Nymph may be in Diana's Form ador'd,
 And in the merry Songster's a Lady and a Lord.
 But, in these Scenes of Pleasures, such Fools should ne'er
 have Room,

Who know not how to answer the Habits they assume;
 'Do you know me?' if that's all you Idiots have to say,
 Pray, don't expose your Folly, but take yourselves away.
 'Tis Mirth and sprightly Wit is the Business of the Place,
 With something by the Bye---but I won't my Song
 disgrace;

A Fool is fit for neither, no Pleasure can he prove;
 'Tis only Men of Honour can please the Fair in Love.

S O N G 96.

COME, and listen to my Ditty,
 All ye jolly Hearts of Gold:

Lend a Brother Tar your Pity,
 Who was once so stout and bold:
 But the Arrows of blind Cupid,
 Alas! have made me rue;
 Sure true Love was ne'er so treated,
 As I am by scornful Sue!

When I landed first at Dover,
 She appear'd a Goddess bright:
 From Foreign Parts but just come over,
 I was struck with so fair a Sight:
 On the Shore pretty Sukie walked,
 Near to where our Frigate lay,
 And altho' so near the Landing,
 I, alas! was cast away.

When first I hail'd my pretty Creature,
 The Delight of Land and Sea,
 No Man ever saw a sweeter,
 I'd have kept her Company:
 I'd have fain made her my true Love,
 For better or for worse;
 But alas! I could not compass her,
 For to steer the Marriage Course.

Once no greater Joy and Pleasure
 Could have come into my Mind,
 Than to see the bold Defiance
 Sailing right before the Wind:

O'er the white Waves as she danced,
And her Colours gaily flew ;
But that was not half so charming
As the trim of lovely Sue.

On a rocky Coast I've driven,
Where the stormy Winds do rise :
Where the rolling mounting Billows
Lift the Vessel to the Skies :
But from Land, or from the Ocean,
Little Dread I ever knew,
When compared to the Dangers
In the Frowns of scornful Sue.

Long I wonder'd, why my Jewel
Had the Heart to use me so ;
Till I found by often Sounding,
She'd another Love in Tow.
So farewell, hard-hearted Sukie,
I'll my Fortune seek at Sea,
And try a more friendly Latitude,
Since in yours I cannot be.

S O N G 97.

COME Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs and Musicians,
Away, and in Troops to the Jubilee jog ;
Leave Discord and Death to the College Physicians,
Let the Vig'rous whore on, and the Impotent flog ;
Already Rome opens her Arms to receive ye,
And of ev'ry Transgression her Lord will forgive ye.
Indulgencies, Pardons, and such holy Lumber,
As cheap are there now as our Cabages grown ;
Whilst musty old Relicks of Saints without Number,
For bearly the looking upon shall be shown :
These, where you an Atheist, wou'd needs overcome ye,
That first were made Martyrs, and afterwards Mummy.
They'll shew ye the River so sung by the Poet,
With the Rock from whence Mortals were knock'd
on the Head :

They'll shew ye the Place too, as some will avow it,
Where once a She-Pope was brought fairly to Bed :
From which, ever since, to prevent interloping,
In a Chair her Successors still suffer a Groping.

What

What a Sight 'tis to see the gay Idol accouter'd
 With Mitre and Cope, and two Keys by his Side!
 Be his Inside what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward
 Shews Servus Servorum no Hater of Pride.
 Those Keys into Heav'n will as surely admit ye,
 As the Clerk's of a Parish to a Pew in the City.

What a Sight 'tis to see the Old Man in Possession,
 Thro' Rome, in such Pomp as her Cæsars did ride!
 Here scatt'ring her Pardons, there crossing and blessing,
 With all his shav'd spiritual Train-Band by his Side,
 As Confessors, Cardinals, Monks fat as Bacon,
 From rev'rend Arch-bishops, to rosy Arch-deacons.

There, for your Diversion, the more to regale ye,
 Fine Musick you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll see;
 Men who much shall out-warble your am'rous Fidele,
 And make you meer Fools of Ballon and L' Abbee;
 And to shew you how fond they're to kifs Vosstras Manut,
 Each Padre turns Pimp, and all Nuns Courtezana's.

And when you've some Months at old Babylon been-a,
 And on Panders and Punks all your Rhino is spent;
 And when you've seen all that is there to be seen-a,
 You'll return not so rich, tho' as wise as you went:
 And 'twill be but small Comfort, after so much Expence-a,
 That your Heirs will do so just a Hundred Years hence-a.

SONG 98.

COME, cheer up your Hearts,
 And call for your Quarts,
 And let there no Liquor be lacking:
 We have Money in Store,
 And intend for to roar,
 Until we have sent it all packing:
 Then, Drawer, make haste,
 And let no Time waste,
 But give ev'ry Man his Due;
 To avoid all Trouble,
 Go fill the Pot double,
 Since he that made One, made Two.
 Since he that made One, made Two,

Come

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
 And call for Wine ;
 'Tis that makes a Man to speak truly :
 What Sot can refrain,
 Or daily complain,
 That he, in his Drink, is unruly ?
 Then drink and be civil,
 Intending no Evil,
 If that you'll be ruled by me ;
 For Claret and Sack
 We never will lack,
 Since he that made Two made Three,
 Since he, &c.

The old Curmudgeon
 Sits all the Day drudging
 At home, with brown Bread and Small Beer ;
 With scraping damn'd Pelf,
 He starveth himself,
 Scarce eats a good Meal in a Year :
 But we'll not do so.
 Howe'er the World go,
 Since that we have Money in Store ;
 For Claret and Sack
 We never will lack,
 Since he that made Three, made Four.
 Since he, &c.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
 And call for your Wine ;
 D've think I'll leave you i'th' Lurch ?
 My Reck'ning I'll pay
 Ere I go away,
 Or hang me as high as Paul's Church.
 Tho' some Men will say,
 This is not the Way
 For us in this World to thrive ;
 'Tis no Matter for that,
 Let us have t'other Quart,
 Since he that made Four, made Five.
 Since he, &c.

A Pox of old Charon,
 His Brains are all barren,
 His Liquor (like Coffee) is dry ;
 But we are for Wine,
 'Tis Drink more divine,
 Without it we perish and die.
 Then troll it about,
 Until 'tis all out,
 We'll affront him in Spite of his Styx ;
 If he grudges his Ferry,
 We'll drink and be merry,
 Since he that made Five made Six.
 Since he, &c.

But now the Time's come,
 That we all must go home,
 Our Liquor's all gone, that's for certain ;
 Which makes me repine,
 That a God so divine
 Won't give us one Cup at our parting.
 But since all is paid,
 Let's not be dismay'd,
 But fly to great Bacchus in Heaven :
 And chide him because
 He made no better Laws,
 Since he that made Six, made Seven.
 Since he, &c.

S O N G 99.

COME, come, my Molly, come let us be jolly,
 Since we are met here together ;
 My Mother's from home, and we are alone,
 Come let us be merry together ;
 I'll give you Rings and Bracelets fine,
 And other fine Trinkets, if you'll be mine,
 O no, kind Sir, I dare not incline,
 My Mother she tells me I munnot, I munnot,
 My Mother she tells me I munnot.
 You shall have a Gown of the finest Silk
 That ever yet was seen ;
 You shall have the Cream of all the Milk
 Of the Cows that go o'er the Green ;

You

You shall have the Curds and Cheefecakes Store;
And Custards too, all sugar'd o'er.

O no, kind Sir, pray ask no more,
My Mother, &c.

You shall have a Pettycoat fine and gay,
The best in all the Town:

And you shall wear it every Day,
And so you shall your Gown;
Your Shift shall be of Holland fine,
If you in Love with me will join.

O no, kind Sir, I dare not be thine,
My Mother, &c.

I'll settle you in a Copy-hold
Of Forty Pounds a Year;

And I have Twenty Pounds in Gold,
Will serve to buy good Chear.

O no, kind Sir, I know you too well,
Give you an Inch, and you'll take an Ell,
And when you have done, you'll tell, you'll tell,
My Mother, &c.

S O N G 100.

COME, come, my Hearts of Gold,
Let us be merry and wise,

It is a Proverb of old,
Suspicion has double Eyes:

Whatsoever we say or do,
Let's not drink to disturb our Brain;

Let's laugh for an Hour or two.
And ne'er be drunk again.

A Cup of old Sack is good,
To drive the cold Winter away;

'Twill cherish and comfort the Blood
Most when a Man's Spirits decay:

But he that doth drink too much,
Of his Head he will complain;

Then let's have a gentle Touch,
And ne'er, &c.

Good Claret was made for Man,
But Man was not made for it:

Let's be merry as we can,
So we drink not away our Wit:

You

Good

Good Fellowship is abus'd,
 And Wine will infect the Brain;
 But we'll have it better us'd,
 And ne'er, &c.
 When with Good-Fellows we meet,
 A Quart among three or four,
 'Twill make us stand on our Feet,
 While others lie drunk on the Floor.
 Then, Drawer, go fill us a Quart,
 And let it be Claret in grain:
 'Twill cherish and comfort the Heart,
 But we'll ne'er, &c.
 Here's a Health to our noble King,
 And to the Queen of his Heart;
 Let's laugh and merrily sing,
 And he's a Coward that will start:
 Here's a Health to our General,
 And to those that were in Spain,
 And eke to our Colonel,
 And we'll ne'er, &c.
 Enough's as good as a Feast,
 If a Man did but Measure know;
 A Drunkard's worse than a Beast,
 For he'll drink till he cannot go.
 If a Man could Time recall,
 In a Tavern that's spent in vain,
 We'd learn to be sober all,
 And we'd ne'er, &c.

S O N G 101.

COME here's to the Nymph that I love!
 Away, ye vain Sorrows, away:
 Far, far from my Bosom be gone.
 All there shall be pleasant and gay.
 Far hence be the sad and the pensive,
 Come fill up the Glasses around,
 We'll drink till our Faces be ruddy,
 And all our vain Sorrows are drown'd.
 'Tis done, and my Fancy's exulting
 With every gay blooming Desire,
 My Blood with brisk Ardour is glowing,
 Soft Pleasures my Bosom Inspire.

My Soul now to Love is dissolving,
 Oh Fate ! had I here my fair Charmer,
 I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
 Of all her Disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has Love to do here
 With his Troops of vain Cares in array ?
 Avaunt, idle, pensive Intruder---
 He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a Bumper ;
 Young Cupid, here's to thy Confusion---
 Now, now, he's departing, he's vanquish'd,
 Adieu to his anxious Delusion.

Come, jolly God Bacchus, here's to thee ;
 Huzza Boys, huzza Boys, huzza,
 Sing lô, sing lô to Bacchus---
 Hence all ye dull Thinkers withdraw.
 Come, what shou'd we do but be jovial,
 Come tune up your Voices and sing ;
 What Soul is so dull to be heavy,
 When Wine set's our Fancies on wing.

Come, Pegasus lies in this Bottle,
 He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
 Each of us a gallant young Perseus,
 Sublime we'll ascend to the Sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
 In Seas of wide Æther I'm drown'd,
 The Clouds far beneath me are failing.
 I see the Spheres whirling around.

What Darkness, what Ratling is this,
 Thro' Chaos' dark Regions I'm hurl'd,
 And now---oh my Head it is knockt
 Upon some confounded new World.

Now, now these dark Shades are retiring,
 See yonder bright blazes a Star,
 Where am I ?---behold the Empyreum
 With flaming Light streaming from far.

H

SONG

S O N G 102.

Come from the Groves, each Goddess,
 Tune up your sweet Hautboys,
 And to the Voice of Musick
 Make an harmonious Noise :
 Sing her for whom I languish,
 The charming Song approve ;
 Sing on till Jove grow jealous,
 And envy's me my Love.
 Flora, thou charming Goddess,
 In all thy Bloom appear ;
 Put on again fresh Garlands,
 Begin once more the Year.
 Join thyself to Pomona,
 With Flow'rs adorn the Ground ;
 Let Spring remain for ever,
 With Youth and Beauty crown'd.
 Let little Birds, thro' Meadows,
 All tune their warbling Throats,
 While bubbling Water ecchoes
 The Musick of their Notes.
 Sing her for whom I languish,
 The charming Song approve ;
 Sing on till Jove grow jealous,
 And envy's me my Love.

S O N G 103.

Come follow, follow me,
 Ye Fairy Elves that be,
 Lightly tripping o'er the Green ;
 Come follow Mab your Queen ;
 Hand in Hand we'll dance around,
 For this Place is Fairy Ground.
 When Mortals are at Rest,
 And snoring in their Nest ;
 Unhear'd and unespied,
 Thro' Key-holes we do glide ;
 Over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,
 We trip it with our Fairy Elves.
 And if the House be foul,
 With Platter, Dish, or Bowl,

Up Stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts asleep ;
Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs :
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the House be swept,
And from Uncleanneſs kept,
We praise the Houſhold Maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid :
Every Night before we go,
We drop a Teſter in her Shoe.

Then o'er a Muſhroom's Head
A Table-cloth we ſpread ;
A Grain of Rye or Wheat,
The Diet that we eat ;
Pearly Drops of Dew we drink,
In Acorn Cups fill'd to the Brink.

The Brains of Nightingales,
With unſious Fat of Snails,
Between two Cockles ſlew'd,
Is Meat that's eaſ'y chew'd ;
Brain of Worms, and Marrow of Mice,
Do make a Feaſt that's wond'rous nice.

The Graſhopper, Gnat, and Fly,
Serve for our Miſtreſſy ;
Grace ſaid we dance awhile,
And ſo the Time beguile ;
But if the Moon doth hide her Head,
The Glow-worm lights us home to Bed.

O'er Tops of dewy Graſs
So nimbly we do paſs,
The young and tender Stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk ;
Yet in the Morning may be ſeen,
Where we the Night before have been.

S O N G 104.

Come hither, good People, both aged and young,
And give your Attention to my merry Song ;
I'll ſing you a true one, and not hold you long.
With a down, down, down, up and down, derry, &c.

A Parson there was, and whose Name I could tell,
But suppose I do not, it will do fail as well,
Whose Wife did all Yorkshire in Beauty excel.

With a down, &c.

Her Texture so perfect, her Eyes black as Sloe,
Her Hair curling shone, and like Jet it did show,
Which often denotes 'tis the same Thing below.

With a down, &c.

A sprightly young Spark she had smitten so deep,
Nor Day had he Quiet, nor Night could he sleep;
Which made him think how to her Bed he should creep.

With a down, &c.

Assistance he wanted, and then did unbend
His Mind to a Brother, before a good Friend;
Who said, Fear not, Watt, thou shalt compass thy End.

With a down, &c.

In Woman's Apparel dress out, and be gay;
I'll venture my Life on't, 'twill be a sure Way,
If you condescend but to what I shall say.

With a down, &c.

And thus to the Parson's this Couple rode on:
Dear Doctor, says Frank, here's a Thing to be done,
Which Office perform'd, I shall gratefully own.

With a down, &c.

This Lady that long has Love's Passion defy'd,
And all my Addresses so often deny'd,
Will now make me happy, by being my Bride.

With a down, &c.

'Tis past the canonical Hour, said he,
And 'till the next Morning you know it can't be,
And then I'll attend you, Sir, most readily.

With a down, &c.

Says Frank, I confess, Sir, you're perfectly right,
But here lies the Hardship, we can't while 'tis Light,
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to Night.

With a down, &c.

Take no Care of that, Sir, for thus it shall be,
The Lady, if she thinks it fit to agree,
Shall lie with my Dearest, and you lie with me.

With a down, &c.

You

You so much oblige me, in what you now say,
I hope in Return I shall find out a Way,
Such generous Kindness with Thanks to repay.

With a down, &c.

This being agreed on, both Sides did consent,
To put the Glass round, and the Evening was spent
In Mirth and good Chear, then to Bed they all went.

With a down, &c.

No sooner in Bed then, but with a bold Grace,
Watt, full of Desire, thus open'd the Case;
Dear Madam, says he, I must --- then did embrace.

With a down, &c.

Confounded she lay, and not able to speak,
To think how these Wags had deceiv'd her and Dick;
But at last she was pleas'd with the Frolick and Trick,

With a down, &c.

He pleas'd her so well, that transported she lay,
Contriving and plotting for his longer Stay,
Which thus to her Husband she form'd the next Day.

With a down, &c.

This Lady, my Dearest, last Night full of Grief,
Oft hugg'd me, and told me, I can't for my Life
Consent, tho' I've promis'd him to be his Wife.

With a down, &c.

To-morrow, said she, and then freely went on,
Tho' I love him, my Heart tells me I must be gone:
If so, the poor Man, you know, may be undone.

With a down, &c.

Now how to prevent this I'll think of a Way,
If I can persuade her some Time for to stay;
And that's a good Office, I'm sure you will say.

With a down, &c.

'Tis so my dear Creature; pray do what you can
To please her, and bring her to humour again:
And I'll do the best to divert the poor Man.

With a down, &c.

The Plot so well taken made both their Hearts bound;
All Night and all Day whenever they found
Convenience for Pastime her Pleasure he crown'd.

With a down, &c.

And thus by Friend Watt his full Swing did obtain,
 The Wife too in Transport a whole Week did reign,
 And the Man, ne'er the worse, had his Mare back again,
 With a down, &c.

SONG 105.

COME hither, my Country 'Squire,
 Take friendly Instructions from me;
 The Lords shall admire
 Thy Taste in Attire,
 The Ladies shall languish for thee.

CHORUS.

Such Flaunting,
 Gallanting,
 And Januting,
 Such Frolicking thou shalt see,
 Thou ne'er like a Clown
 Shall quit London sweet Town,
 To live in thine own Country.
 A Skimming-Dish Hat provide,
 With little more Brim than Lace;
 Nine Hairs on a Side
 To a Pig's Tail ty'd,
 Will set out thy jolly broad Face.
 Such Flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a Footman's Frock,
 A Cudgel quite up to thy Nose;
 Then friz like a Shock,
 And plaister thy Block,
 And buckle thy Shoes at thy Toes,
 Such Flaunting, &c.

A Brace of Ladies fair;
 To pleasure thee shall strive:
 In a Chaise and a Pair
 They shall take the Air,
 And thou on the Box shalt drive,
 Such Flaunting, &c.

SONG

COME, let us prepare,
 We Brothers that are
 Met together on merry Occasion;
 Let's drink laugh and sing,
 Our Wine has a Spring:
 Here's a Health to an Accepted Mason.

The World is in Pain,
 Our Secret to gain,
 But still let them wonder and gaze on,
 Till they're shewn the Light,
 They'll ne'er know the right
 Word, or Sign of an Accepted Mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what;
 Why so many great Men in the Nation
 Should Aprons put on,
 To make themselves one
 With a free and Accepted Mason.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
 Have laid by their Swords,
 This our Myst'ry to put a good Grace on;
 And ne'er been asham'd
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a Free and Accepted Mason.

Antiquity's Pride
 We have on our Side,
 It makes each Man just in his Station;
 There's nought but what's good,
 To be understood
 By a Free and Accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,
 We're just to the Fair,
 They'll trust us on ev'ry Occasion;
 No Mortal can more
 The Ladies adore
 Than a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Then

Then join Hand in Hand
 To each other firm stand,
 Let's be merry and put a bright Face on :
 No Mortal can boast
 So noble a Toast,
 As a Free and Accepted Mason.

SONG 107.

COME Neighbours, now we've made our Hay,
 The Sun in haste
 Drives to the West.
 With Sports, with Sports, conclude the Day.
 Let every Man chuse out his Lads,
 And then salute her on the Grass ;
 And when you find
 She's coming kind,
 Let not that Moment pass.

CHORUS.

We'll tofs off our Bowls to true Love and Honour,
 To all kind loving Girls and the Lord of the Manor.
 At Night when round the Hall we're sat,
 With good brown Bowls,
 To chear our Souls,
 And raise, and raise, a merry Chat ;
 When Blood grows warm, and Mirth flows high,
 And Jokes about the Table fly ;
 Then we retreat,
 And that repeat
 Which all would gladly try.
 We'll tofs off our Bowls, &c.
 Let lazy great ones of the Town
 Drink Night away,
 And sleep all Day,
 Till Gouty, gouty, they are grown :
 Our nightly Sports such Vigour give,
 That oftentimes we do revive,
 And kiss our Dames
 With stronger Flames
 Than any Prince alive.
 We'll tofs off our Bowls, &c.

SONG 108.

Cupid, God of pleasing Anguish,
 Teach th' enamour'd Swain to languish,
 Teach him soft Desires to know ;
 Teach him soft Desires to know ;
 Heroes would be lost in Story,
 Did not Love inspire their Glory,
 Did not Love inspire their Glory :
 Love does all that's great below,
 Love does all that's great below.

SONG 109.

Cupid, God of gay Desires,
 Hymen, with thy sacred Fires,
 Smiling Zephyrs haste away,
 'Grace this happy, happy Day.
 Loves and Graces all attend,
 All ye Nuptial Pow'rs befriend,
 Make them your peculiar Care,
 Bless the Hero, bless the Fair.

SONG 110.

Cupid the swiftest Rogue alive,
 One Day was plund'ring of a Hive,
 But as with too much eager Haste
 He strove the Liquid Sweets to taste.
 A Bee surpriz'd the heedless Boy,
 And rob'd him of the expected Joy.
 Soon as the Urchin felt the Smart
 Of the envenom'd angry Dart,
 He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the Ground ;
 He blow'd, and then he chas'd the Wound ;
 He blow'd and chas'd the Wound in vain,
 His Madneſs but increas'd the Pain.
 Strait to his Mother's Lap he hies,
 With swelling Cheeks and blubber'd Eyes :
 Cry'd ſhe --- what does my Cupid ail.
 He ſobb'd and told his mournful Tale.
 A little Bird they call a Bee,
 With yellow Wings has murder'd me.
 And are you not, reply'd his Mother,
 For all the World, juſt ſuch another ?

When

When e'er you aim a pois'nous Dart
Against some poor ungarded Heart,
How little is the Archer found,
And yet how deep his Arrows wound.

SONG III.

DEAR Sally, thy Charms have undone me,
They've robb'd me of Freedom and Joy ;
Then dearest, sweet Sally, smile on me,
For Death is my Fate if thou'rt coy :
Be cautious, dear Charmer, in slaying,
Since Murders, so heinous, comply :
And torture me not with delaying
What ev'ry cross Chit can deny.

Consider, my Angel, why Nature
In forming you took such Delight ;
Don't think you were made that fair Creature,
For nought but to dazzle the Sight ?
No, Jove, when he gave you those Graces,
Intended you wholly for Love ;
And gave you the fairest of Faces,
The kindest of Females to prove.

Besides, pretty Maiden, remember
The Flower that's blooming in May
Is wither'd and shrunk in December,
And cast unregarded away ;
So it fares with each scornful young Charmer,
Who takes at her Lover Distaste :
She Tristes till Thirty disarms her,
And then dies forsaken at last.

SONG III2.

DEAR Chloe attend
To th' Advice of a Friend,
And for once be admonish'd by me :
Before you engage
To wed with old Age,
Think how Summer and Winter agree,
Think how Summer and Winter agree.

So ancient a Fruit,
 For Want of a Root,
 Is doom'd to a speedy Decay;
 Youth might ripen your Charms,
 But old Age in young Arms,
 Is like frosty Weather in May.
 Believe me dear Maid,
 When the best Cards are play'd,
 You seldom can meet with a Trump;
 And, to hold the Just on,
 When the Sucker is gone,
 What the Plague would you do with a Pump?
 Let Men of Threescore
 Think of Wedlock; no more
 They need not be fond of that Noose;
 The Cripple that begs,
 Without any Legs,
 Can have no great Occasion for Shoes.
 A Clock out of Repair
 Doth but badly declare
 The Hour of the Day or the Night;
 For unless, my dear Love,
 The Pendulum move,
 'Twould be strange if the Clock should go right.

S O N G 113.

DEAR Catholick Brother, are you come from the
 Wars,

So lame of your Face, and your Foots full of Scars
 To see your poor Shela, who with great Grief was fill'd,
 For you my dear Joy, when I think you were kill'd,
 With a Fa, la, la, &c.

O my Shoul, my dear Shela! I'm glad you see me,
 For if I were dead now, I could not see thee;
 The Cuts in my Body, and the Scars in my Face,
 I got them in Fighting for her Majesty's Grace.

But oh my dear Shela! dost thou now love me,
 So well as you did, ere I went to the Sea;
 By Cries and St. Patrick, my dear Joy, I do,
 And we shall be marry'd to morrow just now.

I'll make a Cabin for thee to keep off the Cold,
 And I have a Guinea of yellow red Gold ;
 To make three halves of it I think will be best,
 Give two to my Shela, and the tird to the Priest.

Old Philemy my Father was Fourfcore Years old,
 And tho' he be dead, he'll be glad to be told,
 That we two are married ; my dear spare no Cost,
 But fend him some Letter upon the last Post.

S O N G 114.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond Measure
 You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,
 You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,
 And hoard up an old Age of Pain :
 Your Maxim, that Love is still founded
 On Charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its Dictates obey.

The Passion from Beauty first drawn
 Your Kindness wou'd vastly improve ;
 Your Sighs and your Smiles are the Dawn,
 Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love :
 And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
 Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And Darknefs possess all the Skies,
 Yet we ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old Darby with Joan by his Side,
 You've often regarded with Wonder :
 He's dropfical, she is fore-ey'd,
 Yet the're ever uneasy asunder ;
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
 But at Night, when old Darby's Pipe's out,
 His Joan will not smoak a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they possess,
 Their several Failings to smother ;
 Then, what are the Charms can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other ?

'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
 The Endearments which Youth did bestow ;
 The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,
 The best of our Blessings below.
 Those Traces for ever will last,
 Nor Sickness nor Time can remove :
 For when Youth and Beauty are past,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love :
 A Friendship insensibly grows,
 By Reviews of such Raptures as these ;
 The Current of Fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid old Age cannot freeze.

SONG 115.

DEar Colin, prevent my warm Bluishes,
 Since how can I speak without Pain ?
 My Eyes have oft told you my Wishes,
 Oh ! can't you their Meaning explain !
 My Passion wou'd lose by Expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame ;
 Then don't you expect a Confession,
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the Province of Speaking,
 Why shou'd you expect it from me ?
 Our Wishes shou'd be in our Keeping,
 Till you tell us what they shou'd be :
 Then quickly why don't you discover ?
 Did your Heart feel such Tortures as mine,
 I need not tell over and over
 What I in my Bosom confine.

SONG 116.

DEar Madam, when Ladies are willing,
 A Man must needs look like a Fool ;
 For me, I would not give a Shilling,
 For one that can love out of Rule :
 At least you shou'd wait for our Offers,
 Nor snatch like old Maids in Despair ;
 If you've liv'd to these Years without Proffers,
 Your Sighs are now lost in the Air.

You should leave us to guess at your Wishing,
 And not speak the Matter too plain;
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
 And yours to affect a Disdain:
 That you're in a terrible taking,
 By all your fond Oglings I see;
 The Fruit that will fall without shaking,
 Indged, is too mellow for me.

SONG 117.

DEspairing beside a clear Stream
 A Shepherd forsaken was laid,
 And whilst a false Nymph was his Theme,
 A Willow supported his Head:
 The Wind that blew over the Plain,
 To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply,
 And the Brook, in return to his Pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.
 Alas! silly Swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair Face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
 She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear Tongue,
 When she smil'd, 'twas a Pleasure too great:
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was Nightingale ever so sweet!
 How foolish was I to believe,
 She could dent on so lowly a Clown!
 Or that her fond Heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine Folks of the Town:
 To think that a Beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove,
 To go clad like our Maidens in grey,
 And live in a Cottage on Love.
 What though I have Skill to complain,
 Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd?
 What tho' when they hear my soft Strain,
 The Virgins sit weeping around?
 Ah Collin! thy Hopes are in vain,
 Thy Pipe and thy Lawrel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a Swain,
 Whose Music is sweeter than thine.

And you my Companions to dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false Maid :
 If thro' the wide World I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly ;
 'Twas hers to be false, and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant, and die.
 If while my hard Fate I sustain,
 In her Breast any Pity is found,
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And see me laid low in the Ground :
 The last humble Boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew,
 And when she looks down on my Grave,
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.
 Then to her new Love let her go,
 And deck her in golden Array,
 Be finest at ev'ry fine Show,
 And frolick it all the long Day :
 While Collin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale Moon,
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

S O N G 118.

DID ever Swain a Nymph adore,
 As I ungrateful Nanny do ?
 Was ever Shepherd's Heart so sore,
 Or ever broken Heart so true ?
 My Cheeks are swell'd with Tears, but she
 Has never wet a Cheek for me.
 If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay ?
 Or linger, when she bid me run ?
 She only had the Word to say,
 And all she wish'd was quickly done :
 I always think of her, but she
 Does ne'er bestow a Thought on me.
 To let her Cows my Clover taste,
 Have I not rose by Break of Day ?
 Did ever Nanny's Heifer's fast,
 If Robin in his Barn had Hay ?

Tho' to my Fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a Sheep,
Then cheerfully I gave her two ;

And I her Lambs did safely keep
Within my Folds in Frost and Snow.

Have they not there from Cold been free ?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the Well did come,
'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill ;
Full as they were I brought them home ;

Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill :
My Back did bear the Sack, but she
Will never bear the Sight of me.

To Nanny's Poultry Oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best :

Within this Week her Pigeons have
Eat up a Peak of Pease, at least ;
Her little Pigeons kifs, but she
Will never take a Kifs from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown ?

Ala ! poor Wretch ! what shall I do,

If Nanny does not love me soon ?
If no Relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her Apron-string.

S O N G 119.

She. DID you not promise me when you lay by me,
That you would marry me ; can you deny me ?

He. If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,
Call up your Witneses, else I defy thee.

She. Ah ! who would trust you Men, that swear and
Born only to deceive ; how can you do so ? [vow'd]

He. If we can swear and lie, you can dissemble,
And then to hear the Lie, would make one tremble.

She. Had I not lov'd, you had found a Denial,
My tender Heart, alas ! was but too real !

He. Real I know you were, I've often try'd ye,
Real to forty more Lovers besides me.



She.

Sbc. If thousands lov'd me, where's my Transgression,
You were the only He, e'er got Possession?

Ha. Thou could'st talk prettily, ere thou could'st go,
Child;

But I'm too old and wise to be sham'd so, Child.

Sbc. Tho' y' are so cruel you'll never believe me,
Yet do but take the Child, all I forgive thee.

He. Send y' the Kid home to me, I will take Care on't,
If't has the Mother's Gifts, 'twill prove a rare one.

S O N G 120.

Diogenes furly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the Macedon Youth,

Delighted in Wine that was good,

Because in good Wine there is Truth:

But growing as poor as was Job,
And unable to purchase a Flask,

He chose for his Mansion a Tub,

And liv'd by Scent of the Cask.

Heracitus ne'er wou'd deny

To tippie and cherish his Heart,

And when he was maudling, wou'd cry,

Because he had empty'd his Quart:

Tho' some are so foolish to think,

He wept at Men's Follies and Vice,

When 'twas only his Custom to drink,

Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democritus always was glad

Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,

And would laugh like a Man that was mad,

When over a full flowing Bowl:

As long as his Cellar was stor'd,

The Liquor he'd merrily quaff,

And when he was drunk as a Lord,

At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the rest,

Believ'd their was Wisdom in Wine,

And thought that a Cup of the best

Made Reason the brighter to shine;

With

With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,
 And made his Philosophy reel,
 Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
 Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

Aristotle, that Master of Arts,
 Had been but a Dunce without Wine ;
 And what we ascribe to his Parts,
 Is due to the Juice of the Vine :
 His Belly. most Authors agree,
 Was big as a watering Trough ;
 He therefore leapt into the Sea,
 Because he'd have Liquor enough.

Old Plato, that learn'd Divine,
 He fondly to Wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good Wine,
 His Merits we never had known :
 By Wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes Fancy with Wings,
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

S O N G 121.

DOwn in the North Country,
 As ancient Reports do tell,
 There lies a famous Country Town,
 Some call it Merry Wakefield :
 And in this Country Town
 A Farmer there did dwell,
 Whose Daughter would to Market go,
 Her Treasure for to sell.

As she was travelling along,
 Over Hills and Mountains high,
 It was her Chance to lose her Way,
 Where a Shepherd she did espy.
 O Shepherd ! O Shepherd ! quoth she,
 Many Days to you God send,
 I am a Maid, and shall be undone,
 Unless you stand my Friend.

Over Hills and Mountains high,
 Ever since the Break of Day,
 I have been travelling many a Mile,
 And I cannot find my Way.

Come, sit thee down by me,
 The Shepherd reply'd with a Smile,
 And I'll show thee a nearer Way
 Than this, by a full long Mile.
 The Shepherd sat him down,
 The fair Maid she drew nigh,
 He pull'd out his Bagpipes wond'rous sweet,
 And play'd melodiously.
 He play'd her such a Tune,
 That he made this fair Maid sing,
 O the Music of thy Bagpipes sweet,
 Makes all my Nerves to ring.
 O Shepherd! O Shepherd! quoth she,
 If the Time would but permit it,
 I pray thee now play it me over again,
 For fear I should forget it.
 He play'd it over again,
 As he had done before,
 And gave this fair Maid much Delight,
 It pleas'd her more and more.
 My dearest Swain, quoth she,
 A thousand Times adieu:
 And if ever I chance to lose my Way,
 To find it, I'll come to you.

SONG 122.

DID you see e'er a Shepherd, ye Nymphs, pass this
 Way,
 Crown'd with Myrtles, and all the gay Verdure of May;
 'Tis my Strephon. O bring him once more to my Eyes,
 From his Lucy, in Search of new Pleasure, he flies;
 All Day have I travell'd and toil'd o'er the Plains,
 In Pursuit of a Rebel that's scarce worth the Pains.
 Take care, Maids, take care, when he flatters and swears,
 How you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own Ears,
 Like the Rose-bud in June ev'ry Hand he'll invite,
 But wound the fond Heart, like the Thorn, out of Sight;
 And trust me, whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
 She will find him a Conquest that's scarce worth the
 Pains,

Three

Three Months at my Feet he did languish and sigh
 E'er he gain'd a kind Lock, or a tender Reply :
 Love, Honour, and Truth, were the Themes that he
 sung,

And he swore that his Soul was a-kin to his Tongue :
 Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his Strains,
 And resign'd him too frankly my Heart for his Pains.
 The Trifle once gain'd, like a Child at his Play,
 Soon the Wanton grew weary, and threw it away :
 Now cloy'd with my Love from my Arms does he fly,
 In search of some other as silly as I ;
 But, trust me, whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
 She will find him a Conquest, that's scarce worth the
 Pains.

Beware then ye Nymphs, how you sooth the fond Flame
 And believe in good Time, all the Sex are the same,
 Like Strephen, from Beauty, to Beauty they'll range,
 Like him they will flatter, dissemble and change,
 For do what you can, still this Maxim remains,
 That a Man when we've got him is scarce worth the
 Pains.

SONG 123.

DRunk I was last Night, that's poz,
 My Wife began to scold ;
 Say what I cou'd for my Heart's Blood,
 Her Clack she would not hold.
 Thus her Chat she did begin,
 Is this your Time of coming in ?
 The Clock strikes One, you'll be undone,
 If thus you lead your Life.
 My Dear, said I, I can't deny,
 But what you say is true ;
 I do intend my Life to mend,
 Pray lend's the Pot to spew.
 Fye, you Sot, I ne'er can bear
 To rise thus ev'ry Night ;
 Tho' like a Beast you never care
 What Consequence comes by't ;
 The Child and I may starve for you ;
 We neither can have half our Due ;

With

With Grief I find, you're so unkind,
 In Time you'll break my Heart :
 At that I smil'd, and said, dear Child,
 I believe you're in the wrong ;
 But if 't should be your Destiny,
 I'll sing a merry Song.

SONG 124.

Dumbarton's Drums beat bonny---O,
 When they mind me of my dear Johnny---O ;
 How happy am I,
 When my Soldier is by,
 While he kisses and blesses his Annie---O !
 'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me---O,
 For his graceful Looks do invite me---O ;
 While guarded in his Arms,
 I'll fear no War's Alarms,
 Neither Danger nor Death shall fright me---O.
 My Love is a handsome Laddie-- O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy---O ;
 Tho' Commissions they are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this Year,
 For he shall serve no longer a Cadie---O.
 A Soldier has Honour and Bravery---O,
 Unacquainted with Rogues and their Knavery---O :
 He minds no other Thing
 But the Ladies or the King ;
 For every other Care is but Slavery---O.
 Then I'll be the Captain's Lady---O,
 Farewell all my Friends and my Daddy---O ;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the Drum,
 And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready---O.
 Dumbarton's Drums sound bonny---O,
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnny---O ;
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my Soldier's Knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie---O !

SONG

SONG 125.

EMerg'd from Winter's gloomy Scenes,
 The infant Spring appears ;
 The Meadows, strew'd with mingled Greens,
 An early Beauty wears.
 The bulbous Winter sleeping Root,
 That late its Honours shed,
 Proud to display the earliest Shoots,
 Peeps from the genial Bed.
 Snow-drops, in Virgin pure Attire,
 Their shamefac'd Blossoms rear ;
 And humble Crocus, golden Fire,
 Adorns the gay Parterre.
 On mossy Banks in shelt'ring Bowers,
 By mazy wand'ring Streams ;
 The sweet blown Primrose sheds her Flowers
 To Phœbus' vernal Beams.
 Hail, Source of Light ! great Lamp of Day,
 What Joys from thee arise ?
 Nature revives where thou art nigh,
 If thou depart, she dies.
 Groves, Woodlands, Hedge-rows, budding Scenes,
 With warning Preludes ring ;
 All Nature breathes a Joy serene,
 And hails the new-born Spring.

SONG 126.

EVery Man take a Glas in his Hand,
 And drink a good Health to our King ;
 Many Years may he rule o'er this Land ;
 May his Laurels for ever fresh spring :
 Let Wrangling and Jangling straightway cease,
 Let ev'ry Man strive for his Country's Peace ;
 Neither Tory, nor Whig,
 With their Parties look big :
 Here's a Health to all honest Men.
 'Tis not only a whimsical Name,
 That proves a Man loyal and just ;
 Let him fight for his Country's Fame,
 Be impartial at home, if in Trust ;
 'Tis this that proves him an honest Soul,
 His Health we'll drink in a brimful Bowl :

Then let's leave off Debate,
 No Confusion create ;
 Here's a Health to all honest Men.
 When a Company's honestly met,
 With Intent to be merry and gay,
 Their drooping Spirits to whet,
 And drown the Fatigues of the Day ;
 What Madnefs is it thus to dispute,
 When neither Side can his Man confute ?
 When you've said what you dare,
 You're but just where you were.
 Here's a Health to all honest Men.
 Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
 Ne'er quarrel about a Nick-name ;
 Let your Enemies trembling see,
 That an Englishman's always the same ;
 For our King, our Church, our Law, and Right,
 Let's lay by all Feuds, and straight unite ;
 Then who need care a Fig,
 Who's Tory or Whig :
 Here's a Health to all honest Men.

S O N G 127.

F Air Hebe I left, with a cautious Design,
 To escape the joint Power of Beauty and Wine,
 But found myself burn when I came to depart,
 With the Wine in my Head, and with Love in my
 Heart.
 I repair'd to my Reason, intreated its Aid,
 Who paus'd on my Case, and each Circumstance
 weigh'd ;
 She gravely pronounced, in return to my Prayer,
 That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.
 That's a Truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
 I came for your Counsel, where to find out a Fault :
 If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
 For to find Fault with Hebe wou'd forfeit my Name.
 What Hopes then, alas ! of Relief from my Pain,
 While she drives like a Tempest thro' each throbbing
 Vein :
 Since my Senses surpriz'd in her Favour take Arms,
 And Reason but serves me to point out her Charms.

S O N G

(108)

SONG 128.

FAirest Daughter of the Skies,
Hither turn thy radiant Eyes;
They as Lovers here shall trace
Every Charm, every Charm, every Charm,
Every Charm, and every Grace;
Sons of Wisdom, who admire,
Sons of Virtue all on Fire.
Sons of Wisdom, &c.

Hither, Goddess, hither turn,
Britons for thy Beauties burn;
Hither, Goddess, hither turn,
Britons for thy Beauties burn.

SONG 129.

FAir Sally lov'd a bonny Seaman,
With Fears she sent him out to roam;
Young Thomas lov'd no other Woman,
But left his Heart with her at Home;
She view'd the Sea from off the Hill,
And, as she turn'd the Spinning-Wheel,
Sung of her bonny Seaman.

The Winds blew loud, and she grew paler,
To see the Weather-cock turn round;
When lo! she spy'd her bonny Sailor
Come singing o'er the fallow Ground;
With nimble Haste he leap'd the Stile,
And Sally met him with a Smile,
And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.

Fast round the Waist he took his Sally,
But first around his Mouth wip'd he;
Like home-bred Swain he could not dally,
But kiss'd and press'd her with a Glee;
Thro' Winds and Waves, and dashing Rain,
Cry'd he, thy Tom's return'd again,
And brings a Heart for Sally.

This Knife, the Gift of lovely Sally,
I still have kept for thy dear Sake;
And oftentimes, in am'rous Folly,
Thy Name has carv'd upon the Deck;

Again

Again the happy Pledge returns,
 To tell how truly Tommy burns,
 How true he burns for Sally.
 This Thimble did't thou give to Sally,
 When this I see, I think of you ;
 Then why does Tom stand Shilli I, shall I,
 While yonder Steeple's in our View ?
 Tom, never to Occasion blind,
 Now took her in the willing Mind,
 And went to Church with Sally.

S O N G 130.

FAST by the Margin of the Sea,
 And on the damp and shelly Shore ;
 A Swain in pensive Posture lay,
 And thus his hard Mishap deplore,
 And thus his hard Mithap deplore.
 O cruel Fate, ah, hapless Hour,
 When I and Celia sail'd the Deep ;
 When, hush'd by some deluding Pow'r,
 The Winds and Waves were laid asleep,
 The Winds and Waves were laid asleep.
 Too soon, alas ! the peaceful Scene
 Chang'd to a Storm, the Tempests roar ;
 The Sky look'd black, the smoking Main
 Dash'd its fierce Waves against the Shore,
 Dash'd its fierce Waves against the Shore.
 'Twas then my Heart wept Drops of Blood,
 And, like the Ship, was rent in Twain ;
 When Celia foundered in the Flood,
 Sunk, struggled, rose, and sunk again,
 Sunk, struggled, rose, and sunk again.
 Thrice did I plunge beneath the Waves,
 To catch the sinking panting Fair ;
 Thrice made a vain Attempt to save,
 I shriek'd, I rav'd in mad Despair,
 I shriek'd, I rav'd in mad Despair.
 How fain wou'd Damon then have dy'd,
 And hurry'd to the World beneath ;
 To seek his Love, and by her Side
 Lament her too untimely Death,
 Lament her too untimely Death.

K

S O N G

Farewel ye Hills and Valleys,
 Farewel, ye verdant Shades ;
 I'll take more pleasant Sallies
 To Plays and Masquerades.
 With Joy for Town I'll barter,
 Those Banks where flowers grow :
 What's Roses to a Garter ?
 What's Lillies to a Beau ?
 Farewel Tom, Dick, and Harry,
 Farewel Moll, Nell, and Sue ;
 No longer must I tarry,
 But bid you all adieu.
 For a Time I will retire
 Amidst the Quality,
 Where many a Knight and 'Squire
 Will gladly wait on me.
 Farewel, ye shady Bowers,
 Where Lovers often meet,
 And pass the silent Hours
 With melting Kisses sweet.
 Of all the Country Pleasure
 I take a long Adieu ;
 For I have no more Leisure
 To waste away with you.

Fair Venus, they say,
 on a rainy bleak Day,
 Thus sent her Child Cupid a-packing ;
 Get thee gone from my Door,
 Like a Son of a Whore,
 And elſewhere ſtand bouncing and cracking.
 To tell the plain Truth,
 Our little blind Youth
 Beat the Hoof a long while up and down, Sir ;
 Till all Dangers paſt,
 By good Fortune at laſt
 He ſtumbled into a great Town, Sir,
 Then ſtrait to himſelf
 Cries this tiny ſly Elf,
 Since begging brings little Relief, Sir,

(III)

A Trade I'll commence
That shall bring in the Pence,
And strait he set up for a Thief, Sir.
At Play-house and Kirk,
Where he sily did lurk,
He stole Hearts both from young and old People,
Till at last, says my Song,
He had like to have swung
On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.
Then with Arrows and Bow,
He a Soldier must go,
And strait he shot Folks without Warning:
He thought it no Sin,
When his Hand once was in,
To kill you his Hundred a Morning.
When he found that he made
Little Gain by his Trade,
What does our sly graceless Blinker?
But strait chang'd his Note,
As well as his Coat,
And he needs must pass for a Tinker.
Have you any Hearts to mend?
Come, I'll be your Friend,
Or else I expect not a Farthing:
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,
I'll soon make 'em whole;
And Maids, is not this a fair Bargain?
But, Maids, have a Care,
Of this Tinker beware,
Shun the Rogue, tho' he sets such a Face on't,
Where he stops up one Hole,
'Tis true, by my Soul,
He'll at least leave a Score in the Place on't.

S O N G 133.

FLY, Care, to the Winds, thus I blow thee away,
I'll drown thee in Wine if you dare but to stay;
With Bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll raise,
I'll laugh, and I'll sing, all the rest of my Days.
Great Bacchus this Moment adopts me his Son,
And brightens my Fancy with Transports unknown;
The

The sparkling Liquor new Vigour supplies,
 And makes the Nymph kind who before was too wise.
 Then, dull sober Mortals, be happy with me,
 Two bottles of Claret will make us agree ;
 Will open your Eyes to see Phillis's Charms,
 Her Coyneſs waſh down, ſhe will fly to your Arms.

SONG 134.

FILL all the Glaſſies, fill 'em high,
 Drink, drink, and deſy all Power but Love :
 Wine gives the Slave his Liberty ;
 But Love makes a Slave of thund'ring Jove.
 Drink, drink away,
 Make a Night of the Day,
 'Tis Nectar, 'tis Liquor divine ;
 The Pleaſure of Life,
 Free from Anguiſh and Strife,
 Are owing to Love and good Wine.

SONG 135.

FLY merry News among the Crews
 That love to hear of Jeſts ;
 The oldeſt Sport that e'er was us'd,
 Yet chiefly in Requeſt.
 If any one do carp at thee,
 or do thee Bawdy call ;
 Say thou do'ſt write as they delight,
 Of Up-tails all.
 There hath a Queſtion been, of late,
 Among the youthful Sort ;
 What Paſtime is the pleaſanteſt,
 And what the ſweeteſt Sport ?
 And it hath been adjudged,
 As well by great and ſmall,
 That of all Paſtimes none is like
 To Up-tails all.
 Batchelors will to this Game,
 And marry'd Men likewiſe ;
 Yea Wives, yea Maids, and Widows,
 Will uſe it all their Lives :
 And old Men they will have a Snatch,
 Altho' their Game's but ſmall ;
 Yet theſe old Colts will have a Bout
 At Up-tails all.

If it were unlawful,
 Then Lawyers were to blame ;
 And if it were ungodly,
 To Priests it were a Shame ;
 For they, no doubt, do use it,
 Tho' it a Vice they call ;
 Yet Priests and Lawyers both will play
 At Up-tails all.

It cannot be unwholsome,
 Physicians do it use ;
 And if that it were noisome,
 They would it then refuse :
 And if it hurt the Body,
 Then sure their Skill is small ;
 For why the best of these will play
 At Up-tails all.

Ladies love the Pastime,
 And do the Pleasure crave ;
 And if it were a base Thing,
 Then it they would not have :
 But yet the fairest Women
 Will soonest for it call ;
 There is no she but that will play
 At Up-tails all.

If it were a costly Thing,
 Then Beggars could not buy it ;
 And if it were a loathsome Thing,
 Then Genteels would defy it :
 But it is a sweet Thing,
 And pleasing unto all ;
 There is not one but that will play
 At Up-tails all.

S O N G 136.

FLY swiftly, ye Minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft Transports that Beauty can give ;
 The Bowl's frolick Joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield the Raptures of Love.
 Without Love and Wine, Wit and Beauty are vain,
 All Grandeur insipid, and Riches a Pain,

The most splendid Palace grows dark as the Grave :
Love and Wine give, ye Gods ! or take back what you
gave.

Chorus. Away, away, away,
To Cornus' Court repair ;
There Night outshines the Day,
There yields the melting Fair.

SONG 137.

FOR a Soldier or Poet consumedly poor,
I procure a smart Woman with Pence ;
For a Shop-keeper ready to shut up his Door,
A rich Maukin without common Sense :
For Beaus batter'd and old,
State Misses with Gold,
Tho' toothless as my Grandmother :
For a Fellow damn'd lewd,
An affected rich Prude ;
For like Tallies they hit one another.
Twangdillo.
Any Maid who undutiful Parents has got,
Or a Guardian too rigid upon her,
Any worn-out Mistress, who'd wed and be thought
A Woman of Virtue and Honour ;
Any Widow in want
Of a sturdy Gallant,
Any Wife of her Husband quite sick,
To their Wishes I grant
A Supply in the Nick ;
Thus I pimp, Sir, with Spirit and Honour.
Twangdillo.

SONG 138.

FOND Echo, forbear thy light Strain,
And heedfully hear a lost Maid !
Go tell the false Ear of the Swain,
How deeply his Vows have betray'd :
Go tell him what Sorrows I bear ;
See yet if his Heart feel my Woe ;
'Tis now he must heal my Despair,
Or Death will make Pity too slow.

SONG

FOrth from my dark and dismal Cell,
 Or from the dark Abyſs of Hell,
 Mad Tom is come to view the World again,
 To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd Brain.
 Fears and Cares oppreſs my Soul;
 Hark! how the angry Furies howl?
 Pluto laughs, and Proſerpine is glad,
 To ſee poor angry Tom of Bedlam mad.
 Through the World I wander Night and Day,
 To find my ſtragglng Senſes.
 In an angry Mood I met old Time,
 With his Pentateuch of Tenſes:
 When me he ſpies away he flies,
 For Time will ſtay for no Man;
 In vain with Cries I tend the Skies,
 For Pity is not common.
 Cold and comfortleſs I be,
 Help! help! or elſe I die!
 Hark! I hear Apollo's Team,
 The Carman 'gins to whistle;
 Chafte Diana bends her Bow,
 And the Boar begins to bristle.
 Come Vulcan, with Tools and with Tackle;
 And knock off my troubleſome Shackle;
 Bid Charles make ready his Wain,
 To bring me my Senſes again.
 Laſt Night I heard the Dog-ſtar bark;
 Mars met Venus in the Dark;
 Limping Vulcan heat an Iron-bar,
 And furioſly made at the God of War:
 Mars with his Weapon laid about;
 Limping Vulcan had got the Gout;
 His broad Horns did ſo hang in his Light,
 That he could not ſee to aim his Blows aright.
 Mercury, the nimble Poſt of Heaven,
 Stood ſtill to ſee the Quarrel;
 Gorrel-belly'd Bacchus, Giant-like,
 Beſtrid a Strong-beer Barrel;

To me he drank,
I did him thank,

For I could get no Cyder :
He drank whole Buts,
Until he burst his Guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor Tom is very dry,
A little Drink for Charity.

Hark ! I hear Actæon's Hounds,
The Huntsmen whoop and hollow ;
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jewler, Bowman,
All the Chace do follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
Eats powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carrot ;
But a Cup of Malaga Sack,
Will fire the Bush at his Back.

S O N G 140.

Four and twenty Fiddlers all in a row,
And there was fiddle, fiddle, and twice fiddle, fiddle.
It is my Lady's Birth-Day,
Therefore we keep Holiday,
And come to be merry.

Four and twenty Drummers all in a row,
And there was Rub a dub, rub, rub, rub,
And there was fiddle, fiddle, &c.

Four and twenty Trumpeters all in a row,
And there was Tantara, rara, tantara,
And there was rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty Tabors and Pipes all in a row,
And there was whip and dub,
And tantara, rara, &c.

Four and twenty Women all in a row,
And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle,
And whip and dub, &c.

Four and twenty Singing-Masters all in a row,
And there was Fa, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la.
And there was tittle, &c.

Four and twenty Fencing-Masters all in a row,
And this, and that, and down to the Legs clap, Sir,
And cut 'em off, and Fa, la, &c. Four

Four and twenty Lawyers all in a row,
And there was Omne quod exit in um damno, [&c.
Sed plus damno decorum ; and there was this and that,

Four and twenty Vintners all in a row,
And there was rare Claret and White,
I ne'er drank worse in my Life,
And excellent good Canary,
Drawn off the Lees of Sherry,
If you do not like it, Omne quod, &c.

Four and twenty Parliament-Men all in a row,
And there was Loyalty and Reason,
Without one Word of Treason,
And there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty Dutchmen all in a row,
And there was Alter Malter Vantor Dyken Shapen
Kepen de Van Hogue Rottyck Vanton sick de Brille
Van Boorflyck, Van Foortflyck, and Soatrag Van Ho-
gan Herien Van Donk.
And there was Loyalty, &c.

S O N G 141.

FOR a Shape and a Bloom, for an Air and a Mein,
Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay Green ;
But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,
Those her Beauty invited, her Pride would destroy,
Those her Beauty, &c.

By the Flocks as she stray'd with the Nymphs of the Vale
Not a Shepherd but woo'd her, to hear his soft Tale ;
Tho' fatal the Passion, she laugh'd at the Swain,
And return'd with Neglect what she heard with Disdain,
And return'd, &c.

But Beauty has Wings, and too hastily flies,
And Love unrewarded, soon sickens and dies ;
The Nymph cur'd by Time of her Folly and Pride,
Now sighs in her Turn for the Bliss she deny'd,
Now sighs in, &c.

No longer she frolicks it wide o'er the Plain,
To kill with her Coyness the languishing Swain ;
So humbled her Pride is, so soften'd her Mind,
That tho' courted by none, she to all would be kind,
That tho' courted, &c. S O N G

From sweet bewitching Tricks of Love,
 Young Men your Hearts secure ;
 Left from the Paths of Sense you rove,
 In Dotage premature,
 In Dotage premature.

Look at each Lais thro' Wisdom's Glas,
 Don't trust the naked Eye ;
 Gallants beware, look sharp, take Care,
 The Blind eats many a Fly,
 The Blind eats many, &c.

Not only on their Hands and Necks,
 The borrow'd White you'll find ;
 Some Belles, when Interest directs,
 Can even paint the Mind,
 Can even, &c.

Joy in Distress they can express,
 Their very Looks can lye.
 Gallants beware, &c.

There's not a Spinster in the Realm,
 But all Mankind can cheat,
 Down to the Cottage from the Helm,
 The Learn'd, the Brave, and Great,
 The Learn'd, &c.

With lovely Looks, and golden Hooks,
 T'entangle us they try.
 Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with Ink the Ocean fill,
 Was Earth of Parchment made ;
 Was every single Stick a Quill,
 Each Man a Scribe by Trade,
 Each Man a Scribe by Trade.

To write the Tricks of half the Sex,
 Would suck that Ocean dry.

Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
 The Blind eats many a Fly, the Blind eats many a Fly.

From scourging Rebellion, and baffling proud France,
 Crown'd with Laurels, behold British William ad-
 vance :

His Triumph to grace, and distinguish the Day,
The Sun brighter shines, and all Nature looks gay.

Your Glasses charge high ;

'Tis in brave William's Praise,

To his Glory your Voices and Instruments raise.

While lost in soft Pleasure we courted Repose,

Our Hero flew forth, tho' the Streams round him froze :

To guard us from Tyrants, each Danger defy'd,

And wou'd conquer or die by fair Liberty's Side.

Your Glasses, &c.

Peace comes in his Train, fairest Offspring of Sky,

Ev'ry Bliss in her Smile, ev'ry Charm in her Eye :

While that Foe to Man, that worst Friend Civil War,

Is gnashing her Teeth, and fast bound to his Car.

Your Glasses, &c.

How hateful the Monarch, who lur'd by false Fame,

To satiate his Pride, sets the World in a Flame !

How glorious the King, whose intelligent Mind

Makes Grandeur consist in protecting Mankind !

Your Glasses, &c.

Ye Warriors on whom we just Honours bestow,

O think on the Source whence our Evils do flow :

Commanded by William, attack next the Gaul,

And bind those in Chains, who wou'd Britons enthrall.

Your Glasses, &c.

SONG 144.

From good Liquor ne'er shrink,

In Friendship we'll drink,

And drown all grim Care and pale Sorrow :

Let us husband to Day,

For Time flies swift away,

And no one's assur'd of To-morrow.

Of all the gay Sages

That grac'd the past Ages,

Dad Noah the most did excel ;

He first planted the Vine,

First tasted the Wine,

And got nobly drunk, as they tell.

Say,

Say, why should not we
 Get as bosky as he,
 Since here's Liquor as well will inspire!
 Then fill up my Glafs,
 I'll see that it pass
 To the Manes of that good old Sire.

SONG 145.

From rosy Bowers, where sleeps the God of Love,
 Hither ye little waiting Cupids fly;
 Teach me in soft melodious Song to move
 With tender Passion my Heart's darling Joy,
 Ah! let the Soul of Musick tune my Voice,
 To win dear Strephon, who my Soul enjoys.
 Or if more influencing
 Is to be brisk and airy,
 With a Step and a Bound,
 And a Frisk from the Ground,
 I'll trip like any Fairy.

As once on Ida dancing
 Were three celestial Bodies,
 With an Air and a Face,
 And a Shape and a Grace,
 I'll charm like Beauty's Goddess.
 Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
 Death and Despair must end the fatal Pain;
 Cold Despair, disguis'd like Frost and Snow and Rain,
 Falls on my Breast; bleak Winds in Tempests blow,
 My Veins all shiver, and my Fingers glow;
 My Pulse beat a dead March for lost Repose,
 And to a solid Lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is froze.
 Or say, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,
 Shall I thaw myself, or drown
 Amongst the foaming Billows,
 Increasing all with Tears I shed?
 On Beds of Ooze and crystal pillows,
 Lay down my love-sick Head.
 No, no, I'll straight run mad,
 That soon my Heart will warm;
 When once the Sense is fled,
 Love has no Pow'r to charm:

Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly,
 Rebes, Locks shall thus be tore ; ,
 A thousand Deaths I'll die,
 Ere thus in vain adore.

SONG 146.

FROM silent Shades, and the Elysian Groves,
 Where sad departed Spirits mourn their Loves ;
 From crystal Streams, and from that Country where
 Jove crowns the Fields with Flowers all the Year,
 Poor senseless Befs, cloath'd in her Rags and Folly,
 Is come to cure her love-sick Melancholy.

Bright Cynthia kept her Revels late,
 While Mab, the fairy Queen, did dance ;
 And Oberon did sit in State,
 When Mars at Venus ran his Lance.

In yonder Cowslip lies my Dear,
 Intomb'd in liquid Gems of Dew ;
 Each Day I'll water it with a Tear,
 Its fading Blossom to renew.

For since my Love is dead,
 And all my Joys are gone ;
 For Befs for his sake,
 A Garland will make,
 My Musick shall be a Groan.
 I'll lay me down and die

Within some hollow Tree ;
 The Raven and the Cat,
 The Owl, and Bat,
 Shall warble forth my Elegy.

Did you not see my Love,
 As he past by you ?
 His two flaming Eyes,
 If he comes nigh you,
 They will scorch up your Hearts ;
 Ladies, beware you,
 Lest he should dart a Glance,
 That may ensnare you.

L

Hark !

Hark! hark! I hear old Charon bawl,
His Boat he will no longer stay;
The Furies lash their Whips, and call,
Come, come away, come, come away.

Poor Bets will return
To the Place whence she came,
Since the World is so mad, she can hope for no Cure;
For Love's grown a Bubble,
A Shadow, a Name,
Which Fools do admire, and wise Men endure.
Cold and hungry am I grown,
Ambrosia will I feed upon,
Drink Nectar still and sing:
Who is content,
Does all Sorrows prevent;
And Bets, in her Straw,
Whilst free from the Law,
In her Thoughts is as great as a King.

SONG 147.

FULL Bags, a fresh Bottle, and a beautiful Face,
Are the three greatest Blessings poor Mortals embrace:

But alas! we grow Muck-worms, if Bags do but fill,
And a bonny gay Dame often ends in a Pill:
Then heigh for brisk Claret, whose Pleasures ne'er waste;
By a Bumper we're rich, and by two we are chaste.

SONG 148.

FY let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be Liltin' there;
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
The Lads wi' the gowden Hair,
And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage,
And Bannocks of Barley-bread;
And there will be good sawt Herring,
To relish a Cog of good Ale,
FY let us a' to the Bridal, &c.
And there will be Sawney the Sutor,
And Will wi' the meikle Mow;
And there will be Tam the Blutter,
With Andrew the Tinker, I trow;

And there will be bow'd-legged Robbie,
 With thumblie's Katie's gael Man;
 And there will be blue-checked Dowbie,
 And Lawrie the Laird of the Land.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sow-lipper Patie,
 And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the Mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
 That wins in the How of the Hill;
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 Wha in with black Bessy did mool,
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
 The Lais that stands aft on the Stool.

Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
 And coft him gray Brecks to his Arse,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great Mercy it happen'd nae warie:
 And there will be glead Geordy Janners,
 And Kirri with the Lily white Leg,
 Wha gade to the South for Minners,
 And bang'd up her Wame in Mons-meg.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Juden Macklawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Mackleg,
 Wi dae-lugged tharny-fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg.
 And there will be happier-ars'd Nanfy,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by Name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,
 The Lais wi' with the gowden Wame.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Girn-again Gibbie,
 With his glakit Wife Jenny Bell,
 And mille-shin'd Mungo Mackapie,
 The Lad that was Skipper himsel.
 There Lads and Lassies in Pearlings
 Will feast in the Heart of the Ha',
 On Sybaws, and Rifarts, and Carlings,
 That are baith fedden and raw.

Fy let us, &c.

L 2

And

And there will be Fidges and Brachen,
 With furth of good Cabbocks of Skate,
 Powlowdy, and Drummock, and Crewdy,
 And caller Nowt-feet in a Plate.
 And there will be Partans and Buckies,
 And Whytens and Speldings enew,
 With finger Sheeps-heads, and a Haggier,
 And Scadlips to sup till ye spew.
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd milk Kebbucks,
 And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps,
 With Swats, and weil scraped Paunches,
 And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps :
 And there will be Meal-kail and Castocks,
 With Skink to sup till ye rive,
 Ann Roasts to roast on a Brander,
 Of Fiewks that were taken alive.
 Fy let us, &c.

Scrypt Haddecks, Wilks, Dulce and Tangle,
 And a Mill of good Snifhing to prie ;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
 Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,
 For there will be Lilting there,
 For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
 The Lads wi' the gowden Hair.

SONG 149.

FILL me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
 Large as my capacious Soul ;
 Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
 Large as my capacious Soul ;
 Vast as my Thirst is,
 Let it have Depth enough to be my Grave ;
 I mean the Grave of all my Care,
 For I design to bury't there ;
 Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of Wine, worthy of me,
 Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
 Worthy to adorn the Spheres.

(125)

As that bright Cup, as that bright Cup,
Amongst the Stars, fill me a Bowl,
A mighty Bowl,
Large as my capacious Soul.

S O N G 150.

GAY Florimel, of noble Birth,
The most engaging Thing on Earth
To please a blith Gallant,
To please a blith Gallant ;
Has much of Wit, and much of Worth,
And much of Tongue to set it forth,
But then she has an Aunt,
But then she has an Aunt.

How oft, alas ! in vain I've try'd
To tempt her from her Guardian's Side,
And trap her on Love's Hook,
And trap her, &c.

She's like a little wanton Lamb,
That fisks about the careful Dam ;
But shuns the Shepherd's Crook,
But shuns, &c.

Like wretched Dives, I am plac'd
To see the Joys I ne'er must taste,
Of all my Hopes bereav'n,
Of all, &c.

Her Aunt's the dreadful Gulph betwixt,
By all the Pow'rs of Malice fix'd
To cheat me of my Heav'n,
To cheat me of my Heav'n.

S O N G 151.

GATHER your Rose-buds, while you may,
Old Time is still a flying ;
And that same Flow'r that smiles to Day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his Race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best, that is the first,
 While Youth and Blood are warmer ;
 Expect not then---the last and worst
 Time still succeeds the former.
 Then be not coy, but use your Time,
 And while you may go marry ;
 For having once but lost your Prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

SONG 152.

Gaffer and Gammer were fast in their Nest,
 And all the young Fry of their Cribbs were posses'd,
 Spot, Whitefoot, and Puss, in the Ashes were laid,
 And a blinking Rush-candle hung over their Heads.
 'Ursla was scouring her Dishes and Platter,
 Preparing to make her good Friend the Hog fatter;
 Greas'd up to the Elbow, as much to the Eye,
 Till her embroider'd Clothes were ready to fry.
 Roger the Plowman i'th' Chimney lay snoring,
 Till Cupid, fore vex'd at his clownish adoring,
 Did straightway convey to the great Logger-head
 The whisp'ring News, that they were all a-bed.
 Up started Roger, and rubbing his Eyes,
 Straight to his dear Ursla in Passion he hies ;
 Then leaning his Elbow on Ursla's broad Back,
 Complain'd that his Heart was ready to crack.
 Ursla, being vex'd at the Weight of her Love,
 Cry'd, Cupid, why dost thou thus treacherous prove?
 In an angry Mood then she turn'd her about,
 And the Dish-cloth lapt over the Face of the Lout,
 Roger b'ing angry at such an Affront,
 And not at all minding of what might come on't,
 He gave her a Kick, with such won'rous Mettle,
 As tumbl'd poor Ursla quite over the Kettle.
 This Noise and Rumbling set Gaffer awaking,
 And fearing, lest Thieves had been stealing his Bacon,
 With a Pur down the Stairs, in a trice he came stumbling,
 Where he found Roger gaping, while Ursla lay tumbling.
 Pox take you, quoth he, for a Rogue and a Whore ;
 So jump'd the poor Lovers quite out of the Door,

Not minding the Rain, nor the cold windy Weather,
To finish their Loves in a Hug-sye together.

S O N G 153.

G Enius of England, from thy pleasant Bow'r of Bliss
Arise, and spread thy sacred Wings,
Guard, guard from Foes the British State,
Thou, on whose Smiles do wait
Th' uncertain happy Fate
Of Monarchies and Kings.

Then follow, brave Boys, then follow, brave Boys to
the Wars;

Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wars,
Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wars;

The Laurel you know is the Prize,

The Laurel you know is the Prize,

Who brings home the noblest, the noblest,
The noblest Scars, looks finest in Celia's Eyes.

Then shake off your slothful Ease,
Let Glory, let Glory, let Glory inspire your Hearts;

Remember a Soldier in War, and in Peace,

Remember a Soldier in War, and in Peace,

Is the noblest of all other Arts;

Remember a Soldier, in War and in Peace,

Remember a Soldier, in War and in Peace,

Is the noblest of all other Arts.

S O N G 154.

G Ently touch the warbling Lyre,

Chloe seems inclin'd to Rest;

Fill her Soul with fond Desire,

Softest Notes will sooth her Breast;

Pleasing Dreams assist in Love;

Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy Bank she lies,

(Nature's verdant velvet Bed)

Beauteous Flowers meet her Eyes,

Forming Pillows for her Head;

Zephyrs waft their Odours round,

And indulging Whispers sound.

S O N G

S O N G 155.

Gently stir and blow the Fire,
Lay the Mutton down to roast,
Dies it quickly I desire,
In the Dripping put a Toast,
That I Hunger may remove ;
Mutton is the Meat I love.
On the Driest see it lie,

Oh ! the charming white and red !
Finer Meat ne'er met my Eye,

On the sweetest Grass it fed :
Let the Jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.
On the Table spread the Cloth,

Let the Knives be sharp and clean :
Pickles get, and Sallad both,

Let them each be fresh and green ;
With small Beer, good Ale, and Wine,
Oh ! ye Gods ! how I shall dine !

S O N G 156.

Hosts of ev'ry Occupation,
Ev'ry Rank, and ev'ry Nation,
Some with Crimes all foul and spotted,
Some to happier Climes allotted,
Press the Stygian Lake to pass.
Here a Soldier roars like Thunder,
Prates of Wenches, Wine, and Plunder :
Statesmen here the Times accusing ;
Poets Sense for Rhimes abusing ;

Lawyers chatt'ring,
Courtiers flatt'ring,
Bullies ranting,
Zealots canting,

Knaves and Fools of ev'ry Class !

S O N G 157.

Give me but a Friend and a Glass, Boys,
I'll shew ye what 'tis to be gay ;
I'll not care a Fig for a Lase, Boys,
Nor love my brisk Youth away :
Give me but an honest Fellow,
That's pleasanter when he is mellow,
We'll live twenty-four Hours a Day.

'Tis

'Tis Woman in Chains does bind, Boys,
 But 'tis Wine that makes us free ;
 'Tis Woman that makes us blind, Boys,
 But Wine makes us doubly see,
 The Female is true to no Man,
 Deceit is inherent in Woman,
 But none in a Brimmer can be.

SONG 158.

GO, Rose, my Chloe's Bosom grace,
 My Chloe's Bosom grace ;
 How happy should I prove,
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envied Place,
 With never fading Love,
 With never fading Love.

There Phoenix like beneath her Eve,
 Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die,
 In Raptures burn and die.

Know, hapless Flower, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant Roses there,
 More fragrant Roses there ;
 I see thy with'ring Head reclin'd,
 With Envy and Despair,
 With Envy and Despair.

One common Fate we both must prove,
 You die with Envy, I with Love,
 You die with Envy, I with Love.

SONG 159.

Ser. GO, go, you vile Sot,
 Quit your Pipe and your Pot,
 Get home to your Stall and be doing :
 You puzzle your Pate
 With Whimfies of State,
 And play with Edge-tools to your Ruin.
He. Keep in that shrill Note,
 Or I'll ram down your Throat
 This red-hot black Pipe I am smoaking :
 Thou Plague of my Life !
 Thou Gipsy ! thou Wife !
 How dar'st thou thy Lord be provoking ?

She.

She. You riot, and roar,
For Babylon's Whore,
And give up your Bible and Psalter ;
I prithee dear Kit,
Have a little more Wit,
And keep thy Neck out of the Halter.

He. Nay, prithee, sweet Joan,
Now let me alone,
To follow this princely Vocation ;
I mean to be great,
In spite of my Fate,
And settle myself, and the Nation.

She. Go, go, you vile Sot !

He. I matter thee not.

She. Was ever poor Woman so slighted ?

He. Thy Fortune is made !

She. Go, follow your Trade.

He. I tell thee, I mean to be knighted.

She. A Whipping-post Knight !

He. Get out of my Sight !

She. Thou Traitor, thou ! mark thy sad Ending.

He. I'll new vamp the State,

The Church I'll translate,

Old Shoes are no more worth the mending.

S O N G 160.

GO vind the Vicar of Taunton-Dean,
And he'll tell you the Banns were ask ;
A good vat Capon he had ver's Pains,
And I zent it home in a Basket.
And Friday Night I was, by right,
To have prov'd if she were a Maiden ;
And now she's run with a Soldier to Town :
Heydledom, deyldedom, cudden ;
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom :
Sing heydledom, deyldedom, cudden.
My Mother she zold her blue Game Cock,
And a dainty Brood of Chicken :
Then bought herself a Canvass Smock,
And rack'd it up in the Kitchen :

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And she bought me a Cambrick Band,
 With a Bumpkin Pair of Breeches :
 Not thinking but Joan
 Would have made me her own :
 But I'raith she'd have none of those Vetches.
 Heydledom, deydledom, cudden ;
 Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom :
 Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.
 I'll take a Hatchet and hang my zell,
 Before I'll endure these Loffes :
 Or else a Rope in a dolesome Well,
 For I never can bear these Croffes :
 Or I'll go to some Beacon high,
 For I'vaith I am welly wooden,
 And throw my zelf down, her Kindness to try.
 Heydledom, deydledom, &c.

If she can think 'tis a better Trade,
 This shooting of Guns, and flashing,
 She'll find herself but a simple Jade,
 For there's more to be got by Threshing.
 I ne'er shall beg without a Leg,
 Nor Occasion have vor a wooden ;
 Nor Cripple become,
 By vollowing a Drum,
 Heydledom, deydledom, cudden ;
 Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom :
 Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

S O N G 161.

GOD prosper long our Noble King,
 Our Lives and Safeties all ;
 A woful Hunting once there did
 In Chevy-Chase befall.
 To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
 Earl Piarcy took his Way ;
 The Child may rue, that is unborn,
 The Hunting of that Day.
 The stout Earl of Northumberland
 A Vow to God did make,
 His Pleasure in the Scottish Woods
 Three Summer's Days to take ;

The

The chiefeft Harts in Chevy-Chafe
 To kill and bear away.
 The Tidings to Earl Douglas came,
 In Scotland where he lay :
 Who sent Earl Piercy prefent Word,
 He would prevent his Sport.
 The Englifh Earl, not fearing this,
 Did to the Woods refort.
 With Fifteen hundred Bow-men bold,
 All choien Men of Might,
 Who knew full well, in Time of Need,
 To aim their Shaft aright.
 The gallant Greyhounds fwiftly ran,
 To chafe the Fallow-Deer :
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 When Day-light did appear ;
 And long before High-Noon they had
 An hundred fat Bucks flain ;
 Then having din'd, the Drovers went
 To rouze them up again.
 The Bow-men mufter'd on the Hills,
 Well able to endure ;
 Their Backfides all, with fpecial Care,
 That Day were guarded fure.
 The Hounds ran fwiftly thro' the Woods,
 The nimble Deer to take ;
 And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
 An Echo fhriU did make.
 Lord Piercy to the Quarry went,
 To view the tender Deer ;
 Quoth he, Earl Douglas promifed me
 This Day to meet me here :
 If that I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I ftay.
 With that, a brave young Gentleman
 Thus to the Earl did fay ;
 Lo ! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
 His Men in Armour bright ;
 Full Twenty hundred Scottifh Spears,
 All marching in our Sight ;

All Men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the River Tweed.

Then cease your Sport, Earl Piercy said,
And take your Bows with Speed :

And now with me, my Countrymen,
Your Courage forth advance ;

For never was there Champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on Horseback come,

But, since my Hap it were,
I durst encounter Man for Man,
With him to break a Spear.

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white Steed,
Most like a Baron bold,

Rode foremost of the Company,
Whose Armour shone like Gold :

Shew me (he said) whose Men you be,
That hunt so boldly here ;

That, without my Consent, do chase,
And take my Fallow-Deer ?

The Man that first did answer make,
Was noble Piercy he ;

Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose Men we be :

Yet we will spend our dearest Blood,
Thy chiefest Harts to slay.

Then Douglas swore a solemn Oath,
And thus in Rage did say ;

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die ;

I know thee well, an Earl thou art ;
Lord Piercy, so am I.

But trust me, Piercy, Pity 'twere,
And great Offence to kill

Any of these our harmless Men ;
For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battle try,
And set our Men aside.

Accurs'd be he, Lord Piercy said,
By whom this is deny'd. M

Th.

Then slept a gallant 'Squire forth;
 With'rington was his Name,
 Who said, I would not have it told,
 To Henry our King, for Shame,
 That e'er my Captain fought on Foot,
 And I stood looking on.
 You be two Earls, said With'rington,
 And I a 'Squire alone:
 I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have Pow'r to stand:
 While I have Pow'r to wield my Sword,
 I'll fight with Heart and Hand.
 Our English Archers bent their Bows,
 Their Hearts were good and true;
 At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
 Full Threescore Scots they slew.
 To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
 Earl Douglas had the Bent;
 A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,
 Their Spears to Shivers sent.
 They clos'd full fast on ev'ry Side,
 No Slackness there was found;
 And many a gallant Gentleman
 Lay gasping on the Ground.
 O Christ! it was a Grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear
 The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
 And scatter'd here and there.
 At last these Two stout Earls did meet,
 Like Captains of great Might;
 Like Lions mov'd, they laid on Load,
 And made a cruel Fight:
 They fought until they both did sweat,
 With Swords of temper'd Steel,
 Until the Blood, like Drops of Rain,
 They trickling down did feel.
 Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas said;
 In Faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be
 By James our Scottish King;

Thy

Thy Ransom I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous Knight
 That ever I did see.

To Douglas quoth Earl Piercy then,
 Thy Profier I do scorn;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.

With that, there came an Arrow keen
 Out of an English Bow,
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the Heart
 A deep and deadly Blow:

Who never spoke more Words than these,
 Fight on, my merry Men all;
 For why, my Life is at an End:
 Lord Piercy sees me fall.

Then leaving Life, Earl Piercy took
 The dead Man by the Hand;
 And said, Earl Douglas, for thy Life
 Would I had lost my Land.

O Christ! my very Heart doth bleed
 With Sorrow for thy Sake;
 For sure, a more renowned Knight
 Misfortune did never take.

A Knight amongst the Scots there was,
 Which saw Earl Douglas die,
 Who strait in Wrath did vow Revenge
 Upon the Earl Piercy:

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
 Who, with a Spear most bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
 Rode fiercely thro' the Fight;

And pass'd the English Archers all,
 Without all Dread or Fear;
 And thro' Earl Piercy's Body then
 He thrust his hateful Spear:

With such a veh'ment Force and Might
 He did his Body gore,
 The Spear went through the other Side
 A large Cloth-yard and more

M 2

So

So thus a'd both these Nobles die,
 Whose Courage none could stain.
 An English Acher then perceiv'd
 The Noble Earl was slain ;
 He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
 Made of a trusty Tree ;
 An Arrow of a Cloth yard long
 Up to the Head drew he :
 Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
 So right his Shaft he set,
 The grey Goose-wing that was therein
 In his Heart's Blood was wet.
 This Fight did last from Break of Day,
 Till Setting of the Sun ;
 For when they rung the Ev'ning Bell,
 The Battle scarce was done.
 With the Earl Piercy there was slain
 Sir John of Ogerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James that bold Baron :
 And with Sir George and good Sir James,
 Both Knights of good Account,
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
 Whose Prowess did surmount.
 For With'rington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful Dumps ;
 For when his Legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his Stumps.
 And with Earl Douglas there was slain
 Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
 Sir Charles Currel, that from the Field
 One Foot would never fly.
 Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliff, too,
 His Sister's Son was he ;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd :
 They saved could not be.
 And the Lord Maxwell in likewise
 Did with Earl Douglas die :
 Of Twenty hundred Scottish Spears
 Scarce Fifty-five did fly.

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Of Fifteen hundred English Men
 Went home but Fifty-three ;
 The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

Next Day did many Widows come,
 Their Husbands to bewail ;
 They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies, bath'd in purple Blood,
 They bore with them away ;
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand Times,
 When they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to Edinburgh,
 Where Scotland's King did reign,
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
 Was with an Arrow slain.

Oh heavy News ! King James did say,
 Scotland can Witneſs be,
 I have not any Captain more
 Of such Account as he.

Like Tidings to King Henry came,
 Within as short a Space,
 That Piercy, of Northumberland,
 Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

Now God be with him, said our King,
 Sith 'twill no better be ;
 I trust I have within my Realm
 Five hundred as good as he :

Yet shall not Scot or Scotland say,
 But I will Vengeance take,
 And be revenged on them all,
 For brave Earl Piercy's Sake.

This Vow full well the King perform'd
 After, on Humbledown ;
 In one Day, Fifty Knights were slain,
 With Lords of great Renown :

And of the rest, of small Account,
 Did many Thousands die :

Thus ended the Hunting of Chevy-Chase,
 Made by the Earl Piercy.

God save the King, and bless the Land
 In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
 And grant henceforth, that foul Debate
 'Twixt Noblemen may cease.

SONG 162.

GOOD Friends and Neighbours all draw near,
 Some Solace I'll impart;
 Be mindful of the Words you hear,
 They'll ease your drooping Heart. Fa, la, &c.
 All you whose Wives are grown so free,
 To give you jealous Pain;
 Here's what will cause your Jealousy,
 Ne'er to return again. Fa, la, &c.
A Painter once took great Delight
 In painting of the Devil;
 And he would always paint him white,
 Which old Nick took most civil. Fa, la, &c.
 One Night the Painter being in Bed,
 Asleep, and in a Dream,
 His Damsel on his left Side laid,
 The Devil to him came. Fa, la, &c.
Painter, says Belzebub, I'm come
 Thy Kindness to requite;
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done,
 For painting me so white. Fa, la, &c.
 So please your Devilship, quoth he,
 Keep Spouse from playing Pranks,
 And that I mayn't a Cuckold be,
 I'll always give you Thanks. Fa, la, &c.
 No sooner ask'd, but granted was;
 The Painter had a Ring,
 Which whilst you wear, the Fiend replies,
 Ne'er fear a Cuckolding. Fa, la, &c.
 Like Light'ning then away he flew,
 The Painter waking soon,
 Found that he had his Finger got,
 Within his Wife's Half-moon. Fa, la, &c.

So thus let me advise in Brief,
 Each Man wear such a Ring,
 My Life for yours, you'll all be safe;
 And so God save the King, Fa, la, &c.

SONG 163.

GOOD People draw near,
 A Story ye's hear,
 A Story both pleasant and true;
 Which happened of late,
 And's not out of Date;
 I am going to tell it to you.
 It was of an old Cobler,
 Who soul'd Shoes at Dubler,
 And lov'd to drink the Juice of good Barley;
 And then with his Wife,
 As dear as his Life,
 When drunk he lov'd for to parley.

This Cobler, they say,
 Being drunk on a Day,
 His Wife she did murmur and chat;
 This Cobler, they say,
 Did thrash her that Day,
 And cry'd, what a Pox wad ye be at?

He had a Magpye
 That was very fly,
 And used for to murmur and chat;
 Who soon got the Tone,
 Before it was long,
 Of, what a Pox wad ye be at?

And this Magpye,
 Who was so very fly,
 He into a Meeting-house gat;
 And as the old Parson,
 Was canting his Lesson,
 Cry'd, what a Pox wad ye be at?

The Parson, surpris'd,
 Did lift up his Eyes;
 Now help us, pray, Father, in need;
 For Satan I fear

Does visit us here:
 So help us, pray, Father, with speed.

The

The Parson again
 Began to explain
 To those around him that sat ;
 But Magie indeed
 Flew over his Head,
 And cry'd, what a Pox wad ye be at ?
 Then the Parson did skip
 Five Yards at a Leap,
 From his Pulpit quite down to the Floor ;
 And left every Saint,
 Quite ready to faint,
 Leaping out of the Meeting-house Door.
 Then some without Hats,
 And some without Hoods,
 They out of the Meeting-house gat ;
 And Magie hopp'd after,
 Which caused much Laughter,
 Crying, what a Pox wad ye be at ?
 Then a sanctify'd Soul,
 Who thought to controul,
 Look'd Magie quite full in the Face,
 Said, Satan, how dare
 You thus to appear
 In this our sanctify'd Place ?
 But Magie he pranc'd,
 He skip'd and he danc'd,
 And out of the Meeting-house gat ;
 And all the Way long,
 He kept up his Song,
 Of a, what a Pox wad ye be at ?

SONG 164.

GOOD your Worship, cast an Eye
 Upon a Soldier's Misery :
 Let not these lean Cheeks, I pray,
 Your Worship's Bounty from me stay :
 But like a noble Friend,
 Some Silver lend,
 And Jove shall pay you in the End ;
 And I will pray that Fate
 May make you fortunate
 In Heaven, or in some Earthly State,

To

To beg I ne'er was bred, kind Sir,
Which makes me blush to keep this Stir;
Nor do I rove from Place to Place,
For to make known my woful Case.

For I am none of those
That a Roving goes,
And in Rambling shew their drunken Blows;
For all that they have got,
Is by banging of the Pot,
In wrangling who should pay their Shot.

Olympick Games I oft have seen,
And in brave Battles have I been;
The Cannons there aloud did roar,
My Proffer high was evermore:

For, out of a Bravado,
When in a Barricado,
By tossing of a Hand-Grenado,
Death then was very near,
When it took away this Ear;
But yet, thank God, I'm here, I'm here.

And at the Siege of Buda, there,
I was blown up into the Air,
From whence I tumbled down again,
And lay awhile among the Slain;
Yet rather than be beat,

I got upon my Feet,
And made the Enemy retreat;
Myself and seven more
We fought eleven Score,
The Rogues were ne'er so thrash'd before.

I have, at least a dozen Times,
Been blown up by the roguish Mines:
Twice through the Scull have I been shot,
That my Brains do boil like any Pot:

Such Dangers have I past,
At first and at last,
As would make your Worship sore aghast;
And there I lay for dead,
Till the Enemy was fled,
And then they carried me home to Bed.

At push at Pike I lost this Eye,
 And at Bergom Siege I broke this Thigh;
 At Offend, like a warlike Lad,
 I laid about as I were mad:
 But little would you dream,
 That e'er I had been
 Such a good old Soldier of the Queen:
 But if Sir Francis Vere
 Were living now, and here,
 He would tell you how I lash'd them there.
 The Hollanders my Fury know,
 For oft' with them I've dealt a Blow:
 Then did I take a warlike Dance
 Quite thorough Spain, and into France;
 And there I spent a Flood
 Of very noble Blood,
 Yet all would do but little good;
 For now I home am come,
 With my Rags upon my Bum,
 And crave of your Worship one small Sum.
 And now my Case you understand,
 Pray lend to me your helping Hand;
 A little Thing would pleasure me;
 It is not Bread and Cheese,
 Nor Barley-Lees,
 Or any such like Scraps as these;
 But what I beg of you,
 Is a Shilling one or two;
 Kind Sir, your Purse-strings pray undo.

SONG 165.

He. **H**Ark, hark, o'er the Plains, how the merry
 Bells ring,
 Asleep while my harmer is laid,
 Asleep while my Charmer is laid.
 The Village is up, and the Day's on the Wing,
 And Phillis may yet die a Maid, my poor Girl,
 And Phillis may yet die a Maid, my poor Girl,
 And Phillis may yet die a Maid.

She.

She. 'Tis hardly yet Day, and I cannot away;
 O Damon, I'm young and afraid;
 To-morrow, my Dear, I'll to Church without Fear,
 But let me to Night lie a Maid,
 My dear Boy, &c.

He. The Bridemaids are met, and Mamma's on the Pet,
 All, all, my coy Phillis upbraid;
 By Midnight! my Dear shall be eas'd of her Fear,
 Nor grieve she's no longer a Maid,
 My dear Girl, &c.

She. Dear Shepherd forbear, and To-morrow I swear
 To-morrow I'll not be afraid;
 I'll open the Door, and deny you no more,
 Nor cry to live longer a Maid,
 My dear Boy, &c.

He. No, no, Phillis, no, on thy Bosom of Snow,
 To Night shall your Shepherd be laid;
 Fast lock'd in my Arms, you shall yield up your Charms,
 Nor wish to live longer a Maid,
 My dear Girl, &c.

She. Then open the Door, 'twas unbolted before,
 'Twas Damon his Blifs, that delay'd;
 To the Church let us go, and if there I say no,
 O then let me die an old Maid,
 My dear Boy, &c.

Duet and Chorus.

Away then, away, and to Love give the Day,
 Ye Nymphs, let Example persuade;
 Let Beauty be rim'd, when the Swain's in the Mind,
 'Tis foolish to die an old Maid, my dear Girl,
 'Tis foolish to die an old Maid.

S O N G 166.

HAD Neptune, when first he took Charge of the Sea,
 been as wise, or at least as merry, as we.
 He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of his Brine,
 Would have fill'd the vast Ocean with gen'rous Wine,
 Would have fill'd, &c.

What Trafficking then would have been on the Main,
 For the Sake of good Liquor as well as for Gain.

No

No Fear then of Tempest, or Danger of Sinking,
The Fishes ne'er drown, they are always a drinking,
The Fishes, &c.

Had this been the Case, what had we enjoy'd,
Our Spirits still rising, our Fancy ne'er cloy'd.
A Pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his Pow'r,
To slip, like a Fool, such a fortunate Hour,
To slip, &c.

S O N G 167.

HAIL Burgundy, thou Juice divine,
Inspirer of my Song ;

The Praises giv'n to other Wine
To thee alone belong.

Of manly Wit and female Charms
Thou can'st the Pow'r improve :
Care of its Sting thy Balm disarms,
Thou noblest Gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus on the Parent Vines,
From whence thy Current streams,
Smiling amidst the Tendrils shines,
And lavish darts his Beams.

The pregnant Grapes receive his Fire,
And all his Pow'r retain ;
With the same Warmth our Brains inspire,
And lead the sprightly Strain.

From thee, fair Chloe's potent Eye
New sparkling Beams receives ;
Her Cheeks imbibe a rosier Dye,
New Fires her Bosom heaves.

Summon'd to Love, by thy Alarms,
Oh ! with what nervous Heat,
Worthy the Maid we fill her Arm ;
How oft that Love repeat !

The Stoic, prone to Thought intense,
Thy Softness can unbend ;
A cheerful Gaiety dispense,
And make him taste a Friend.

His Brow grows clear, he feels Content,
Forgets his pensive Strife,
And well concludes our Span well spent
In honest, social Life.

Ev'n Fops---those doubtful-gender Things,
 Wrapt up in Selves and Drefs,
 Quite lost to the Delight that springs
 From Sense---thy Pow'r confests.
 Each foolish, puling, maudlin Face,
 That dares but deeply drink,
 Forgets his Cue, and stiff Grimace,
 Grows free, and seems to think.

S O N G 168.

HAIL Masonry, thou Craft divine !
 Glory of Earth, from Heav'n reveal'd ;
 Which doth with Jewels precious shine,
 From all but Masons Eyes conceal'd.
Chor. Thy Praises due who can rehearse,
 In nervous Prose, or flowing Verse ?
 As Men from Brutes distinguish'd are,
 A Mason other Men excels ;
 For what's in Knowledge choice and rare,
 But in his Breast securely dwells ?
Chor. His silent Breast, and faithful Heart,
 Preserve the Secrets of the Art.
 From scorching Heat and piercing Cold,
 From Beasts whose Roar the Forest rends :
 From the Assaults of Warriors bold,
 The Masons Art Mankind defends.
Chor. Be to this Art due Honour paid,
 From which Mankind receive such Aid.
 Ensigns of State, that feed our Pride,
 Distinctions troublesome and vain !
 By Masons true are laid aside,
 Art's free-born Sons such Toys disdain.
Chor. Ennobled by the Name they bear,
 Distinguish'd by the Badge they wear.
 Sweet Fellowship, from Envy free,
 Friendly Converse of Brotherhood,
 The Lodge's lasting Cement be,
 Which has for Ages firmly stood.
Chor. A Lodge thus built, for Ages past,
 Has lasted, and will ever last.

N

Then

Then in our Songs be Justice done
 To those who have enrich'd the Art,
 From Jabel down to Burlington,
 And let each Brother bear a Part.
Chor. Let noble Matons Healths go round,
 Their Praise in lofty Lodge rebound.

SONG 169.

Happy Insect! what can be
 In Happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with Nourishment Divine,
 The dewy Morning's gentle Wine!

Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant Cup does fill;
 'Tis fill'd where-ever thou dost tread:
 For Nature's Self's thy Ganymede!

Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
 Happier than the happiest King!
 All the Fields which thou dost see,
 All the Plants belong to thee.

All the Summer Hours produce,
 Fertile made with early Juice;
 Man for thee does sow and plough,
 Farmer he, and Landlord thou.

Thou innocently dost enjoy,
 Nor does thy Luxury destroy;
 With Joy the Shepherd heareth thee
 Far more harmonious sing than he!

Thee Country Hinds, with Gladness hear,
 The Prophet of the ripen'd Year!
 Thee Phæbus loves, and does inspire;
 Bright Phæbus is himself thy Sire!

To thee, of all Things upon Earth,
 Life is no longer than thy Mirth.
 Happy Insect! thrice happy thou!
 Dost neither Age nor Winter know!

But when thou'rt drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy Fill, thy flow'ry Leaves among,
 Sated with thy Summer Feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless Rest.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd Horn
 Calls the Hunters all up in the Morn :
 To the Hills and the Woodlands they steer,
 To unharbour the out-lying Deer.

CHORUS of Huntsmen.

And all the Day long
 This, this is our Song ;
 Still hollowing,
 And following,
 So frolick and free ;
 Our Joys know no Bornds,
 While we're after the Hounds,
 No Mortals on Earth are so jolly as we.
 Round the Woods when we beat, how we glow,
 While the Hills they all echo Hillo !
 With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,
 Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies ;
 And all the Day long, &c.
 When we sweep o'er the Vallies, or clime
 Up the Health-breathing Mountain sublime,
 What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
 Which alone they who taste can reveal ?
 And all the Day long, &c.

SONG 171.

HARK! hark! the Cock crows, 'tis Day all abroad,
 And looks like a jolly, fair Morning :
 Up Roger and James, and drive out your Teams,
 Up quickly to carry the Corn in.
 Davy the Drowsy, and Barnaby Bowfy,
 At Breakfast we'll flout and we'll jeer, Boys :
 Sluggards shall chatter with Small-Beer and Water,
 While you shall tope off the March Beer, Boys.
 Lassies that snore, for shame give it o'er ;
 Mouth open, the Flies will be blowing :
 To get us stout Hum, 'gainst Christmas does come,
 Away, where the Barley is mowing.
 In your Smock Sleeves go bind up the Sheaves too,
 With nimble young Rowland and Harry,
 Then when Work's over, at Night give each Lover
 A Hug and a Buss in the Dairy.

There's two for the Mow and two for the Plough,
 Is then the next Labour comes after ;
 I'm sure I hir'd four, but if you want more,
 I'll send you my Wife and my Daughter.
 Roger the lusty tell Rachel the trusty,
 The Barn's a rare Place to steal Garters ;
 "Twixt her and you then, contrive up the Mow then,
 And take it at Night for your Quarters.

SONG 172.

HARK, hark, the Huntsman sounds his Horn,
 A Call so musical chides the Drone,
 Ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton,
 The Clangor wakes the drowsy Morn,
 The Woods re-echo the sprightly Tone,
 Ton, ton, &c.

The loud-tongu'd Cries the Concert fill,
 Our Steeds with Neighing salute the Dawn,
 Ton, ton, &c.

We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
 Then swift descending we sweep the Lawn,
 Ton, ton, &c.

The distant Stag our Accent hears,
 Our Accents fatal to him alone,
 Ton, ton, &c.

He rousing starts, and wing'd with Fears,
 Forsakes the Thicket to seek the Down,
 Ton, ton, &c.

Altho' Diana claims the Field,
 The Woods and Forests tho' all her own,
 Ton, ton, &c.

The Groves to Venus let her yield,
 Where we may follow her sportive Son,
 Ton, ton, &c.

What Joy to trace the blooming Lads
 Thro' darksome Grotto's with Moss o'ergrown,
 Ton, ton, &c.

What Harmony can ours surpass,
 When joining Chorus with Dove-like Moon ?
 Ton, ton, &c.

In various Sports the Day thus spent,
Fatigu'd with Pleasures when Night come on,
Ton, ton, &c.

Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our Hearts content
With Wine regaling, all Cares we drown,
Ton, ton, &c.

S O N G 173.

HARK how the Drums beat up again,
For all true Soldiers Gentlemen,
Then let us list, and march, I say,
Over the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, and o'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal, and Spain :
Queen Anne commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills and far away.

All Gentlemen that have a Mind
To serve the Queen that's good and kind,
Come list and enter into Pay,
Then o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

Here's Forty Shillings on the Drum,
For those that Volunteers do come.
With Shirts and Clothes, and present Pay,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

Hear that, brave Boys, and let us go,
Or else we shall be prest, you know ;
Then list and enter into Pay,
And o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

The Constables they search about,
To find such brisk young Fellows out ;
Then let's be Volunteers, I say,
Over the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

Since now the French so low are brought,
And Wealth and Honour's to be got,
Who then behind wou'd sneaking stay ?
When o'er the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

No more from Sound of Drum retreat,
While Marlborough and Galiway beat
The French and Spaniards every Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

He that is forc'd to go to fight,
Will never get true Honour by't,
While Volunteers shall win the Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

What tho' our Friends our Absence mourn,
We all with Honour shall return,
And then we'll sing both Night and Day,
Over the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

The 'Prentice Tom he may refuse
To wipe his angry Master's Shoes :
For then he's free to sing and play,
Over the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

Over Rivers, Bogs, and Springs,
We all shall live as great as Kings,
And Plunder get both Night and Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

We then shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That scold and cry both Night and Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

Come on then, Boys, and you shall see,
We every one shall Captains be,
To whore and rant as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away :
Over the Hills, &c.

For if we go, 'tis One to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen,
All Gentlemen as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

SONG

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S O N G 174.

HARK! how the Trumpet sounds to Battle!
Hark! how the thund'ring Cannons rattle!
Cruel Ambition now calls me away,
While I have ten thousand soft kind Things to say:
While Honour alarms me,
Young Cupid disarms me,
And Cælia so charms me,
I cannot away.

Hark again, Honour calls me to Arms!
Hark! how the Trumpet sweetly charms!
Cælia no more then must be obey'd,
Cannons are roaring, and Ensigns display'd;
The Thoughts of Promotion,
Inspire such a Notion,
Of Cælia's Devotion,
No more I'm afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial Powers;
Ye Gods, bleis the Nymph with happy Hours;
Oh! may she ever to love me incline!
Such lovely Perfections I cannot resign.
Firm Constancy grant her,
My true Love shall haunt her,
My Soul cannot want her,
She's all so divine.

S O N G 175.

HAste my Rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous Journey thro' this dreary Waste:
Haste, my Rain-deer, still, still thou art to flow,
Impetuous Love demands the Lightning's Haste.
Around us far the rushy Moors are spread:
Soon will the Sun withdraw its chearful Ray.
Darkling and tir'd we shall the Marshes tread,
No Lay unsu'g to cheat the tedious Way.
The wat'ry Length of these unjoyous Moors
Does all the flow'ry Meadows Pride excel;
Thro' these fly to her my Soul adores;
Ye flow'ry Meadows, empty Pride! farewell,

Each

Each Moment from the Charmer I'm confin'd,
 My Breast is tortur'd with impatient Fires :
 Fly, my Rain-dear, fly swifter than the Wind,
 Thy tardy Feet wing with my fierce Desires.
 Our pleasing Toil will then be soon o'er-paid,
 And thou, in Wonder lost, shalt view the Fair,
 Admire each Feature of the lovely Maid,
 Her artless Charms, her Bloom, her sprightly Air.
 But lo ! with graceful Motion there she swims,
 Gently removing each ambitious Wave ;
 The crouding Waves transported clasp her Limbs :
 When, when, oh when shall I such Freedom have.
 In vain, you envious Streams, so fast ye flow,
 To hide her from a Lover's ardent Gaze :
 From ev'ry Touch you more transparent grow,
 And all reveal'd the beauteous Wanton plays..

SONG 176.

HAVE you e'er seen the Morning Sun
 From fair Aurora's Bosom run ?
 Or have you seen on Flora's Bed
 The Essences of white and red ?
 Then you may boast, for you have seen
 My fair Chloris, Beauty's Queen.
 Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful Ears
 With the sweet Musick of the Spheres ?
 Have you e'er heard the Syrens sing,
 Or Orpheus play to Hell's black King ?
 If so, be happy, and rejoice,
 For thou hast heard my Chloris Voice.
 Have you e'er smelt what Chymic Skill
 From Rose or Amber doth distil ?
 Have you been near that Sacrifice
 The Phœnix makes before she dies ?
 Then you can tell (I do presume)
 My Chloris is the World's Perfume.
 Have you e'er tasted what the Bee
 Steals from each fragrant Flow'r or Tree ?
 Or did you ever taste that Meat,
 Which Poets say the Gods did eat ?
 O then I will no longer doubt
 But you have found my Chloris out.

SONG

HAVING spent all my Time
 Upon Women and Wine,
 I went to the Church out of spite ;
 But what the Priest said
 Is quite out of my Head,
 I resolv'd not to edify by't.
 All the Women I view'd,
 Both religious and lewd,
 From the sable Top-knot to the Scarlets ;
 An even Wager I'd lay,
 That at a foul Play
 The House ne'er swarm'd so with Harlots.
 Madam Lovely I saw
 With her Daughters-in-law,
 Who she offers to Sale ev'ry Sunday ;
 In the midst of her Prayers
 She negotiates Affairs,
 And signs Assignations for Mondays.
 Next, a Baron Knight's Daughter,
 Whose own Mother taught her,
 By Precept and practical Notions,
 To wear gaudy Clothes,
 And ogle the Beaux,
 Was at Church to shew Signs of Devotion.
 Next, a Lady of Fame,
 Whom we shall not name,
 She'll give you no Trouble in teaching ;
 She has a very fine Book,
 But ne'er on it does look,
 And regards neither praying nor preaching.
 Madam Fair their she fits,
 Almost out of her Wits,
 Betwixt Vice and Devotion debating ;
 She's as vicious as fair,
 And has no Business there,
 To hear Master Tickle-text prating.
 From the Corner of the Square
 Comes a hopeful young Pair,
 As religious as they see Occasion ;

But

But if Patches or Paint
 Be true Signs of a Saint,
 We've no Reason to fear their Damnation.
 When thus he had done,
 He blest every one,
 With his Benediction the People :
 So I run to the Crown,
 Left the Church should fall down.
 And beat out my Brains with the Steeple.

S O N G 178.

HE that has the best Wife,
 She's the Plague of his Life ;
 But for her that will scold and will quarrel,
 Let him cut her off short
 Of her Meat and her Sport,
 And ten Times a Day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,
 And ten Times a Day hoop her Barrel.

S O N G 179.

HE that is resolv'd to wed,
 And be by the Nose by Woman led,
 Let him consider well e'er he be sped ;
 For that lewd Instrument, a Wife,
 If that she be inclin'd to Strife,
 Will find a Man shrill Musick all his Life,
 Will find a Man, &c.
 If he approach her when she's vext,
 Nearer than the Parson does his Text,
 He's sure to have enough of what comes next ;
 And by our Grammar Rules we see,
 Two different Genders can't agree,
 Nor without Solecisms connected be,
 Nor without, &c.
 Yet this by none can be deny'd,
 That Wedlock, or 'tis much bely'd,
 Is a good School, in which Man's Virtue's try'd :
 And this Convenience Woman brings,
 That when her angry Mood begins,
 The Husband never wants a Sight of's Sins,
 The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the least,
 His Pennance shall be well encreast,
 She'll make him keep a Vigil without Feast;
 And when's Confession he is framing
 She will not fail to make's Examen,
 He has nothing else to do but say Amen,
 He has nothing, &c.

S O N G 180.

HE that will not merry, merry be
 With a gen'rous Bowl and a Toast,
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a Post.

Let him be merry, merry there,
 And we'll be merry, merry here :
 For who can know where we shall go,
 To be merry another Year ?

He that will not merry, merry be,
 And take his Glas in Course,
 May he be oblig'd to drink small Beer,
 With ne'er a Penny in his Purse :
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With a Comp'ny of jolly Boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding Wife,
 To confound him with her Noise :
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With his Mistress in his Bed ;
 Let him be bury'd in the Church-yard,
 And me put in his Stead :
 Let him be merry, &c.

S O N G 181.

HE's a Man, ev'ry Inch, I assure you,
 Stout, vigorous, active, and tall ;
 There's none can from Danger secure you,
 Like brave, gallant Moor of Moor-hall.
 No Giant or Knight ever quell'd him,
 He fills all their Hearts with Alarms ;
 No Virgin yet ever beheld him,
 But wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms,
 But wish'd, &c.

S O N G

HEAR all you Friends to Knighthood,
 A Tale will raise your Wonder,
 How Caitiff vile,
 By basest Wile,
 An hardy Knight did plunder.
 How from his Pritish Worthy
 This Knave, a Fox light on hur!
 Did once purloin
 The only Sign
 And Badge he had of Honour.
 Oh! had you seen our Hero!
 No Knight could e'er look bigger,
 Unless his Size
 My Song belies,
 Than M---n of Tredegar.
 A Ribbon grac'd his Shoulder,
 A Star shone on his Breast, Sir;
 With smart Toupee,
 Fort bien pudré,
 And Cockade on his Crest, Sir.
 This Ribbon held a Bauble,
 Which his kind Stars decree him;
 With which he'd play,
 Both Night and Day,
 'Twould do you good to see him.
 Tho' I a Bauble call it,
 It must not thus be slighted;
 'Twas one of the Toys,
 Bob gave to his Boys,
 When first the Chits were knighted.
 Hur was the Flow'r of Knighthood,
 You ne'er saw such a gay Thing;
 But English Rogue,
 Confound the Dog,
 Was rub hur of hur Play-thing.
 Rouze up, ye brave Knights Errant---
 Ne'er give this Caitiff Quarter,
 Ye Knights of the Toast,
 Or Knights of the Post,
 Or Thistle, Bath, or Garter.

Learn hence ye courtly Lordlings,
 Who hear this fatal Story ;
 On how slight Strings
 Depend those Things,
 Whereon ye hang your Glory.

S O N G 183.

HE that a Cuckold is, let it not grieve him,
 For in his Wants there is one to relieve him ;
 He may sleep quietly while his Wife's waking,
 And may be free from Care, void of Pains taking.

And his Condition is not to be scorned,
 Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.
 And his Condition is not to be scorned,
 Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The Captain upon the Sea prays for fair Weather,
 Whilst his Wife and the Mate sail both together,
 Star-gazing on her Back at the Moon's Motion,
 Whilst the poor Cuckold is at his Devotion,

Yet his Condition is, &c.

The Merchant beyond the Sea searching for Treasure,
 And tho' his Merchandize be out of Measure ;
 Yet if he kifs a Girl, while he is ranging,
 His Wife repays him a Bill of Exchanging,

Yet his Condition is, &c.

The greatest Lawyer that ever was lent us,
 Often returns his Wife *non est Inventus* ;
 And if he ever so wise in his Place is,
 She will still find that a Flaw in his Case is,

Yet his Condition is, &c.

The greatest Statesman that e'er was applauded,
 Needs not to laugh at a Citizen horned ;
 For if it's true as in ancient Relations,
 The City Dames do obey the Court Fashions,

Yet their Conditions are, &c.

Whilst the poor Parson with Zeal is expounding,
 Telling the People their Sins are abounding ;
 Many a lusty Lad pay their Tythes to his Wife,
 While he is a preaching Amendment of Life,

Yet his Condition his, &c.



You

You that are Cuckolds, let this be your Comfort,
 There are few others between this and Rumford;
 Entreat all in a Row shake Hands together,
 Never dream for to wear the Bull's Feather,
 For your Conditions are, &c.

SONG 184.

HEAR me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,

I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;

Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,

Alas! she ne'er believes me.

My Vows and Sighs, like silent Air,

Unheeded never move her;

At the bonny Bush aboon Traquair,

'Twas there I first did love her.

That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,

No Maid seem'd ever kinder;

I thought myself the luckiest Lad,

So sweetly there to find her,

I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,

In Words that I thought tender;

If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,

I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the Plain,

The Fields we then frequented;

If e'er we meet, she shews Disdain,

She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in May,

Its Sweets I'll ay remember;

But now her Frowns make it decay,

It fades as in December.

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my Strains,

Why thus should Peggy grieve me?

Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,

Then let her Smiles relieve me.

If not, my Love will turn Despair,

My Passion no more tender;

I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,

To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

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S O N G 135.

HERE are People and Sports,
Of all Sizes and Sorts,
Coach'd Darafel and Squire,
And Mob in the Mire,
Tarpaulins, Trugmalleions,
Lords, Ladies, Sows Babies,
And Loobies in Scores ;
Some hawling, some bawling,
Some leering, some fleering,
Some loving, some shoving,
With Legions of furbelow'd Whores.

To the Tavern some go,
And some to the Show ;
See Poppets and Moppets,
Jack-Puddens for Cuddens,
Rope-dancing, Mares prancing,
Boats flying, Quacks lying,
Pick-pockets, Pick-plackets,
Beats, Batchers, and Beaus :

Fops prattling, Dice rattling,
Rooks shamming, Puts damning,
Whores painted, Masks tainted,
In Tally-mans furbelow'd Clothes.

The Mob's Joys wou'd you know,
To yon Musick-House go,
See Taylors and Sailors,
Whores, Molly and Dolly,
Hear Musick makes you sick ;
Some skipping, some tripping,
Some smoking, some joking,

Like Spigget and Tap ;
Short Measure, strange Pleasure,
Thus swilling and billing,
Some yearly get fairly,
For Fairings, Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

S O N G 136.

HERE are the best Horses
That ever ran Courses,
Here is the best Pad for your Wife, Sir,

O 2

Who

Who rides one a Day,
 If Luck's in his Way,
 May ride in a Coach all his Life, Sir.
 The Sportsman esteems
 The Horse more than Gems,
 That leaps o'er a pitiful Gate, Sir;
 But here is the Hack,
 If you sit but his Back,
 Will leap you into an Estate, Sir.

S O N G 187.

HERE lies old Hare, worn out with Care,
 Who oft times toll'd the Bell;
 Cou'd dig a Grave, and set a Stave,
 And say Amen full well.
 For loved Song. Le'ad Hopkins' Tongue,
 And Sternhold's Eke also;
 With Cough and Hem he'd stand by them,
 As far as Lungs would go.
 Full many a Feast for Worms he dress'd,
 Himself still wanting Bread;
 But ah! he's gone, with Skin and Bone,
 To starve them, now he's dead.
 Here take his Spade, follow his Trade,
 Now he is out of Breath;
 Cover the Bones of one who once
 Wrought Journey-work for Death.

S O N G 188.

HERE's a Health to the Lais with a rowling Eye,
 That won't any Gentleman twice deny,
 But on reasonable Terms will soon comply,
 And a Fig for the coy dissembling Funk.
 Here's a Health to the Lad that loves a brisk Lais
 And scorns in his Turn to refuse his Glas,
 Or by his stiff Airs show the World he's an As,
 But will with an honest good Friend be drunk.
 For when in his Head the Wine is got,
 No Emperor can be so great as he;
 'Tis the Duncie that won't drink shall be counted a Sot,
 And we'll ne'er think him fit for good Company.

Then

Then up to the Brim each fill his Glass,
 And drink to the Healths that I nam'd before,
 For the Pig that loves not both his Bottle and Lass,
 May he die in a Ditch, like a Son of a Where.

S O N G 180.

HERE's a Health to the King, and a lasting Peace ;
 May Faction be dumb, and Discord cease :
 Come, let us drink it while we've Breath,
 For there's no drinking after Death ;
 And he that won't with this comply,
 Down among the dead Men,
 Down among the dead Men,
 Down, down, down, down,
 Down among the dead Men let him lie.

Now a Health to the Queen, and may she long
 B'our first fair Toast to grace our Song ;
 Off w' your Hats, w' your Knee on the Ground,
 Take off your Bumpers all around ;
 And he that will not drink his dry,
 Down among, &c.

Let charming Beauty's Health go round,
 In whom celestial Joys are found ;
 And may Contusion still pursue
 The senseless Woman-hating Crew ;
 And he that will this Health deny,
 Down among, &c.

Here's thriving to Trade, and the Common-weal,
 And Patriots to their Country leil ;
 But who for Bribes gives Satan his Soul,
 May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing Bowl ;
 And all that with such Rogues comply,
 Down among, &c.

In smiling Bacchus' Joys I'll roll,
 Deny no Pleasure to my Soul ;
 Let Bacchus' Health round swiftly move,
 For Bacchus is a Friend to Love ;
 And he that does this Heath deny,
 Down among, &c.

S O N G 190.

HERE's a Health to the Tackers, my Boys,
 But my A--se for the Tackers about ;
 May the brave English Spirits come in,
 And the Knaves and Fanaticks turn out :
 Since Magpyes of late, are confounding the State,
 And would pull our Establishments down,
 Let us make 'em a Jest, for they shit in their Nest,
 And be true to the Church and the Crown.
 Let us chuse such Parliament-Men,
 As have stuck to their Principles tight ;
 And would not their Country betray
 In the Story of Ashby and White :
 Who care not a T--d for a Whig, or a Lord,
 That won't see our Accounts fairly stated ;
 For Churchill ne'r fears, the Address of those Peers,
 Who the Nation of Millions have cheated.
 The next Thing adviseable is,
 Since Schism so strangely abounds,
 To oppose ev'ry Man that's set up
 By Dissenters, in Corporate Towns :
 For High-Church, and Low-Church, they've brought us to
 And Conscience so bubbld the Nation ; [No-Church,
 For who is not still for Conformity Bill,
 Will be surely a R--gue on Occasion.

S O N G 191.

HERE's a Health to those Men
 That go with us again
 To chuse Knights that can afford, Sir,
 To serve without Pension,
 Or other Pretension,
 But just and right is the Word, Sir.
 As for those that have Pay,
 We have little to say ;
 Let the Soldier live by his Sword, Sir :
 We're for them that are known
 To have Lands of their own,
 And just and right is the Word, Sir.
 Should we chuse the Court Tools,
 They will call us all Fools,
 Tho' a double Saint and a Lord, Sir ;

We are sure we can trust
To the Right and the Just,
For just and right is the Word, Sir.

Then take off your Clafs fair,
To do otherwise here
Is unjust, against Right, and absurd, Sir ;
He, that leaves but three Drops,
Shall have't thrown in's Chops,
For just and right is the Word, Sir.

S O N G 192.

HERE's a Whim-wam new come over,
And who will prick at my Lottery-Book,
'Tis spick and span new to Dover,
From France, where it lately took :
'Twill ease you of all your Troubles, ho !
By a chemical, new, chemerical Way ;
But, first of all, down with the Bubbles, ho !
For this is the fairest Play.
Come Jenny, the Chambermaid, trude it ;
Come Tinker, and pawn thy Budget,
And Gillian no longer amble shall on Foot.
For Lords shall look like Asses ;
For see ye how Stock advances up to't,
And Footmen ride in their Places ;
Then, Chimuey-sweep, sell thy Soot.
Jump off thy Board, bungling Botcher,
And leave the Plough, trusty Roger,
And Teague, with thy Grimace sneash it away ;
Trip, Cicely, trudge it with Mary,
And gued muckle Sawney Lad donna stay ;
And Dorothy slight thy Dairy,
For we are as biith as May.
Come hither each pretty Fellow,
And Country Squire, thou Booby nob Head ;
Here's Harlequin, Punchinello,
So nimbly, archly tread :
Here's Mynheer van Gundy Gutt, Guzzle too,
To raise or fall as Knav'ries meet ;
Mels John, come help us to puzzle too,
And throw thy Cloak o'er the Cheat :

Thy

Thy Canting will safely fold us,
When Air is too hot to hold us.

Then prithee now Colly refuse me no more,
Nor vamp up a queer Revival ;

For Water, Sir, never will turn into Gold,
And a Fool should have no Rival,
Till C--y's great Stock be fold.

Let every Trick be a clean one,
Fat Sorrow is better than lean one :

Then frisk it about, and jerk it away ;
For here's no Sign of Sorrow ;

Unless Mr. Knight, should darken the Day,
'Twill be at twelve hundred To-morrow,
And we understand the Lay.

S O N G 193.

HERE's to thee, my Boy,

My Darling, my Joy,
For a Toper I love as my Life,
I love as my Life ;

Who ne'er baulks his Glafs,
Nor cries like an Ass,
To go home to his Mistress or Wife,
To go home to his Mistress or Wife.

But heartily quaffs,
Sings Catches and laughs ;
All the Night he looks jovial and gay,
Looks jovial and gay ;

When Morning appears,
Then homeward he steers,
To snore out the rest of the Day,
To snore out the rest of the Day.

He feels not the Cares,
The Griefs, nor the Fears,
That the Sober too often attend,
Too often attend ;

Nor knows he a Loss,
Disturbance, or Cro's,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend.

S O N G

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S O N G 194.

HERE's to thee, my Damen, let's drink and be merry,

And drown all our Cares in full Bumpers of Sherry ;
Commit ev'ry Care to the Guardians above,
And we'll live like Immortals on Pleasure and Love.
Here's Phillis's Health : Lo ! the Liquor flows higher ;
'Tis Phillis's Name that awakens that Fire ;
Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence shine,
And Fancy be brisk, as the sparkling Wife.
Ye Nymphs, and ye Graces, ye Cupids, ye Swains,
Go pluck the sweet Roses, the Pride of the Plains ;
Pluck only such Roses as worthy the Fair,
And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care ;
While to yon cool Poplar's kind shade we retire,
To melt in Embraces, and mingle our Fire ;
In languishing Bliss we'll live, and we'll die,
She'll melt in the Flames, that I catch at her Eye.

S O N G 195.

HHEY ! my Kitten, a Kitten,

Hey ! my Kitten, a Deary ;

Such a sweet babe as this

Is neither far nor neary :

Here we go up, up, up ;

And here we go down, down, downy ;

Here we go backwards and forwards,

And here we go round, round, roundy.

Chicky, cockow, my lilly Cock ;

See fee, sic a downy ;

Gallop a trot, trot, trot,

And hey for Dublin Towny.

This Pig went to the Market,

Squeek Mouse, Mouse, Moufy ;

Shee, snee, shoe the wild Colt,

And hear thy own dol douny.

Where was a Jewel and Petty,

Where was a Sugar and Spicy ;

Hush a baba in the Cradle,

And we'll go abroad in a tricy.

Did-a Papa torment it ?

Did-e vex his own Baby ? did-e ?

Hush-a baba in a bosie ;

Take ous own sucky : did-e ?

Good-

Goodmorrow, a Pudding is broke ;
 Slavers a Thread o' crystal.
 Now the sweet Puffet comes up ;
 Who said my Child was piss'd all ?
 Come water my Chickens, come clock.
 Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you ;
 Come, give me your Hand, and I'll beat him :
 Wha was it vexed my Baby ?

Where was a laugh and a crawl ?
 Where was, was, was a gigling honey ?
 Cuddy, good Child shall be fed,
 But naughty Child shall get nony.
 Get ye gone Raw-head and Bloody-bones,
 Here is a Child that won't fear ye.
 Come, pissy, pissy, my Jewel,
 And ik, ik ay, my deary.

S O N G 196.

HOLD, hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom,
 And held thy Nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom,
 'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot,
 And my Pot, and thy Pot,
 Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom.
 'Tis Malt will cure the Maw, Tom,
 And heal thy Dissemper in Autumn,
 Felix quem facient,
 I prithee be patient,
 Aliena pericula cautum.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom,
 Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom,
 There's no Parson nor Vicar,
 But will toss off his Liqueur,
 Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom.

S O N G 197.

HOW few among the thousand Pairs,
 By Wedlock doom'd to certain Cares,
 Are fit the Yoke to bear,
 Are fit the Yoke to bear ?
 The Husband claims his Sovereign Right,
 The Wife runs counter out of Spight,
 And does her Vows forswear,
 And does her Vows forswear.

But some there are, whom mutual Love
Does prompt with free Consent to move,
Submissive to their Fate,
Submissive, &c.

Thrice happy is that prudent he,
Thrice happy is that prudent she,
Bless'd with so kind a Mate,
Bless'd with, &c.

Should I and Celia ever join,
I would be her's, and she'd be mine ;
For we two would be one,
For we, &c.

Complying with each other's Will,
Of gen'rous Love would take our Fill,
Our Joys shou'd ne'er be done,
Our Joys, &c.

S O N G 198.

HOW happy seems that rustic Boy
Who playing keeps the Kine ?

Pleasure is all his sweet Employ,
Nor Cares his Minutes join.

His Cattle, little watching Need,
Tame feeding all the Day ;
A roving Glance is all his Heed,
And then again to play.

He runs to Waters Amber clear,
To slack his thirsty Heat ;
While Hunger makes his homely Cheer
Outvie a lordly Treat.

The sighing Breeze, the purling Rill,
(By sunny Walk or Bower)

His Ear all Nature's Concerns fill,
Her Sweets charm every Power.

He casts for Fish his guiling Hook,
And whistles as it floats ;
Patience sits smiling in his Look,
Delighted with the Notes.

And

And now he makes Springs verdant Flute
 Of homely Nettles pale ;
 And faunters, follow'd by the Brutes,
 Shrill piping thro' the Vale.
 And now on turfy Bed he lies,
 No Roof from Phœbus' Beams ;
 Birds sing around him while he sleeps,
 And tastes of honey Dreams.
 If Angels ever have the Power
 The Innocent to keep ;
 No doubt they hover where he lies,
 And bleis his gentle Sleep.

S O N G 199.

HOW happy cou'd I be with either,
 Were t'other dear Charmer away,
 But while you thus teaze me together,
 To neither a Word will I say ;
 But tol de rol, &c.

S O N G 200.

HOSIER ! with indignant Sorrow,
 I have heard thy mournful Tale ;
 And, if Heaven permit, To-morrow
 Hence our warlike Fleet shall sail,
 O'er these hostile Waves wide roaming,
 We will urge our bold Design,
 With the Blood of Thousands foaming,
 For our Country's Wrongs and thine.
 On that Day when each brave Fellow,
 Who now triumphs here with me,
 Storm'd and plunder'd Porto Bello,
 All my Thoughts were full of thee.
 Thy disastrous Fate alarm'd me ;
 Fierce thy Image glar'd on high,
 And with gen'rous Ardour warm'd me,
 To revenge thy Fall or die.
 From their lofty Ships, descending,
 Thro' the Flood, in firm Array ;
 To the destin'd City bending,
 My lov'd Sailors work'd their Way.

Strait the Foe, with Horror trembling,
 Quits in haste his batter'd Walls ;
 And in Accents undissembling,
 As he flies for Mercy calls.

Carthagen, tow'ring Wonder !
 At the daring Deed dismay'd,
 Shall e'er long, by Britain's Thunder,
 Smoking in the Dust be laid.

Thou, and these pale Spectres swooping
 Restless o'er this wat'ry Round,
 Whose wan Cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
 Pleas'd shall listen to the Sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad Story,
 To thy injur'd Ghost I swear,
 By my Hopes of future Glory,
 War shall be my constant Care :

And I ne'er will cease pursuing
 Spain's proud Sons from Sea to Sea,
 With just Vengeance for thy Ruin,
 And for England sham'd in thee.

S O N G 201.

HOW blest are Beggars Lasses,
 Who never Toil for Treasure ?
 We know no Care, but how to share
 Each Day successive Pleasure.
 Drink away, let's be gay,
 Beggars still with Bliss abound ;
 Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,
 Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.

A Fig for gaudy Fashions,
 No want of Clothes oppress us :
 We live at Ease with Rags and Fleas ;
 We value not our Dretties.
 Drink away, &c.

We scorn all Ladies Washes,
 With which they spoil each Feature :
 No Patch or Paint our Beauties taint ;
 We live in simple Nature.
 Drink away, &c.

No Cholick, Sp'een, or Vapours
 At Noon or Ev'ning teaze us;
 We drink not Tea, or Ratafie;
 When sick, a Dram can ease us.
 Drink away, &c.

What Ladies act in private,
 By Nature's best Complaisance,
 We think no Crime, when in our Prime,
 To kiss without a Licence.
 Drink away, &c.

We know no Shame or Scandal,
 The Beggars Law befriend us:
 We all agree in Liberty,
 And Poverty defend us.
 Drink away, &c.

Like jolly Beggar-Wench'es
 Thus, thus, we drown all Sorrow;
 We live to day, and ne'er delay
 Our pleasure till to-morrow.
 Drink away, &c.

SONG 202.

HOW blest has my Time been, what Days have I
 known,

Since Wedlock's soft Bondage made Jeffy my own,
 So joyful my Heart is, so easy my Chain,
 That Freedom is tasteless, and roving a Pain.

Tho' Walks grown with Woodbinds as often we stray,
 Around us our Boys and Girls frolick and gay;
 How pleasing their Sport is, the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their Locks from my Jeffy and me.

I try her sweet Temper, oft times am I seen,
 In Revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green;
 Tho' painful my Absence, my Doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at Night with Compliance and Smiles.

What tho' on her Cheeks the Rose loses its Hue,
 Her Ease and good Humour bloom all the Year thro':
 Time still as he flies, brings Increase to her Truth,
 And gives to her Mind what he steals from her Youth.

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make Love to enslave,
 And cheat with false Vows the too credulous Fair :
 In search of true Pleasure how vainly you roam,
 To hold it for Life, you must find it at home.

SONG 203.

HOW brimful of Nothing's the Life of a Beau :
 They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do ;
 Nor nothing to talk of, for nothing they know.

Such, such, is the Life of a Beau, &c.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh Air ;
 Spend the Morning in nothing, but curling their Hair,
 And do nothing all Day, but sing, faunter, and stare :

Such, such is, &c.

For nothing, at Night, at the Play-house they crowd,
 To mind nothing done there, they always are proud :
 But to bow, and to grin, and talk nothing aloud :

Such, such is, &c.

For nothing they run to th' Assembly and Ball,
 And for nothing, at Cards, a fair Partner they call :
 For they still must be cheated, who've nothing at all :

Such, such is, &c.

For nothing, on Sundays, at Church they appear ;
 For they've nothing to hope, nor they've nothing to fear :
 They can be nothing now here, who nothing are here :

Such, such is, &c.

SONG 204.

HOW dismal is Cyleria's Cell !

What Damps bedew the Place !
 No Tap'stry here the ragged Walls,
 But pendent Cobwebs grace.

Infant of Sconce, and glassy Show,
 And Indian motly Forms,
 We view the Embroidery of Snails,
 And Tracks of slimy Worms.

Cold Sweats hang on the moisten'd Stones,
 Droppings the Timber waste ;
 Thro' unglaz'd Voids the busy Wind
 Puffs in the cunning Blast.

Poets (and only they) can tell
How Goddeses appear ;
For vulgar Souls would ne'er expect
To find a Goddes here.

But Poets know, that furnish'd Rooms
Are for the mortal Fair ;
None ever saw a heav'nly Nymph
At Toilet, or in Chair.

But hollow Caves, hung round with Moss,
That sigh with ev'ry Breeze,
And cool Retreats, by Nature form'd,
The lovely Maid please.

Cydessa is of Race divine,
Or should at least be thought,
With Nymphs the gaudy Roof she shuns,
And wantons in a Grott.

SONG 205.

HOW happy a State does the Miller possess,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less :
On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at Court.
What tho' he all dusty, and whiten'd does go,
The more he is powder'd, the more like a Beau ;
A Clown in this Dress may be honest far,
Than a Courtier who struts in a Garter and Star.
Tho' his Hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean ;
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
Gold in handling will stick to the Fingers like Meal.
What if then a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs without Scruple from other Men's Sacks ;
In this of right noble Example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.
Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an Estate,
In this too he mimicks the Fools of the State ;
Whole Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill,
As all his Concern's to bring Grift to his Mill.
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lye ;

Then

Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:
 It is happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

S O N G 206.

HOW happy are we, when the Wind is abaft;
 And the Boatswain he pipes, Haul both our Sheets
 aft.

Steady, steady, says the Master, it blows a fresh Gale,
 We'll soon reach our Port, Boys, if the Wind doth not
 fall.

Then drink about, Tom, altho' the Ship roll,
 We'll have our rich Liquor, by flinging our Bowl.

S O N G 207.

HOW happy the Man, that like you, Sir,
 His pretty dear Person admires!

Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,
 Content to his Idol retires.

He turns to his Glass,

Where, in his sweet Face

Such ravishing Beauties disclose;

His Heart on fire,

Is sure his Desire

No Rival will ever oppose.

But when to a Nymph a Pretender,

Poor Mortal, he splits on a Shelf!

How little a Thing will defend her,

From one that makes Love to himself?

While nice in Dress,

And sure of Success,

He thinks she can never get free:

With smiling Eyes,

She rallies, and flies,

And laughs at his Merit, like me.

S O N G 208.

HOW hard is the Fate of all Womankind,

For ever subjected, for ever confin'd;

Our Parents controul us, until we are Wives;

Our Husbands enslave us, the rest of our Lives.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,

But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal;

Deny'd ev'ry Freedom of Life to enjoy,
We're blam'd if we're kind, and condemn'd if we're
coy.

S O N G 209.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms ?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human Kind are Worms.
Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Vile Reptile, weak, and vain !
A while he crawls upon the Earth,
Then shrinks to Earth again.
That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er since our Grandame's Evil ;
She first convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm the Devil.
The Learn'd themselves, we Book-worms name ;
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm ;
The Nymph whose Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.
The Fops are painted Butter-flies,
That flutter for a Day ;
First from a Worm they take their Rise,
Then in a Worm decay.
The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows ;
Some Worms suit all Conditions ;
Misers are Muck-worms ; Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches. Physicians.
The Statesmen have the Worm, is seen,
By all their winding Play ;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.
Ah ! Moore, thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies.
Oh learned Friend of Abchurch-Lane,
Who set'st our Entrails free ;
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our

Cur Fate thou only can'st adjourn
 Some few short Years, no more,
 E'en Button's Wits to Worms shall turn,
 Who Maggots were before.

SONG 210.

HOW pleasant a Sailor's Life passes,
 Who roams o'er the wat'ry Main,
 No Treasure he ever amasses,
 But chearfully spends all his Gain.
 We're Strangers to Party and Faction,
 To Honour and Honesty true,
 And wou'd not commit a base Action,
 For Power or Profit in view.
Chor. Then why should we quarrel for Riches,
 Or any such glittering Toys?
 A light Heart and a thin Pair of Breeches
 Goes thorough the World, brave Boys.
 The World is a beautiful Garden,
 Enrich'd with the Blessings of Life,
 The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
 Which Plenty too often breeds Strife.
 When terrible Tempests assail us,
 And mountainous Billows affright,
 No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,
 But skilful Industry steers right.
Chor. Then why should, &c.
 The Courtier's more subject to Dangers,
 Who rules at the Helm of the State,
 Than we, who to Politicks Strangers,
 Escape the Snares laid for the Great.
 The various Blessings of Nature,
 In various Nations we try;
 No Mortals than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.
Chor. Then why should, &c.

SONG 211.

HOW wretched is a Woman's Fate!
 No happy Change her Fortune knows;
 Subject to Man in ev'ry State,
 How can she then be free from Woes?

In Youth a Father's stern Commands,
 And jealous Eyes controul her Will ;
 A lordly Brother watchful stands,
 To keep her closer Captive still.
 The Tyrant Husband next appears,
 With awful and contracted Brow ;
 No more a Lover's Form he wears,
 Her Slave's become her Sov'reign now.
 If from this fatal Bondage free,
 And not by Marriage Chains confin'd ;
 She, blest with single Life, can see
 A Parent fond, a Brother kind ;
 Yet Love usurps her tender Breast,
 And paints a Phoenix to her Eyes ;
 Some darling Youth disturbs her Rest,
 And painful Sighs in secret rise.
 Oh, cruel Pow'rs, since you've design'd,
 That Man, vain Man, should bear the Sway ;
 To a Slave's Fetters add a slavish Mind,
 That I may cheerfully your Will obey.

SONG 212.

HOW can you slight a Lover so,
 And treat a Friend so like a Foe ;
 I see no Prospect of Relief,
 Yet Love the Cause of all my Grief.
 In vain to seek Relief I fly,
 To every Clime beneath the Sky ;
 The farther distant, still the more,
 I doat, I languish, I adore.
 Resentment bids me not return ;
 But Love does with such Ardor burn,
 Return I must to meet my Fate,
 And fall a Victim to your Hate.

SONG 213.

HOW happy is the Maid,
 Who lives a rural Life ;
 By no false Views betray'd,
 To no domestick Strife :

No Passion sways her Mind,
 Or wishes to be great,
 To humble Hopes confin'd,
 She shuns the flatt'ring Bait.

Her Soul with calm Disdain,
 Above the Pomp of Pride,
 Beholds the Rich and Vain,
 In gilded Fetters ty'd ;
 While Titles, Wealth, and Pow'r,
 The gaudy Scene display ;
 And Pageants of an Hour,
 In Darkness glide away.

But if some gentle Boy,
 Her faithful Bosom share ;
 He doubles all her Joy,
 And lessens all her Care :
 Their Moments on the Wing,
 The mutual Bliss improve,
 And give perpetual Spring,
 To Virtue, Truth, and Love.

S O N G 214.

HOW gentle was my Damon's Air,
 Like sunny Beams his golden Hair ;
 His Voice was like the Nightingale's,
 More sweet his Breath than flow'ry Vale ;
 How hard such Beauties do resign,
 And yet that cruel Task is mine.
 On every Hill, in every Grove,
 Along the Margin of each Stream,
 Dear conscious Scenes of former Love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my Theme,
 The Hills, the Grove, the purling Stream,
 But Damon there I seek in vain, &c.
 From Hill, from Dale, each Charm is fled,
 Groves, Flocks, and Fountains, please no more,
 Each Flower in pity droops his Head,
 All Nature does my Loss deplore.
 All, all, reproach the faithless Swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain,
 All, all, &c.

S O N G

HOW bright is the Life of a Bachelor, who
 Enjoyeth his Bottle and Friend;
 For the Name of a Wife is the Plague of Man's Life,
 It's a Tie that endures to the End.
 When Bachelor's Sons together do meet,
 To quaff out a Bottle or two,
 His Wife she comes in, and thus does begin,
 Come, Husband, it's Time for to go.
 Come sit down awhile, my Money, my Joy,
 While we do the Re-ckoning pay;
 Come Drawer, then fill us a Glass of the best,
 What will you drink, Madam, I pray?
 The Wife she replies, with warmth in her Eyes,
 If you bring it, Sir, I will drink none;
 You Rogue, you had better your Money to keep,
 To provide for your Children at home.
 The good Man he whispers a Word in her Ear,
 My Dear, join a little before,
 When we've drunk out this Bottle, the Reck'ning
 we'll pay,
 Dear Wife we will call for no more.
 No, no Sir, you shall go home, says the Wife,
 Or the Glasses I'll dash on the floor;
 You want for to pack me, you Rascal to Fed,
 While you ramble the Streets for a Where.
 He pays down the Reck'ning his Wife for to please,
 While young Bacchus does smile on the Clerk:
 Thus to depart, he is griev'd at the Heart,
 And is forc'd to go home like an Ais.
 Then who in a Trap, I pray would be snapp'd,
 For to lead such a Sort of a Life:
 For an honest true Soul, that loves the brown Bowl,
 He can have no worse Plague than a Wife.
 But when we are single, we sit and carouse,
 Without any Danger or Fear;
 Be it early or late, when the Whim's in the Pate,
 Then home to our Lodgings we steer.

If a pretty young Lass we meet as we pass,
 So merrily and so happy are we ;
 We ride her Charms, then we fly from her Arms ;
 This Life lives a Lad that is free.
 Ring for the Drawer to bring t'other Quart,
 Let true Sons of Mirth we will sing,
 For we have no Wives to plague our Lives,
 That Snare we will never fall in :
 I love a kind Lass to fill up the Glass,
 Was a Woman good-natur'd and free,
 I would marry To-morrow, but Marriage brings Sorrow,
 So a Bachelor's Life for me.

S O N G 216.

HAIL, beauteous Queen, celestial Fair !
 Receive my Wish, and grant my Prayer ;
 And thou fond darling God of Love,
 To Damon's Fate propitious prove.
 Enamour'd with Florella's Charms,
 Whose pleasing Mien my Bosom warms ;
 Her piercing Eyes have fix'd a Dart,
 In my unwary yielding Heart.
 The Sympth whenever I complain,
 Appears, unknowing of my Pain ;
 And when I both, and Love implore,
 In vain I'm heard, in vain adore.
 Assist me then, ye Pow'rs divine !
 Florella's Heart to Love incline ;
 Her Coyness change to constancy,
 And happy will fond Damon be.

S O N G 217.

HAPPY's the Love which meets return,
 When in soft Flames Souls equal burn ;
 But Words are wanting to discover
 The Torments of a hopeless Lover :
 Ye Registers of Heav'n relate
 (If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate)
 Did you there see me mark'd to Marrow
 Mary Scot, the Flow'r of Yarrow.
 Ah no ! her Form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her Love the Gods above must share,

While

While Mortals, with Despair, explore her,
 And, at a Distance due, adore her.
 O lovely Maid my Doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a Smile:
 Alas, if not, you'll soon debar--a
 Sighing Swain the Banks of Yarrow.
 Be hush'd, ye Fears, I'll not despair;
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all my Anguish
 With Success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The Folks who dwell above the Sky;
 When Mary Scot becomes my Marrow,
 We'll make a Paradise on Yarrow.

SONG 218.

I Like the Fox shall grieve,
 Whose Mate hath left her Sire,
 Whom Hounds from Morn to Eve,
 Chase o'er the Country wide.
 Where can my Lover hide?
 Where cheat the weary Pack?
 If Love be not his Guide,
 He never will come back!

SONG 219.

I Sing not of Battles that now are to cease,
 Nor carols my Muse in the Praise of a Peace,
 Nor carols, &c.

To shew that she's oft in good Company seen,
 She humbly begs Leave to sing Monsieur Pantin,
 She humbly begs, &c.

Examine all around, and at length you will own,
 His Likenesses daily are met with in Town;
 Then let me my Song undisturbed begin,
 And shew all his Brothers to Monsieur Pantin,
 And shew all his, &c.

And first, pray observe that fine Thing made for Show,
 That Compound of Powder and Pomme, a Beau:
 So limber his Joints, and so thrave in his Mein,
 That you cry, as he walks, look you, there's a Pantin,
 That you cry, &c.

How

How oft have you heard that the Ladies love change,
And from one Entertainment to t'other will range ?
In this they are constant, what Diff'rence was seen,
When they lay down the Fribble, and took the Pantin,
When they, &c.

Then all you fair Lasses who bloom like the Morn,
Who seek not your Beauties by Art to adorn ;
When I see on your Bosoms this little Machine,
I own I am jealous of happy Pantin,
I own, &c.

Ye Youths who have Parts, tho' ye often wear Lace,
No longer let Foplings your Merit disgrace,
But attack the fair Maid with a resolute Mein,
Till she clasps the young Lover, and burns her Pantin,
Till she clasps, &c.

S O N G 220.

I Tell with equal Truth and Grief,
That Chloe is an arrant Thief :
Before the Urchin well cou'd go,
She stole the Whiteness of the Snow ;
And more, that Whiteness to adorn,
She stole the Blushes of the Morn.
She pilfer'd Orient Pearl for Teeth
And stole the Cow's ambrosial Breath ;
The Cherry, steep'd in Morning Dew,
Gave Moisture to her Lips and Hue :
These were her Infant Spoils, a Store,
To which in Time she added more.
At Twelve she stole, from Cyprus' Queen,
Her Air and Love-commanding Mein ;
Stole Juno's Dignity, and stole
From Pallas Sense to charm the Soul.
Apollo's Wit was next her Prey ;
Her next the Beam that lights the Day.
There's no repeating all her Wiles,
She stole the Graces winning Smiles ;
She sung, amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert their Voice appear'd :
She play'd, the Muses from their Hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their Skill,

Q

Great

Great Jove approv'd her Crime and Art,
 And t'other Day she stole my Heart.
 If Lovers, Cupid, are thy Care,
 Exert your Vengeance on the Fair;
 To Trial bring her stolen Charms,
 And let her Prison be --- my Arms.

SONG 221.

I Wish and long for that which I,
 By Custom forc'd, must needs deny,
 By Custom forc'd, must needs deny,
 How hard's a Virgin's Fate?
 To frown, Alexis, I am bid,
 And if I smile, am snubb'd and chid,
 And if I smile, am snubb'd and chid,
 Who'd live at such a Rate?
 Since the prevailing Powers above,
 And Cupid, the kind God of Love,
 And Cupid, the kind God of Love,
 Decreed us for each other.
 Let Hymen light his Torch, I dare
 Be thine without a Blush or Fear,
 Be thine without a Blush or Fear,
 To imitate my Mother.

SONG 222.

I Am a lussy lively Lad,
 Now come to One-and-twenty;
 My Father left me all he had,
 Both Gold and Silver plenty:
 Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,
 The Ladies shall adore me;
 I'll court and kifs, what Hurt's in this?
 My Dad did so before me.
 My Father was a thrifty Sir,
 Till Soul and Body fundred;
 Some say he was an Ufurer,
 For Thirty in the Hundred:
 He scrap and scratcht; she pincht and patcht,
 That in her Body bore me;
 But I'll let fly, good Reason why,
 My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his Duty done
 In getting so much Treasure ;
 I'll be as dutiful a Son,
 For spending it in Pleasure ;
 Five Pound a Quart shall cheer my Heart,
 Such Nectar will restore me :
 But I'll let fly, good Reason why,
 My Father was born before me.
 My Grannum liv'd at Washington,
 My Grandfire delv'd in Ditches,
 The Son of old John Thrashington,
 Whose Lantern Leather Breeches
 Cry'd, whither go ye ? whither go ye ?
 Tho' Men do now adore me,
 They ne'er did see my Pedigree,
 Nor who was born before me.
 My Grandfire striv'd, and wiv'd, and thriv'd,
 Till he did Riches gather,
 And when he had much Wealth atchiev'd,
 Oh ! then he got my Father :
 Of happy Memory, cry I,
 That e'er his Mother bore him,
 I ne'er had been worth one Penny,
 Had I been born before him.
 To Free-school, Cambridge, and Gray's-Inn,
 My grey-coat Grandfire put him,
 Til to forget he did begin
 The Leathern Breech, that got him ;
 One dealt in Straw, t'other in Law ;
 The one did ditch and delve it,
 My Father store of Sattin wore,
 My Grandfire Beggars Velvet.
 So I get Wealth, what care I if
 My Grandfire were a Sawyer ?
 My Father prov'd to be a chief,
 And subtle, learned Lawyer :
 By Coke's Reports, and Tricks in Courts,
 He did with Treasure store me,
 That I may say, Heavens blefs the Day,
 My Father was born before me.

Some say of late, a Merchant that
 Had gotten Store of Riches,
 In's Dining-Room hung up his Hat,
 His Staff, and Leathern Breeches:
 His Stockings garter'd up with Straws,
 E'er Providence did store him,
 His Son was Sh'riff of London, 'cause
 His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
 And put on Scarlet Clothing,
 At first did spring from Butter-milk,
 Their Ancestors worth nothing;
 Old Adam, and our Grandam Eve,
 By digging and by spinning,
 Did to all Kings and Princes give
 Their radical Beginning.

My Father to get my Estate,
 Tho' selfish, yet was slavish;
 I'll spend it at another rate,
 And be as lewdly lavish:
 From Madmen, Fools, and Knaves he did
 Litigiously receive it;
 If so he did, Justice forbid,
 But I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses, and Tennis-court,
 I'll prove a noble Fellow;
 I'll court my Doxies to the Sport
 Of O brave Punchinello:
 I'll drink and drab, I'll dice and stab,
 No Hector shall outroar me;
 If Teachers tell me Tales of Hell,
 My Father is gone before me.

Our aged Counsellors would have
 Us live by Rule and Reason,
 'Cause they are marching to their Grave,
 And Pleasure's out of Season;
 I'll learn to dance the Mode of France,
 That Ladies may adore me;
 My thrifty Dad no Pleasure had,
 Tho' he was born before me.

I'll to the Court, where Venus' Sport
 Doth revel it in Plenty ;
 I'll deal with all, both great and small,
 From twelve to five and twenty ;
 In Play-houses I'll spend my Days,
 For they're hung round with Plackets ;
 Ladies make room, behold I come,
 Have at your cleanly Jackets.

S O N G 223.

I AM in Truth
 A Country Youth,
 Unus'd to London Fashions ;
 Yet Virtue guides,
 And still presides
 O'er all my Steps and Passions.
 No courtly Leer,
 But all sincere,
 No Bribe shall ever blind me ;
 If you can like
 A Yorkshire Tike,
 An honest Man you'll find me.
 Tho' Envy's Tongue
 With Slander hung,
 Does oft belye our County ;
 No Men on Earth
 Boast greater Worth,
 Or more extend their Bounty.
 Our Northern Breeze
 With us agrees,
 And does for Business fit us ;
 In publick Cares,
 In Love's Affairs,
 With Honour we acquit us.
 A noble Mind
 Is ne'er confin'd
 To any Shire or Nation ;
 He gains most Praise,
 Who best displays
 A generous Education.

While Rancour rolls
 In narrow Souls,
 By narrow Views discerning ;
 The truly Wife
 Will only prize
 Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.

SONG 224.

I Go to the Elysian Shade,
 Where Sorrow ne'er shall wound me,
 Where nothing shall my Rest invade,
 But Joy shall still surround me.

I fly from Cælia's cold Disdain,
 From her Disdain I fly ;
 She is the Cause of all my Pain,
 For her alone I die.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid-day Sun,
 When he but half his radiant Course has run,
 When his Meridian Glories gaily shine,
 And glad all Nature with a Warmth divine.

See yonder River's flowing Tide,
 Which now so full appears:
 Those Streams, that do so swiftly glide,
 Are nothing but my Tears.

There have I wept, till I could weep no more,
 And curs'd mine Eyes, when they have shed their Store;
 Then, like the Clouds that rob the azure Main,
 I've drain'd the Flood, to weep it back again.

Pity my Pains,
 Ye gentle Swains ;
 Cover me with Ice and Snow,
 I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow :
 Furies, tear me,
 Quickly bear me
 To the dismal Shades below ;
 Where Yelling, and Howling,
 And Grumbling and Growling,
 Strike our Ears with horrid Woe.

Hissing Snakes,
 Fiery Lakes,
 Would be a Pleasure and a Cure ;

Not all the Hells
 Where Pluto dwells,
 Can give such Pains as I endure.
 To some peaceful Plain convey me,
 On a mossy Carpet lay me,
 Fan me with ambrosial Breeze,
 Let me die, and so have Ease.

SONG 225.

I Had rather enjoy
 A Girl that is coy,
 Than one who is easy persuaded ;
 For tho' for awhile
 She scarcely will smile,
 Yet at length her Fort is invaded.
 When then she's possess'd,
 You doubly are blest,
 Tho' from Pleasure awhile you're confin'd ;
 The Heart is on fire
 With zealous Desire,
 And the Joy of a Lover refin'd.
 The Pleasure's not full,
 But damnably dull,
 When too willing a Mistress we find ;
 I'd have her first frown,
 her Passion disown,
 And begin by Degrees to be kind.

SONG 226.

I Know I'm no Poet, my Song it will shew it,
 My Sorrow it flows like a Spring ;
 Altho' you may shame me, the World cannot blame me,
 While I thus dolefully sing.
 My Loss it is great, and such a Defeat
 No Mortal had ever before ;
 She had ev'ry Feature, a sweet pretty Creature ;
 And what Man can say any more,
 And what Man, &c.
 Her Lips they were true, of a Coventry blue,
 Her Hair of a fine Bow Dye ;
 Her Stature was low, but her Nose was not so,
 It was a most delicate high :

Her

Her upper Lip thin, which fairly turn'd in,
 Her Teeth were as black as a Coal ;
 Her under stood out, to receive from her Snout
 The Droppings that fell from each Hole,
 The Droppings, &c.

No Needle or Pin were more sharp than her Chin,
 Which her Nose did most lovingly meet ;
 Like Sister and Brother, they kissed each other ;
 It was a great Pleasure to see't.

No Globe could be found so perfectly round,
 As her Back was to all that did mind her ;
 To give her her Due, her Head turn'd like a Screw,
 To study the Globe behind her,
 To study, &c.

Tho' some Teeth she wanted, the rest were well planted,
 'Cause Nature should know no Neglect ;
 What in one she deny'd, she in t'other supply'd,
 Because there should be no Defect.

It's common, you know, Teeth stand in a Row,
 The best, and the newest Way ;
 Yet without all doubt, her's stood in and out,
 As if they'd been dancing the Hay,
 As if they'd, &c.

Her Breath very strong ; one Leg short, t'other long,
 To make up her perfect Shape ;

Her Cheeks were like Lent, when 'tis almost spent,
 She had a delicate Face like an Ape ;

Her Skin might be taken for a Gammon of Bacon,
 Her Breasts like a Trencher, so flat ;

She had a fine Mouth, which stood North and South ;
 Oh ! she'd delicate Eyes like a Cat,
 Oh ! she'd, &c.

Now I think it meet to talk of her Feet,
 I'll tell you how fine they were made ;
 If you'll believe me, I will not deceive ye,
 They were the true Shape of a Spade :

So broad, and so flat, that when she did pat,
 So good a Guard she did keep,

With her Legs high and low, that when she did go,
 You'd swear she'd been playing Boh-peep,
 You'd swear, &c.

But

But this long Narration breeds such Molestation
 Within my unfortunate Breast,
 I'll now give it o'er, and so say no more,
 But leave you to guess at the rest.
 Search the World round, no such can be found,
 So well she pleased my Fancy ;
 I shall pine all my Life, for the Loss of my Wife,
 And there is an End of poor Nancy,
 And there is an End of poor Nancy.

S O N G 227.

I Have been in Love, and in Debt, and in Drink,
 This many and many a Year :
 And those are three Plagues enough, I should think,
 For one poor Mortal to bear.
 'Twas Love made me fall into Drink,
 And Drink made me fall into Debt ;
 And tho' I have struggl'd, and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.
 There's nothing but Money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my Pain ;
 'Twill pay all my Debts,
 And remove all my Letts ;
 And my Mistress, that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again :
 Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking again.

S O N G 228.

IF you wou'd keep your Damon true,
 And constant as before ;
 Let him perceive no Change in you,
 And he'll be false no more.
 'Tis not that Celia is more fair,
 Or has more Charms than you ;
 But that she's less disturb'd with Care,
 If he be false or true.
 Why then shou'd you disgrace with Tears,
 That Face which once was gay :
 Or why shou'd you distract with Fears,
 That Heart which once was May.

Let

Let Smiles again adorn your Face,
 Again be gay and glad ;
 And he'll again resume his Place,
 Or else by Jove he's mad.

SONG 229.

IF from the Lustre of the Sun,
 To catch your fleeting Shade you run,
 In vain is all your Haite, Sir ;
 But if your Feet reverse the Race,
 The Fugative will urge the Chase,
 And follow you as fast, Sir,
 Thus, if at any Time, as now,
 Some scornful Chloe you pursue,
 In hopes to overtake her ;
 Be sure you ne'er too eager be,
 But look upon't ---- as cold as she,
 And seemingly forsake her.
 So I and Laura t'other Day,
 Were courting round a Cock of Hay,
 While I could ne'er o'er get her ?
 But when I found I ran in vain.
 Quite tired I turn'd back again,
 And flying from her met her.

SONG 230.

I Like a Ship in Storms, was tost,
 Yet afraid to put into Land ;
 For seiz'd in the Port, the Vessel's lost,
 Whose Treasure is contreband ;
 The Waves are laid,
 The Duty's paid,
 O Joy beyond Expression !
 Thus safe on Shore,
 I ask no more,
 My All's in my Possession, Possession,
 My All's in my Possession.

SONG 231.

I Love thee, by Heav'ns I cannot say more ;
 Then set not my Passion a-cooling ;
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er
 For I'm but a Novice at fooling.

What

What my Love wants in Words it shall make up in Deeds,
Then why shou'd we waste Time in Stuff, Child?

A Performance, you wot well, a Promise exceeds;
A Word to the Wife is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known,
But I hate all protesting and arguing:

Had a Goddess my Heart, she shou'd ev'n lye alone,
If she made many Words to the Bargain.

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond Eyes have been saying;
Pr'ythee, be thou so too, seek for no better Term,
But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a Chancery Suit,
The Age of a Patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it one Way or other an Ending.

Long Courthip's the Vice of a phlegmatick Fool,
Like the Grace of fanatical Sinners,
Where the Stomachs are lost, and the Victuals grow cool,
Before Men sit down to their Dinners.

S O N G 232.

1. Man. I Once was a Poet at London,
I kept my Heart still full of Glee;
There's no Man can say that I'm undone,
For Begging's no new Trade to me.
Tol derol, &c.

2. Man. I once was an Attorney at Law,
And after a Knight of the Post:
Give me a brisk Wench in clean Straw,
And I value not who rules the Roast.
Tol derol, &c.

3. Man. Make Room for a Soldier in Buff,
Who valiantly strutted about,
'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
And then he most wisely --- sold out.
Tol derol, &c.

4. Man. Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my Lord to his Face;
Now Railing is all his Delight, Sir,
Because he mis'd getting a Place.
Tol derol, &c.

5. Man.

5. Man. I still am a merry Gut-scraper,
My Heart never yet felt a Qualm ;
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And sing any Tune but a Psalm.
Tol derol, &c.

6. Man. I was a fanatical Preacher,
I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd ;
But my Hearers halt starv'd their Teacher,
For they believ'd not one Word that I said.
Tol derol, &c.

7. Man. Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him list and from us he may learn :
In Palaces who shall you see
Half so happy as we in a Barn ?
Tol derol, &c.

Chorus of all.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him list and from us he may learn :
In Palaces who shall you see
Half so happy as we in a Barn ?
Tol derol, &c.

SONG 233.

IF any so wise is,
That Sack he despises,
Let him drink his small Beer and be sober ;
Whilst we drink wine and sing
As if it were Spring,
He shall droop like the Trees in October.
But be sure, over Night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a Warning,
Soon as out of your Bed,
To settle your Head,
Take a Hair of his Tail in the Morning.
And not be so silly,
To follow old Lilly ;
For there's nothing but Wine that can tune us ;
Let him ne ailsueas
Be put in his Cap-case,
And sing bibito vinum jejunos.

SONG

(193)

S O N G 234.

IF any Wench Venus' Girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly ;
Lillies and Roses will quickly appear,
And her Face look wond'rous smugly.
Beneath the left Ear, fit but a Cord,
(A Rope so charming a Zone is)
The Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord,
And we cry, There dies an Adonis !

S O N G 235.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I grow down,
Let this be my Fate in a Country Town :
May I have a warm House, with a Stone at my Gate:
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.
May I govern my Passion with an absolute Sway,
And grow wiser and better as my Strength wears away ;
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at Distance on which I may look ;
With a spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
And an easy Pad- Nag to ride out a Mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more,
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before ;
With a Dish of Roast-Mutton, not Ven'son nor Teal,
And clean, tho' coarse Linen, at every Meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on Sunday, and stout humming Liquor,
And a Remnant of Latin to puzzle the Vicar ;
With a hidden Reserve of Burgundy Wine,
To drink the King's Health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted may I face my last Day ;
And when I am dead may the better Sort say,
In the Morning when sober, in the Ev'ning when mellow,
He is gone, and han't left behind him his Fellow.

For he govern'd his Passions with an absolute Sway,
And grew wiser and better as his Strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone by a gentle Decay.

R

S O N G

SONG 236.

IF I love a Man for his Money,
 As many have done before ;
 Tho' to Night he may call me his Honey,
 To-morrow he'll call me his Whore.
 Then better be frank and free,
 And love him for Loving's Sake ;
 The sooner we Women agree,
 The better's the Bargain we make.
 Chuse you a dear Man that is kind,
 That's generous, easy and true ;
 And to keep him still in the same Mind,
 Do you keep yourself in the same too.
 If when he begins to change,
 You fiercely the Fault reprove,
 He may like others, out of Revenge,
 He ne'er could have lik'd out of Love.
 To all his Follies be blind,
 But mostly to that of roving ;
 When's he most cross, be you most kind,
 And teach him to love you by loving.
 If with a hard Word he is vex'd,
 A Kiss will soon heal the Sore ;
 But if not one Kiss, then try the next.
 And if not the next, the next Score.
 Thus soften him by Degrees,
 And bring him to your Lure :
 By pleasing him, yourself you may please ;
 And when you've half lost him, secure.

SONG 237.

IF Love the Virgin's Heart invade,
 How, like a Moth, the simple Maid
 Still plays about the Flame !
 If soon she be not made a Wife,
 Her Honour's sing'd, and then for Life,
 She's ----- what I dare not name.

SONG 238.

IF the Heart of a Man is depress'd with Cares,
 The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears ;

Like

Like the Notes of a Fiddle, the sweetly, sweetly,
Raise the Spirits, and charms our Ears.

Roses and Lillies her Cheeks disclose,
But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those:
Press her,
Caret her,
With Blisses,
Her Kisses

Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose.

S O N G 239.

IF you at an Office sollicite your Due,
And would not have Matters neglected;
You must quicken the Clerk with the Perquisite too,
To what his Duty directed.

Or would you the Frowns of a Lady prevent,
She too has this Palpable Failing,
The Perquisite softens her into Consent;
That Reason with all is prevailing.

S O N G 240.

IF you my wand'ring Heart would find,
That Heart you say is like the Wind,
Which varies here, and wanders there,
To every Nymph that's kind and fair;
I say if you this Heart would find,
Turn to your own inconstant Mind;
If e'er it wanders, 'tis to be
In wand'ring constantly with thee.

How can it settle when you fly,
And shun this faithful Votary?
A Nymph that's fair, it oft doth find,
But never yet the Nymph that's kind,
If you would fix this wand'ring Heart,
Join it with your's, 'twill ne'er depart:
But in the Pangs of Death will prove,
It wander'd but to fix your Love.

S O N G 241.

ILL go to my Love where he lies in the Deep,
And in my Embraces my Dearest shall sleep;
When we wake the kind Dolphins together shall throng,
And in Chariots of Shells shall draw us along.

R 2

The

The Orient hath Pearls, which the Ocean bestows,
 All mixed with Coral, a Crown to compose ;
 Tho' the Sea-Nymphs do spite us, and envy our Bliss,
 We will teach them to love and the Cockles to kiss ;
 For my Love lies now in his wat'ry Grave,
 And hath nothing to shew for his Tomb but a Wave :
 I'll kiss his dear Lips, than the Coral more red
 That grows where he lies in his wat'ry Bed.

Ah, ah, ah ! my Love's dead ;
 There was not a Bell,
 But a Triton's Shell,
 To ring, to ring, out his Knell.

SONG 242.

IF Truth can fix thy wav'ring Heart,
 Let Damon urge his Claim,
 He feels the Passion, void of Art,
 The pure and constant Flame.

Though sighing Swains their Torments tell,
 Their sensual Love condemn ;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward Gem.
 But slight, &c.

Possession cures the wounded Heart,
 Destroys the transient Fire ;
 But when the Mind receives the Dart,
 Enjoyment wets desire.

Your Charms each slavish Sense controul,
 A Tyrant's short-liv'd Reign :
 But milder Reason rules the Soul ;
 Nor Time can break the Chain.

By Age your Beauties will decay,
 Your Mind improves with Years ;
 As when the Blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning Fruit appears.

May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my Suit,
 And bless each future Hour ;
 That Damon who can taste the Fruit,
 May gather ev'ry Flower.

I'LL range around the shady Bowers,
And gather all the sweetest Flowers ;
I'll strip the Garden and the Grove,
To make a Garland for my Love.

When in the sultry Heat of Day,
My thirsty Nymph does pining lay,
I'll hasten to the Fountain's Brink,
And drain the Stream that she may drink.

At Night when she shall weary prove,
A grassy Bed I'll make my Love,
And with green Boughs I'll form a Shade,
That nothing may her Rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in Sleep she lies,
Myself shall never close these Eyes ;
But gazing still with fond Delight,
I'll watch my Chai'mer all the Night.

And then as soon as chearful Day
Dispels the gloomy Shades away,
Forth to the Forest I'll repair,
And find Provision for my Fair.

Thus will I spend the Day and Night
Still mixing Pleasure with Delight ;
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can Ease for her procure.

But if the Maid, whom thus I love,
Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant Shore,
And never think of Woman more.

S O N G 244.

I'LL sail upon the Dog-star,
And then pursue the Morning ;
I'll chase the Moon 'till it be Noon,
I'll make her leave her Horning.

I'll climb the frosty Mountain,
And there I'll coin the Weather :
I'll tear the Rain-bow from the Sky,
And tie both Ends together.

The Stars pluck from their Orbs too,
 And croud them in my Budget ;
 And whether I'm a roaring Boy,
 Let Gresham College judge it.
 While I mount you blue Cœlum,
 To shun the Tempting Gipsies ;
 Play at Foot-ball with Sun and Moon,
 And fright ye with Eclipses.

SONG 245.

I Like the am'rous Youth that's free
 His Passion to declare ;
 For vig'rous Impunity ne'er fails,
 Ne'er fails to win the Fair.
 None Cupid fears but Fools ; the Boy
 Hurts none who valiant prove :
 He's Sweetness all, and gentle Joy
 To those who're skill'd in Love.
 Then love, my Dear, and since Life's Prime
 So swiftly flies away ;
 Let's by the Forelock seize old Time,
 And revel whilst we may.

SONG 246.

I'LL sing you a Song was never in Print,
 'Tis newly and truly come out of the Mint,
 And I'll tell you before-hand you'll find Nothing in't.
 Tol, lol, &c.
 'Tis Nothing I think, 'tis Nothing I write,
 'Tis nothing I court, 'tis nothing I slight,
 And I don't care a Pin if I get nothing by't.
 Tol, tol, &c.
 Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Birds, Beasts, Fish and
 Did start out of nothing, a Chaos, a Den, [Men,
 And all Things must turn to nothing again.
 Tol, tol, &c.
 The Lad that makes Love to a delicate Smooththing,
 And hopes to obtain her by fighting and soothing,
 Must frequently makes much ado about nothing.
 Tol, tol, &c.

But soon as his Patience and Purse is decay'd,
He may to the Arms of a Whore be betray'd,
For she that is nothing must needs be a Maid.

Tol, tol, &c.

'Tis nothing makes many Things often-times hit;
As when Fools amongst wise Men do silently sit,
The Fool that says nothing may pass for a Wit.

Tol, tol, &c.

When first by the Ears, we together did fall,
Then Something got nothing, and nothing got All,
From nothing we came, and to nothing we fall.

Tol, tol, &c.

If any Man tax me with Weakness of Wit,
And says, that on nothing I nothing have writ,
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

Tol, tol, &c.

But let his Discretion be never so tall,
This very Word nothing may give him a Fall,
For in writing of nothing I comprehend All.

Tol, tol, &c.

So let ev'ry Man give the Poet his Due,
For then 'twas with him, as 'tis now with you,
He wrote it when that he had nothing to do.

Tol, tol, &c.

This very Word nothing, if took the right Way,
May be of Advantage; for what will you say,
When the Landlord he tells you there's nothing to pay?

Tol, tol, &c.

S O N G 247.

I'LL tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest Things have seen;

Oh Things without Compare!

Such Sights again cannot be found

In any Place on English Ground,

Be it at Wake or Fair.

At Chairing-Cross, hard by the Way,

Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,

There is a House with Stairs;

And there did I see coming down

Such Folk as are not in our Town,

Vorty at least in Pairs,

Among

Among the rest one peff'lent fine
(His Beard no bigger though than thine)

Walk'd on before rest :

Our Landlord looks like nothing to him :
The King (God blefs him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Courfe a Pack, without all Doubt,
He should have first been taken out,

By all the Maids i' th' Town :
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what ? The Youth was going
To make an End of all his Wooing ;

The Parson for him staid :
Yet by his Leave (for all his Haste)
He did not so much wish all past,
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid --- and thereby hangs a Tale ---
For such a Maid no Whitsun Ale

Could ever yet produce :
No Grape that's kindly ripe cou'd be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of Juice.

Her Finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,

It was too wide a Peck :
And to say Truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great Collar (just)
About our young Colt's Neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the Light,

But oh ! she dances such a Way !
No Sun upon an Easter-Day
Is half so fine a Sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do't in Sight :

And



And then she looks as who should say,
I will do what I list to Day ;

And you shall do't at Night.

Her cheeks so rare a White was on,
No Daisie makes Comparison,

(Who sees them is undone)

For Streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine Pear,

(The Side that's next the Sun)

Her Lips were red ; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin,

(Some Bee had stung it newly :))

But (Dick) her Eyes so guard her Face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,

Than on the Sun in July.

Her Mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'st swear her Teeth her Words did break,

That they might Passage get :

But she so handled still the Matter,

They came as good as ours, or better,

And have not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any Sin,

The Priest himself had guilty been,

She look'd that Day so purely :

And did the Youth so oft the Feat,

At Night, as some did in Conceit,

It would have spoil'd him surely.

Just in the Nick the Cook knock'd thrice,

And all the Waiters in a Trice

His Summons did obey ;

Each Serving-man with Dish in Hand,

March'd boldly up, like our Train'd-Band,

Presented and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,

What Man of Knife or Teeth was able,

To stay to be intreated ?

And this the very Reason was,

Before the Parson could say Grace,

The Company was seated.

The

The Business of the Kitchen's great,
For it is fit that Men should eat,
Nor was it there deny'd :

Passion oh me ! how I run on !
'There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) besides the Bride.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouse,
Healts first go round, and then the House,
The Bride's came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,
Perhaps he made it hers by Stealth,
And who could help it, Dick ?

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance :
Then dance again and kifs :
'Thus several Ways the Time did pass,
'Till ev'ry Woman wish'd her Place.
And ev'ry Man wish'd his.

By this Time all were stol'n aside,
To council and undress the Bride :
But that he must not know :
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her Mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an Hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay,
Like new-fal'n Snow melting away,
('Twas Time, I trow, to part)
Kisses were now the only Stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
Good B'ye ! with all my Heart.

But, just as Heav'n would have to cross it,
In came the Bride-Maids with the Posset.
The Bridegroom eat in Spite :
For had he left the Women to't,
It would have cost two Hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,
All that they had not done they do :
What that is, who can tell ?

But I believe it was no more
Then thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell.

S O N G 248.

IN April, when Primroses paint the sweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain ;
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
To wild and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn-trees grow.

There under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,
With Freedom he sung his Loves Ev'ning and Morn :
He sang with so fast and enchanting a Bound,
That Sylvens and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus sung, tho' young Maia be fair,
Her Beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud Air ;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing ;
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That Madie in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was unconstant, and never spoke Truth :
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the Sea.

That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great Dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently fow'r.
Then sighing, he wist, would Parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his Mistress might be.

S O N G 249.

IN Beauty or Wit,
No Mortal as yet,
To question your Empire has dar'd ;
But Men of Discerning,
Have thought that, in Learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard:
Impertinent Schools;
With musty dull Rules,
Have Reading to Ladies deny'd ;
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest Flocks should be wise as their Guide.
'Twas a Woman at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In Knowledge that tasted Delight ;

And

And Sages agree
 The Law should decree,
 To the first Possessors the Right.
 Then bravely, fair Dame,
 Renew the old Claim,
 That to the whole Sex does belong,
 And let Man receive,
 From a second bright Eve,
 The Knowledge of Right and of Wrong.
 But as the first Eve
 Hard Doom did receive,
 When only an Apple had she;
 What a Punishment now,
 Must be found out for you,
 Who have tasted, and robb'd the whole Tree?

SONG 250.

IN good King Charles's golden Days,
 When Loyalty had no harm in't,
 A zealous High Church Man I was,
 And so I got Preferment:
 To teach my Flock I never mist,
 Kings are by God appointed;
 And those are damn'd that do resist,
 And touch the Lord's Anointed.
 And this is Law I will maintain,
 Until my dying Day, Sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.
 When Royal James obtain'd the Throne,
 And Pop'ry came in Fashion,
 The Penal Laws I hooted down,
 And read the Declaration:
 The Church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my Constitution;
 And had become a Jesuit,
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is Law, &c.
 When William was our King declared,
 To ease the Nation's Grievance;
 With this new Wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him Allegiance:

Old Principles I did revoke,
 Set Conscience at a Distance ;
 Passive-Obedience was a Joke,
 And Pish for Non-Resistance.
 And this is Law, &c.

When Gracious Anne ascends the Throne,
 The Church of England's Glory ;
 Another Face of Things was seen,
 And I became a Tory :
 Occasional-Conformists base,
 I damn'd their Moderation,
 And thought the Church in Danger was,
 By such Prevarication.
 And this is Law, &c.

When George in Pudding-time came o'er,
 And Moderate-Men look'd big, Sir,
 I turn'd Cat-in-Pan once more,
 And then became a Whig, Sir ;
 And so Perferment I procur'd
 By our new Faith's Defender ;
 And always every Day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is Law, &c.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover,
 And Protestant Succession,
 To these I do Allegiance swear,
 While they can keep Possession ;
 For by my Faith and Loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful King shall be,
 Until the Times shall alter.
 And this is Law I will maintain,
 Until my dying Day, Sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

S O N G 251.

IN spite of Love, at length I find
 A Mistress that will please me,
 Her Humour free and unconfin'd,
 Both Night and Day she'll ease me ;

S

N.

No jealous Thoughts disturb my Mind,
 Tho' she's enjoy'd by all Mankind ;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you, thro' all her naked Charms
 Her little Mouth discover,
 Then take her blushing to your Arms,
 And use her like a Lover ;
 Such Liquor she'll distil from thence,
 As will transport your ravish'd Sense ;
 Then kiss and never spare it,
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

But best of all ! she has no Tongue,
 Submissive she obeys me ;
 She's truly better old than young,
 And still to smiling sways me ;
 Her Skin is smooth, Complexion black,
 And has a most delicious Smack ;
 Then kiss and never spare it,
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you her Excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir ;
 Clap your Hands about her Waist,
 And raise her up behind, Sir ;
 As for her Bottom never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out ;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

S O N G 252.

IN the Fields, in Frost and Snows,
 Watching late and early,
 There I kept my Father's Cows,
 There I milk'd 'em early :
 Booin' here, booin' there,
 Here a Boo, there a Boo, every-where a Boo.
 We defy all Care and Strife,
 In a charming Country Life.
 Then at home amongst the Fowls,
 Watching late and early,
 There I tend my Father's Owls,
 There I feed them early :

Whoist

Whooping here, whooping there,
Here a Whoo, there a Whoo, every-where a Whoo.

We defy all Care, &c.

When the Summer Fleeces heap,

Watching late and early,

Then I shear my Father's Sheep,

Then I keep them early :

Bacings here, bacing there,

Here a Bae, there a Bae, every-where a Bae.

We defy all Care, &c.

In the Morning, ere 'twas light,

In the Morning early,

There I met with my Delight,

Once he lov'd me dearly :

Wooing here, wooing there,

Here a Woo, there a Woo, every-where a Woo.

O ! how free from Care, &c.

Ere the Light came from above,

In the Morning early ;

There I met with my true Love,

There I met him early :

Wooing here, wooing there,

Here a Woo, there a Woo, every-where a Woo.

O ! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morn at Six o'Clock,

In the Morning early,

There I fed our Turkey-Cock,

There I fed him early :

Cou, cou, gobble, gobble, gobble,

Here a Cou, there a Cou, every-where a Cou.

O ! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morning near the Fens,

In the Morning early,

There I feed my Father's Hens,

There I feed them early :

Cackle here, cackle there,

Here a Cack, there a Cack, every-where a Cack.

O ! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morning w

In the Morning

I my Father's Du

In the Mornin

Quacking here, q

Here a Quack, th

O! how free fi

In the Morning

In the Morning

There I feed my

There I feed t

Grunting here, g

Here a Grunt, the

O! how free fi

Is a pleasant C

I Seek not at once

The Form of a

Let the Girl that

That tho' she decei

Be her Person not

Let her Temper be

By Folly, Ill-natur

Nor indebted to pa

May her Tongue, t

Be employ'd to del

Let her not be too

For Prudes I despise

May her Humour t

Not affectedly wise

Go find out the Fa

And I'll love her f

JOVE when he f

With wond ro

Forgot the Care o

And felt at last

And felt at last

Morning with good Speed,
 e Morning early,
 other's Ducks do feed,
 e Morning early :
 g here, quacking there,
 Quack, there a Quack, every-where a Quack.
 ow free from Care, &c.
 Morning fair and fine,
 e Morning early,
 feed my Father's Swine,
 e I feed them early :
 g here, grunting there,
 Grunt, there a Grunt, every-where a Grunt.
 ow free from Care and Strife,
 pleafant Country Life.

SONG 253.

not at once in a Female to find
 Form of a Venus with Pallas's Mind ;
 Girl that I love have but Prudence in view,
 o' she deceive, I may still think her true ;
 Person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean,
 Temper be cloudless and open her Mien ;
 y, Ill-nature nor Vanity led,
 ebted to paint---for white or for red.
 Tongue, that dread Weapon in most of the Sex,
 oy'd to delight us, and not to perplex ;
 not be too bold, nor frown a Jest,
 des I despise, and Coquets I detest :
 Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
 tedly wise, nor too pert with her Wit.
 out the Fair, that is form'd on my Plan,
 love her for ever---I mean, if I can.

SONG 254.

When he saw my Fanny's Face,
 h wondrous Passion mov'd,
 he Care of human Race,
 felt at last he lov'd,
 felt at last he lov'd.

Then

Then to the God of soft Desire,
 His Suit he thus addrest :
 I Fanny love, with mutual Fire
 O touch her tender Breast.
 I Fanny love, with mutual Fire
 O touch her tender Breast.
 Your Sighs are hopeless, Cupid cries,
 I lov'd the Maid before.
 What rival ! me the Pow'r replies,
 Whom Gods and Men adore.
 He grasp'd the Bolt, he shook the Springs,
 Of his imperial Throne ;
 While Cupid wav'd his rosy Wings,
 And in a Breath was gone.
 While Cupid, &c.
 O'er Earth and Seas the Godhead flew,
 But still no Shelter found ;
 For as he fled his Danger grew,
 And Light'ning flash'd around.
 And Light'ning, &c.
 At last his trembling Fear impels
 His Flight, to Fanny's Eyes ;
 Where happy, safe, and pleas'd he dwells,
 Nor minds his native Skies.
 Where happy, &c.

SONG 255.

IN my triumphant Chariot hurl'd
 I'll range around the World :
 'Tis I mad Tom drive all before me,
 While to my royal Throne I come ;
 Bow down, my Slaves, and adore me,
 Your Sovereign Lord, mad Tom.
 What, though the Sceptre that I bear,
 Is all but Dreams and Air ?
 I've the Pleasure of Crowns,
 Without the Care.
 And tho' I give Law
 From Beds of Straw,
 And dress'd in a tatter'd Robe ;
 A Madman can be
 More a Monarch than he
 That commands the Vassal Globe.

SONG

SONG 256.

I'M a Hole, tho' too narrow when first I am try'd,
Yet the Thing I was made for can stretch me out
wide :

Tho' at the first Entrance perhaps I may tease ye,
Soon after I commonly prove for to please ye.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'm long in my Shape, and my Depth can't be found,
But when I'm stretch'd open, my Form is more round;
Tho' I'm nothing but Mouth, yet no Teeth can you
find,

I am chiefly before, tho' I'm sometimes behind.

Derry down, &c.

And as for my Colour, if e'er you have seen,
The whimsical Coat of the Stage Harlequin;
It's white and its red, and it's black and its brown,
Not a Colour on that but on me may be found.

Derry down, &c.

Some whimsical Foo's, who quite bare chose to have me,
At Act in their Favour, petition'd there might be:
Then the K--g and the State took me into their Care,
And declar'd with one Voice they would choose me with
Hair.

Derry down, &c.

I was form'd in an instant, but was not compleat;
There was someth'g still wanting they found out not
yet :

Then the Members rose up, all like Creatures bewitch'd,
And cry'd, it's worth nothing, if 'tis not well stitch'd.

Derry down, &c.

To modest Folks Ears I would give no Offence;
Tho' the Meaning is double, you may draw from hence:
You may think what you will, but my Song's not ob-
scene,

For 'tis nought but a Button-Hole, troth that I mean.

Derry down, &c.

SONG 257.

I N the pleasant Month of May,
When the merry, merry Birds began to sing,
And the Blossoms fresh and gay
Usher'd in the welcome Spring;

When

When the long cold Winter's gone,
 And the bright enticing Moon,
 In the Evening sweetly shone :
 When the bonny Men and Maids tript it on the Grass ;
 At a jolly Country Fair,
 When the Nymphs in their best appear ;
 We resolv'd to be free, with a Fiddle and a She.
 Ev'ry Shepherd and his Lais.
 In the middle of the Sport,
 When the Fiddle went brisk, and the Glass went
 round,
 And the pretty gay Nymphs from Court,
 With their merry Feet beat the Ground ;
 Little Cupid arm'd unseen,
 With a Bow and Dart stole in,
 With a conqu'ring Air and Mien,
 And empty'd his Shaft thro' the Nymphs and Swains ;
 Ev'ry Shepherd and his Mate
 Soon felt their pleasing Fate,
 And longing to try in Enjoyment to die,
 Love reign'd o'er all the Plains.
 Now the sighing Swains gave o'er,
 And the weary'd Nymphs could dance no more ;
 There were other Thoughts that mov'd
 Ev'ry pretty kind Pair that lov'd :
 In the Woods the Shepherds lay,
 And mourn'd the Time away,
 And the Nymphs as well as they,
 Long'd to taste what it is that their Senses cloy ;
 Till at last by Consent of Eyes,
 Ev'ry Swain with his pretty Nymph flies,
 Ev'ry buxom She retires with her He,
 To act Love's solid Joys.

S O N G 258.

IN Tyburn Road a Man there liv'd,
 A just and honest Life,
 And there he might have lived still,
 If so had pleas'd his Wife.
 But she, to vicious Ways inclin'd,
 A Life most wicked led,
 With Taylors and with Tinkers too,
 She oft defil'd his Bed,

Full twice a-day to Church he went,
 And so devout would be,
 Sure never was a Saint on Earth,
 If that no Saint was he.

This vex'd his Wife unto the Heart,
 She was of Wrath so full,
 That finding no Hole in his Coat,
 She peck'd one in his Skull.

But then her Heart 'gan to relent,
 And griev'd she was full fore,
 That Quarter to him for to give,
 She cut him into four.

All in the dark and dead of Night,
 These Quarters she convey'd,
 And in a Ditch at Marybone,
 His Marrow-bones she laid.

His Head at Westminster she threw
 All in the Thames so wide;
 Says she, my Dear, the Wind sets fair,
 And you may have the Tide.

But Heav'n, whose Pow'r no Limit knows,
 On Earth, or on the Main,
 Soon caus'd his Head for to be thrown,
 Upon the Land again.

This Head being found, the Justices
 Their Heads together laid,
 And all agreed there must have been
 Some Body to this Head.

But since no Body could be found,
 High mounted on a Shelf,
 They e'en set up this Head to be
 A Witness for itself.

Next, that it no Self-murder was,
 The Case itself explains,
 For no Man could cut off his Head,
 And throw it in the Thames.

E'er many Days had gone and past,
 The Deed at length was known,
 And Kath'rine she confess'd at last,
 The Fact to be her own.

(213)

God prosper long our noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties ail,
And grant that we may take Advice
By Kath'rine Hays's Fall.

S O N G 259.

I N vain, dear Chloe, you suggest,
That I, inconstant, have possess'd,
And lov'd a fairer She :
Wou'd you with Ease at once be cur'd
Of all the ills you have long endur'd,
Consult your Glass and me.
If then you think, that I can find
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
You've Reason for your Fears :
But if impartial you will prove
To your own Beauty, and my Love,
How needless are your Tears !
If in my Way I should, by Chance,
Give or receive a wanton Glance,
I like but while I view :
How slight the Glance, how faint the Kiss,
Compar'd to that substantial Bliss,
Which I receive from you !
With wanton Flight the curious Bee,
From Flow'r to Flow'r still wanders free,
And where each Blossom blows,
Extracts the Juice from all he meets ;
But for his Quintessence of Sweets,
He ravishes the Rose.
So I, my Fancy to employ,
In each Variety of Joy,
From Nymph to Nymph do roam :
Perhaps see fifty in a Day ;
They're all but Visits which I pay,
For Chloe's still my own.

S O N G 260.

I N Winter when the Rain rain'd cauld,
And Frost and Snaw on ilka Hill,
And Boreas, with his Blasts sae hault,
Was threat'ning a' our Ky to kill :

Then

Then Bell my Wife, wha loves nae Strife,
She said to me right hastily.

Get up, Goodman, save Cromie's Life,
And tauk your auld Cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful Cow,
And she is come of a good Kyne ;

Aft has she wet the Bairn's Mow,
And I am laith that she should tyne ;

Get up, Goodman, it is fou Time,
The Sun shines in the Lift sue hie ;

Sloth never made a gracious End,
Go tauk your auld Cloak about you.

My Cloak was anes a good gray Cloak,
When it was fitting for my Wear ;

But now it's scanty worth a Great,
For I have worn't this thirty Year ;

Let's spend the Gear that we have won,
We little ken the Day we'll die :

Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new Cloak about me.

In Days when our King Robert rang,
His Trews they cost but half a Crown ;

He said they were a Great o'er dear,
And call'd the Taylor Thief and Leen.

He was the King that a Crown,
And thou the Man of laigh Degree :

'Tis Pride puts a' the Country down,
Sae talk thy auld Cloak about thee.

Every Land has its ain Laugh,
Ilk Kind of Corn it has its Hool ;

I think the World is a' run wrang,
When ilka Wife her Man wad rule ;

Do you not see, Rob, Jock, and Habb,
As they are girded gallantly,

While I sit hurk~~len~~ in the Ase ;
I'll have a new Cloak about me.

Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty Years,
Since we did ane anither ken ;

And we have had between us twa,
Of Lads and bonny Lasses ten :

Now th
I wi
And if
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Sir

Now they are Women grown and Men,
 I wish and pray well may they be ;
 And if you prove a good Husband,
 Een tak your auld Cloak about ye.

Bell my Wife, she loves na Strife ;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy Life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm Goodman
 Nought's to be won at Woman's Hand,
 Unless you give her a' the Plea ;
 Then I'll leave a' where I began,
 And tak my auld Cloak about me.

SONG 261.

I N yonder Town their wons a May,
 Snaik and perfyte as can be ony,
 She is fae jump, fae gamp, fae gay,
 Sae capernoyte, and fae bonny :
 She has been woo'd and loo'd by Mony,
 But she was very ill to win ;
 She wadna hae him except he were bonny :
 Tho' he were ne'er fae noble a-kin.

Her bonnynefs has been foreseen
 In ilka Town both far and near,
 And when she kirns her minny's kirk
 She rubs her Face till it grows clear ;
 But when her minny she did perceive
 Sic great iniack amang the Butter,
 Shame fa' that filthy Face of thine,
 'Tis crifa that gars your grunzie glitter.
 There's Dunkyson, Davyson, Robie Carniel,
 The Lafs with the Pettrcoat dances right well,
 Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrom, Stony,
 Ann ye dance ony mair, we'll tell mefs Johny.

SONG 262.

J Ockie met with Jenny fair
 Aft by the Dawning of the Day ;
 But Jockie now is fu' of Care,
 Since Jenny staw his Heart amay :

Altho'

Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has, alake! unkind,
 Which gars poor Jockie often rue,
 That e'er he loo'd a fickle Mind.
 And it's o'er the Hills and far away,
 It's o'er the Hills and far away,
 It's o'er the Hills and far away,
 The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.
 Now Jockie was a bonny Lad,
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
 But now, poor Man, he's e'en gane wood,
 Since Jenny has gart him Despair.
 Young Jocky was a Piper's Son
 And fell in Love when he was young;
 But a' the Springs that he could play,
 Was o'er the Hills and far away,
 And it's o'er the Hills, &c.
 He sung---When first my Jenny's Face
 I saw, she seem'd so fu' of Grace,
 With meikle Joy my Heart was fill'd,
 That's now, alas! with Sorrow kill'd;
 Oh! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an End to my Despair.
 Instead of that, she is unkind,
 And wavers like the Winter Wind.
 And it's o'er the Hills, &c.
 Ah! could she find the dismal Wae,
 That for her Sake I undergae,
 She couldna chuse but grant Relief,
 But put an End to a' my Grief;
 But oh! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my Sighs and Care;
 But she triumphs in proud Disdain,
 And takes a Pleasure in my Pain.
 And it's o'er the Hills, &c.
 Hard was my Hap to fa' in Love
 With ane that does sae faithless prove;
 Hard was my Fate to court a Maid,
 That has my constant Heart betray'd:

A thou-

A thousand Times to me she swore,
 She wou'd be true for evermair;
 But to my Grief, alake! I say,
 She staw my Heart, and ran away.

And it's o'er the Hills, &c.
 Since that she will nae Pity take,
 I mun gae wander for her Sake,
 And in ilk Wood and gloomy Grove,
 I'll sighing sing, adieu to Love;
 Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a Woman more;
 Fra' a' their Charms I'll flee away,
 And on my Pipe I'll sweetly play,
 O'er the Hills and Dales, and far away,

Out o'er the Hills, and far away,
 Out o'er the Hills, and far away,
 The Wind has blown my Plaid away.

S O N G 263.

Jockie said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?
 Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my Tocher-good,
 For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
 E'ens ye like, quo' Johnny, ye may let be.
 I ha' Goud and Gear, I ha' Land enough,
 I ha' seven good Owsen ganging in a Pleugh,
 Ganging in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the Lee,
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.
 I ha' a good Ha'-House, a Barn and a Byer,
 A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire;
 I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall we be,
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.
 Jeany said to Jockie, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell.
 Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.

S O N G 264.

Jockie was a dowdy Lad,
 And Jemmie swarth and tawny:
 They my Heart no Captive made,
 For that was Prize to Sawnie.

T

Jockie

Jeckie wees, and sighs and fues,
 And Jemmie offers Money ;
 Weel I see they both love me,
 But I love only Sawnie.

Jeckie high his Voice can raise,
 And Jemmie tunes the Viol ;
 But when Sawnie pipes sweet Lays,
 My Heart kens no Denial.
 One, he sings, and t'other's Strings,
 Tho' sweet, yet only tease me :
 Sawnie's Flute can only do't,
 And pipe a Tune to please me.

SONG 265.

Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses,
 Noble Deeds are done by Wine ;
 Scorn the Nymph and all her Graces,
 Who'd for Love or Beauty pine ?
 Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand Charms you'll find,
 More than Phillis has, tho' going
 In a Moment to be kind.

Alexander hated Thinking,
 Drank about at Council-board :
 He subdu'd the World by Drinking,
 More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

SONG 264.

Jolly Roger, Twangdillo of Plowden-Hill,
 In Chest had two Thousand good Pound,
 Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd,
 And a hundred good Acres of Ground ;
 Which made ev'ry Maiden with Maidenhead laden,
 And Widows tho' just set free,
 To wrangle and fret, and pump up their Wit
 To train to the Net, Twangdillo, Twangdillo,
 Twangdee.

The first that brake Ice was a Lads that had been
 Born of a good House, but decay'd ;
 Her Gown was new dy'd, and her Nightrail clean,
 And to sing and talk French had been bred ;

She'd

She'd dance Northern Nancy,
 Talk, Parlez vous Francois?
 That Hodge might her Breeding see;
 She'd roll her black Eye,
 Breathe short with a Sigh,
 Where'er she came nigh, Twangdillo, Twang, &c.
 The next was a Sempstrefs of Stature low,
 That fancy'd she wanted a Male;
 Her Hair as black as an autumn Sloe,
 And hard as a Coach-Horse's Tail:
 She'd ogle and wheedle,
 And prick with her Needle;
 What d'ye lack? what d'ye buy? cry'd she;
 But now her brisk Tone
 Is chang'd to a Groan,
 Ah! pity my Moan, Twangdillo, Twang, &c.
 A musty old Chambermaid, lean and tall,
 The next as a Suitor appears;
 With a Tongue loud and shrill, but no Teeth at all,
 For Time had drawn them many Years;
 Cast Gowns, and such Lumber,
 Old Smocks without Number,
 She bragg'd should her Dowry be:
 Forty Pair of lac'd Shoes,
 Ribbons Green, Red, and Blues;
 But all wou'd not noose, Twangdillo, &c.
 The next was a Lass of a Popish Strain,
 That Jesuit Whims had been taught;
 She bragg'd they should soon have King J---s again,
 Tho' her Spouse was late hang'd for the Plot;
 The French wou'd come over,
 And land here at Dover,
 And all as they wish'd would be;
 The Jacobite Jade
 Talk'd as if she was mad,
 In hopes to have had, Twangdillo, Twang, &c.
 A Vintner's fat Widow then straight was view'd,
 Whose Cuckold had pick'd up some Pelf;
 He had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he'd
 brew'd,
 And lately had poison'd himself.

With

With Bumpers of Claret,
 No Soufe paying for it,
 He'd Roger's Companion be ;
 Strike Fift on the Beard,
 Huzza was the Word,
 Come kifs me, ador'd, Twangdillo, Twang, &c.
 But Roger refolv'd not to be her Man,
 And fo gave a Loofe to the next,
 The Niece of a canting blear ey'd Non-con,
 That ftiffly cou'd canvafs a Text :
 A Dame of Cheapfide too,
 Wou'd fain be his Bride too,
 And make him of London free ;
 But no Lafs wou'd down,
 In Country or Town,
 So Purfe-proud was grown, Twangdillo, &c.
 'Till at laft pretty Nancy, a Farmer's Joy,
 That newly a milking had been ;
 Round-fac'd, cherry-check'd, with a fmirking Eye,
 Came tripping it over the Green :
 She mov'd like a Goddeffs,
 And in her lac'd Bodice
 A Span ſhe cou'd hardly be ;
 Her Lips were plump grown,
 And her Hair a dark Brown ;
 'Twas ſhe that brought down, Twangdillo, &c.

SONG 267.

JOY to great Cæſar,
 Long Life, Love and Pleaſure,
 'Tis a Health that divine is,
 Fill your Glaſs full as mine is :
 Let none fear a Fever,
 But take it off thus, Boys ;
 Let the King live for ever,
 'Tis no Matter for us, Boys.
 Try all the Loyal,
 Deſp' all, give Denial,
 Sure none thinks his Glaſs too big here,
 Nor any Prig near,
 Or ſneaking Whig here

Of Cripple Tony's Crew,
That now looks blue,
His Heart akes too,
The Tap won't do,
His Zeal so true,
And Projects new,

Ill Fate does now pursue.

Let Tories guard the King,
Let Whigs in Halter swing,
Let Pils and Shute be sham'd;
Let bugg'ring Oates be damn'd;
Let cheating Play'rs be nick'd,
The Turn-coat Scribe be kick'd,
Let Rebel City Dones

Ne'er beget their Sons,
Let every Whiggish Peer
That rapes a Lady fair,
And leaves his only Dear
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,
Be punish'd out of Hand,
And forc'd to pawn his Land,
T'atone the grand Affair.

Great Charles, like Jehovah,
Spares Foes would unking him,
And warms with his Graces

The Vipers that sting him.
'Till crown'd with just Anger

The Rebel he seizes;
Thus Heaven can thunder

Whenever it pleases.

Then to the Duke fill fill up the Glafs,
The Son of our Martyr, below d of the King:

Envy'd and lov'd,

Yet blest'd from above,

Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wing.

Faction and Folly,

And State Melancholy,

With Tony in Whigland for ever shall dwell;

Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty,

Then teach us our Duty,

For none e'er can love, or be wise, and rebel.

JOY to the Bridegroom! fill the Sky
 With pleasing Sounds of welcome Joy :
 Joy to the Bride, may lasting Bliss,
 And every Day still prove like this.
 Never were Marriage Joys Divine,
 But where two constant Hearts combine ;
 He that proves false, himself doth cheat,
 Like sick Men tastes, but cannot eat.
 What is a Maidenhead ? ah what ?
 Of which weak Feels so often prate ?
 'Tis the young Virgin's Pride and Beast,
 Yet never was found but when 'twas lost.
 Fill me a Glass then to the Brink,
 And its Confusion here I'll drink ;
 And he that baulks the Health I nam'd,
 May he die young, and then be blam'd.

SONG 269.

IS there a Charm, ye Pow'rs above,
 To ease a wounded Breast ?
 Thro' Reason's Glass to look at Love,
 To wish and yet to rest.
 Let Wisdom boast, 'tis all in vain,
 An Empire o'er the Mind ;
 'Tis Beauty, Beauty holds the Chain,
 And triumphs o'er Mankind.
 Thrice happy Birds, who on the Spray
 Unartful Notes prolong :
 Your feather'd Mates reward the Lay,
 And yield to pow'rful Song.
 By Nature fierce without controul,
 The human savage ran ;
 'Till Verse refin'd the stubborn Soul,
 And civilized the Man.
 Verse turns aside the Tyrant's rage,
 And cheers the drooping Slave ;
 It wins a Smile from hoary Age,
 And disappoints the Grave.

The Force of Numbers must succeed,
 And sooth each other Ear ;
 Tho' my fond Cause should Phæbus plead,
 He'll find a Daphne here.

Did Heav'n such wond'rous Gifts produce.
 To curse our wretched Race ;
 Say, must we all the Heart accuse,
 And yet approve the Face ?
 Thus in the Sun, bedrop'd with Gold,
 The basking Adder lies ;
 The Swain admires each shining Fold,
 Is charm'd, is stung, and dies.

S O N G 270.

Itinerants we are, and merrily agree,
 There's ne'er a Club, around the Globe, more happy
 are and free ;

Antiquity's our Boast, of mighty ancient Fame,
 Nor Bourbon nor Nassau from longer Date can claim.

Antiquity's our Boast, &c.

Our Founder, great Adam, in Eden's blissful Bowers,
 Itinerant he was, so sooth'd the passing Hours ;
 From him the ab Origine, none can our Title blame,
 Then let all due Respects be paid--Itinerant's the Name.
 From him the ab Origine, &c.

And Travelling is good, as learned Doctors tell us,
 It openeth the Lungs, which are the human Bellows,
 It causes good Digestion, and that's the Cause of Health,
 And Health's the Sauce of Life, without it what is
 Wealth ?

It causes good Digestion, &c.

On Saturdays we meet, when down the Western Hill,
 The blushing God from Thetis takes a handsome Swill ;
 We follow his Example, tho' do a little differ ;
 He topes the briny Ocean, but we tope better Liquor.

We follow his Example, &c.

Our Principle is Monarchy, no other Schemes advance ;
 And hope that the Republican will never lead the
 Dance ;

That Hydra-headed Monster, whose rigid iron Claws,
 Where'er they fasten on us, the vital Crimson draws.

That Hydra-headed Monster, &c.

We

We drink the Church and King, the Queen and Royal
Line,
Old England and old Trade, that they may ever shine;
And then the closing Health comes on, with very decent
Pride,
And so we drink our Mistresses, our Wives, and Fire-
side.

And then the closing Health, &c.

The Wine, in Moderation, thus cordially we take,
Exhilarate our Friendship, and farther Friendships make.
The Scythe-God is delighted when we together come,
To hear our Songs, and Mirth and Joys, all echo round
the Room.

The Scythe-God, &c.

Sic itur ad Astra, our Motto's very good,
Thus mounting to the Stars we wou'd be understood;
For there the jocund Orbs immensely travel round,
And infinite Itinerants most beautiful are found.
For there the jocund Orbs, &c.

S O N G 271.

KInd Heav'n no Peace to the Perjur'd allows,
In Fate's gloomy Book keeps account of all Vows;
And Jove that does view both the false and the true,
Knows who kept their Promise, and who deceiv'd who,
Will swear by the Skies, and Ganymede's Eyes,
No Woman that mingles Affection with Art,
And here in the Farce of the World plays a Part,
Shall ever hereafter, shall ever hereafter,
Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart,
Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart.

S O N G 272.

Lady sweet, now do not frown,
Nor in Anger call me Clown;
For your Servant Joan may prove
Like yourself, as deep in Love;
And as absolute a Bit,
Man's sweet liquorish Tooth to fit.

The Smock alone the Difference makes,
'Cause your's is spun of finer Flax.

What avails the Name of Madam ?
 Came not all from Father Adam ?
 Where does one exceed the other ?
 Was not Eve our common Mother ?
 Then what odds 'twixt you and Joan ?
 Truly in my Judgment, none.
 The Smock, &c.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
 Skin and Sinews ; so is Joan ;
 Joan's a Piece for a Man to bore
 With his Whimble ; you're no more.
 When what odds, &c.

It is not your flaunting Tires
 Are the Cause of Men's Desires ;
 They're other Darts which Lust pursue,
 Those Joan has as well as you.
 Then, &c.

What care we for glorious Lights,
 Women are used in the Nights,
 And in the Night, in Women-kind,
 Kings and Clowns like Sport do find.
 Then, &c.

Where there's two in Bed together,
 There's not a Pin to chuse 'twixt either :
 Both have Eyes, and both have Lips ;
 Both have Thighs, and both have Hips.
 Then, &c.

When your Hands put out the Candle,
 And you at last begin to handle,
 Then you go about to do,
 What you should be done unto.
 Then, &c.

Who can but in Conscience say,
 Fie, fie, for Shame away, away,
 Putting Finger in the Eye,
 Till you have a fresh Supply.
 Then, &c.

SONG 273.

[Adies, tho' to your conquering Eyes
 Love owes his chiefest Victories,

And

And borrows those bright Arms from you,
 With which he does the World subdue :
 Yet you yourselves are not above
 The Empire, nor the Griefs, of Love.

Then wrack not Lovers with Disdain,
 Lest Love on you revenge their Pain ;
 You are not free because y'are Fair.
 The Boy did not his Mother spare.
 Beauty's but an offensive Dart ;
 It is no Armour for the Heart.

SONG 274.

Ladies, why doth Love torment you ?
 Cannot I your Grief remove ?
 Is there none that can content you
 With the sweet Delights of Love ?

O no, no, no, no : O no, no, no, no, no,
 no, no.

Beauty in perfect Measure,
 Hath the Love and Wish of all :
 Dear, then shall I wait the Pleasure
 That commands my Heart and all ?
 O no, &c.

If I grieve, and you can ease me,
 Will you be so fiercely bent :
 Having wherewithal to please me,
 Must I still be discontent ?
 O no, &c.

If I am your faithful Servant,
 And my Love does still remain,
 Will you think it ill deserved,
 To be favour'd for my Pain ?
 O no, &c.

If I should then but crave a Favour,
 Which your Lips invite me to ;
 Will you think it ill Behaviour,
 Thus to steal a Kiss or two ?
 O no, &c.

All-amazing Beauty's Wonder,
 May I presume your Breast to touch ?
 Or to feel a little under,
 Will you think I do too much ?
 O no, &c.

Once more, Fairest, let me try ye,
 Now my Wish is fully sped,
 If all Night I would lie by ye,
 Shall I be refus'd your Bed ?
 O no, &c.

S O N G 275.

LAST Sunday at St. James's Pray'rs,
 The Prince and Princess by,
 I, dress'd in all my Whale-bone Airs,
 Sat in a Closet nigh.
 I bow'd my Knees, I held my Book,
 Read all the Answers o'er ;
 But was prevented by a Look,
 Which pierc'd me from the Door.
 High Thoughts of Heav'n I came to use,
 With the devoutest Care,
 Which gay young Strephon made me lose,
 And all the Raptures there.
 He went to hand me to my Chair,
 And bow'd with courtly Grace ;
 But whisper'd Love into mine Ear,
 Too warm for that grave Place.
 Love, Love, said he, by all ador'd,
 My tender Heart has won :
 But I, grown peevish at the Word,
 Desir'd he might be gone.
 He went quite out of Sight, while I
 A kinder Answer meant ;
 Nor did I for my Sins, that Day,
 By half so much repent.

S O N G 276.

LAY by your Pleading,
 The Law lies a bleeding,
 Burn all your Studies down, and throw away your
 Reading ; Small

Small Power the Word has,
 And doth afford us,
 Not half so many Privileges as the Sword does ;
 It fosters our Masters,
 It plaisters Disasters,
 And makes the Servants, quickly greater than their
 It ventures, it enters, [Masters;
 It circles, it centres,
 And sets a Prentice free from his Indentures.
 This takes up all Things,
 And sets up small Things ;
 This masters Money, tho' Money masters all Things.
 It's not in Season
 To talk of Reason,
 Or count it Loyalty, when the Sword will have it
 This conquers a Crown too, [Treason:
 The Cloak and the Gown too ;
 This sets up a Presbyter, and this doth pull him down
 This subtle Deceiver, [too ;
 Turn'd Bonnet into Beaver,
 Down drops a Bishop, and up steps a Weaver.
 It's this makes a Layman
 To preach and to pray Man ;
 And this made a Lord of him, which was before :
 For from this dull Pit, [Drayman:
 Of Saxbey's full Pit,
 This brought a holy Ironmonger to the Pulpit :
 No Gospel can guide it,
 No Law can decide it,
 No Church or State can debate it,
 'Till the Sword hath sanctify'd it ;
 Such pitiful Things be
 Happier than Kings be,
 This brought in the Heraldry of Thimbleby and
 Down goes the Law-trix, [Slingby.
 For from this Matrix
 Sprung holy Hewson's Power, and tumbl'd down St.
 It batter'd the Gun-kirk [Patrick's ;
 So did it the Dum-kirk,
 That he is fled, and gone to the Devil in Dunkirk.

In Scotland this Watter
 Did work such Disaster,
 This brought the Money back for which they sold their
 This frighted the Flemming, [Master :
 And made him so befeeming,
 That he never doth think of his lost Lands redeeming.
 But he that can tower,
 Over him that his lower,
 Would be counted but a Fool to give away his Power ;
 Take Books and rent them,
 Who would invent them,
 When as the Sword replies, Negatur Argumentum :
 The grand College Butlers
 Must vail to the Sutlers,
 There's not a Library like to the Cutlers ;
 The Blood that is spilt, Sir,
 Hath gain'd all the Guilt, Sir, [Sir.
 Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the Hilt,

SONG 277.

LET us revel and roar, let us revel and roar,
 The whole World is our Store,
 And the Gods they will add to our Pleasure ;
 While we wallow all Night,
 In an unknown Delight,
 Till Aurora discovers our Treasure.
 Thus we're free from all Care, thus we're free from all
 From Taxes and War, [Care,
 And we know not the Name of dull Sorrow ;
 Every Purse is our Prey,
 Which we spend in one Day,
 And we never take Thought for the Morrow.
 Let us never repine, let us never repine,
 Brisk Women and Wine
 Make the Brims of our Lives to flow over ;
 We'll leave the how and the what
 To the politick Sot,
 And the Whine to the Fool of a Lover.

SONG 278.

LET me wander not unseen,
 By Hedge-rows, Elms, or Hillocks green ;
 U Where

Where the Plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land ;
Where the Plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land.

There the Milkmaid, singing blithe,
And the Mower whets his Scythe,
And every Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Dale ;
And every Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

S O N G 279.

He. **L**ET Rakes for Pleasure range the Town,
Or Misers doat on golden Guineas,
Let Plenty smile, or Fortune frown,

The Sweets of Love are mine and Jenny's,
Mine and Jenny's, mine and Jenny's,
The Sweets of Love are mine and Jenny's.

Sbc. Let wanton Maids indulge Desire,
How soon the fleeting Pleasure gone is !

The Joys of Virtue never tire,
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's,
Mine and Johnny's, &c.

He. Together let us sport and play,
Sbc. And live in Pleasure where no Sin is :

He. The Priest shall tie the Knot To-day,

Sbc. And Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's,
Johnny Jenny's, &c.

Sbc. Together let us sport and play,
And live in Pleasure where no Sin is :

The Priest shall tie the Knot To-day,
And Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's,
Johnny Jenny's, &c.

He. Together let us, &c.

He. Let roving Swains young Hearts invade,
The Pleasure ends in Shame and Folly ;

So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd,
The poor believing, simple Molly,
Simple Molly, &c.

She. So Lucy lov'd and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmless Maids who marry,
But now she finds her Shepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithless Harry,
Faithless Harry, &c.

He. But we'll together, &c.

Pe. By cooling Streams our Flocks we'll feed,
And leave Deceit for Knaves and Ninnies;
Or fondly stray where Love shall lead,
And every Joy be mine and Jenny's,
Mine and Jenny's, &c.

She. Let Guilt the faithless Bosom freight,
The constant Heart is always bonny;
Content and Peace, and sweet Delight,
And Love shall live with me and Johnny,
Me and Johnny, &c.

Et. Together then we'll sport, &c.

S O N G 280.

Lave Kindred and Friends, sweet Betty,
Leave Kindred and Friends for me;

Assured thy Servant is steady,
To Love, to Honour, and thee.

The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
May fly by Chance, as they came;
They're Grounds the Destinies sport on,
But Virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my Fancy were roving,
Thy Charms so heav'nly appear,
That other Beauties disproving,
I'd worship thee only, my Dear.
And should Life's Sorrow embitter
The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves,
To share them together is fitter,
Than moan asunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
To grasp my Love in my Arms!
By thee to be grasp'd! and killed!
And live on thy Heaven of Charms!

I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
Should Fortune capricious prove ;
Tho' Death should tear me to Pieces,
I'd die a Martyr to Love.

S O N G 281.

LET a Set of sober Affes
Rail against the Joys of Drinking,
While Water, Tea,
And Milk agree,
To set cold Brains a thinking :
Power and Wealth,
Beauty, Health,
Wit and Mirth, in Wine are crown'd ;
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found,
Only where the Glass goes round.
The ancient Sects on Happiness,
All differ'd in Opinion,
But wiser Rules
Of modern Schools,
In Wine fix her Dominion :
Power and Wealth, &c.
Wine gives the Lover Vigour,
Makes glow the Cheeks of Beauty,
Makes Poets write,
And Soldiers fight,
And Friendship do its Duty :
Power and Wealth, &c.
Wine was the only Helicon,
Whence Poets are long-liv'd so ;
'Twas no other Main,
Than brisk Champagne,
Whence Venus was deriv'd too :
Power and Wealth, &c.
When Heav'n in Pandora's Box
All kind of Ill had sent us,
In a merry Mood,
A Bottle of Good
Was cork'd up, to content us :
Power and Wealth, &c.

All Virtues Wine is Nurſe to,
 Of ev'ry Vice Deſtroyer;
 Gives Dullards Wit,
 Makes juſt the Cit,
 Truth forces from the Lawyer:
 Power and Wealth, &c.

Wine ſets our Joys a flowing,
 Our Care and Sorrow drowning.
 Who rails at the Bowl,
 Is a Turk in's Soul,
 And a Chriſtian ne'er ſhou'd own him:
 Power and Wealth, &c.

SONG 282.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind,
 Thou wer't born o'er Men to reign;
 Not to follow Flocks deſign'd,
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
 Thou on Neck of Kings ſhalt tread;
 Joys in Circles, Joys ſhall meet.
 Which Way e'er thy Fancy lead.

Let not Toil of Empire fright,
 Toils of Empire Pleaſure are;
 Thou ſhalt only know Delight,
 All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
 For the Bleſſing I beſtow:
 Joyful I'll aſcend the Skies,
 Happy thou ſhalt reign below.

SONG 283.

LET Begging no longer be taunted,
 If honeſt and free from Offence;
 Were each Man to beg what he wanted,
 How many would Beggars commence!
 Grave Churchmen might beg for more Grace,
 Young Soldiers for Courage might call;
 And many that beg for a Penſion or Place,
 Might beg for ſome Merit withal.

LET Burgundy flow,
 Let the Glafs run o'er, let the Glafs run o'er, Boys,
 To cure all our Woe,
 Let the Glafs run o'er the Brim;
 Though Anna is gone,
 Think of her no more, think of her no more, Boys,
 Great George now comes on,
 Teast away your Bumpers to him:
 Tho' the Feuds are so big,
 'Twixt the Tory and Whig,
 That the Mischiefs pursuing prov'd almost our Ruin:
 Like a Prophet I know,
 'Twill be no more so,
 We've a King will unite now both High Church and
 Low.

And now your Hand's in,
 Fill it up again, fill it up again, Boys,
 To all these brave Men,
 Who their Hate to Lorraine bear strong,
 Who, frantick with Pride,
 Boldly durst defend the Pretender;
 And if I'm not wide,
 Will be sure to pay for't e're long,
 Now a Glafs let us have
 To the Catalans brave,
 Who held out with Glory, not equal'd in Story:
 For not Cæsar in Gaul,
 Nor the great Hannibal,
 E'er equal'd their Chief with a Number so small.

S O N G 235.

LET Jug in Smiles be ever seen,
 And kind as when our Loves begun,
 And be my Pastures ever green,
 And new Crops spring when Harvest's done:
 My Cattle thrive, and still be fat,
 And I my Wish shall find in that.
 O let my Table furnish'd be
 With good fat Beef and Bacon too,
 And nappy Ale be ever free
 To Strangers that do come and go.

My Yards with Poultry and with Swine
Well stor'd, and eke my Ponds with Fish,
My Barns well cramm'd with Hay and Grain,
And I shall have my Wish in this.

Let me in Peace and Quiet live,
Free from all Discontent and Strife;
And know from whom I all receive,
And lead a homely harmless Life.
Be neat in home-spun Cloathing clad;
And still to add to all my Bliss,
My Children train i'the Fear of God:
And this is all on Earth I wish.

S O N G 286.

LET Matters of State
Disquiet the Great,
The Cobler has nought to perplex him;
H'has nought but his Wife,
To ruffle his Life,
And her he can strap if she vex him.
He's out of the Pow'r
Of Fortune that Whore,
Since, low as he can be, she has thrust him:
From Duns he's secure,
For being so poor,
There's none to be found that will trust him.

S O N G 287.

LET the daring Adventurers be toils'd on the Main,
And for Riches no Danger decline;
Tho' with Hazard the Spoils of both Indies they gain,
They can bring us no Treasure like Wine:
Tho' with Hazard, &c.
Enough of such Wealth would a Beggar enrich,
And supply great Wants in a King:
'Twould smooth off the Grief of a comfortless Wretch,
And inspire weeping Captives to sing:
'Twould smooth, &c.
There's none that groans under a burthenome Life,
If this sovereign Balsam he gains,
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Rags and Diseases and Chains:
This will make, &c.

It

It swells all his Veins with a kind purple Flood,
 And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind ;
 There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good Blood,
 And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd :
 There's no Peasant, &c.

There's nothing our Hearts with such Joy can bewitch,
 For on Earth 'tis a Pow'r that's divine ;
 Without it we're wretched, tho' never so rich ;
 Nor is any Man poor that has Wine :
 Without it, &c.

SONG 238.

LET the dreadful Engines of eternal Will,
 The Thunder roar, and crooked Lightning kill,
 My Rage is hot, is hot, is hot as theirs, as fatal, too,
 And dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid Execu-
 tion do.

Or let the frozen North its Rancour show,
 Within my Breast far, far greater Tempests grow,
 Despair's more cold, more cold than all the Winds can
 Can nothing, can nothing warm me, [blow.
 Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes ;
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes ;
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,
 there, there, there, there, there, Ætna
 there, there, there, there, there, Vesuvio lies,
 To furnish Hell with Flames, that mounting, mounting,
 reach the Skies.

Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
 Can nothing, can nothing warm me ?
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes.
 Ye Pow'rs I did but use her Name,
 And see how all the Meteors flame ;
 Blue Lightning flashes round the Court of Sol,
 And now the Globe more fiercely burns.
 Than once at Phaeton's Fall.

Ah, ah, where, where are now,
 Where are now those flow'ry Groves,

Where

Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play ;
 Ah, where are now, where are now,
 Where are now those flow'ry Groves,
 Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play ;
 Where guarded by a Troop of Loves,
 The fair, the fair Lucinda sleeping lay,
 There sung the Nightingale and Lark,
 Around us all was sweet and gay,
 We ne'er grew sad till it grew dark,
 Nor nothing fear'd but short'ning Day.
 I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with Hate,
 Why must I burn, why must I burn,
 Why must I burn for this Ingrate ?
 Why, why must I burn for this Ingrate ?
 Cool, cool it then, cool it then, and rail,
 Since nothing, nothing will prevail,
 When a Woman Love pretends,
 'Tis but till she gains her Ends,
 And for better and for worse,
 Is for Marrow of the Purse ;
 Where she jilts you o'er and o'er,
 Proves a Slattem or a Whore,
 This Hour will teaze, will teaze and vex,
 And will cuckold you the next ;
 They were all contriv'd in Spight,
 And to torment us, not delight,
 But to scold, to scold, to scratch and bite,
 And not one of them proves right,
 But all, all are Witches, by this Light,
 And so I fairly bid 'em, and the World, good Night ;
 Good Night, good Night, good Night,
 Good Night, good Night.

SONG 289.

LET us drink and be merry,
 Dance, joke, and rejoice,
 With Claret and Cherry,
 Theorbo and Voice ;
 The changeable World
 To our Joys is unjust,
 All Treasure's uncertain,
 Then down with your Dust :

In Frolicks dispose
 Your Pounds, Shillings, and Pence,
 For we shall be nothing
 An hundred Years hence.
 We'll kits and be free
 With Moil, Betty, and Nelly,
 Have Oysters and Lobsters,
 And Maids by the Belly :
 Fish Dinners will make
 A Lase spring like a Flea,
 Dame Venus (Love's Goddess)
 Was born of the Sea :
 With Bacchus and with her
 We'll tickle the Sense,
 For we shall be past it
 An hundred Years hence.
 Your most beautiful Bit,
 That hath all Eyes upon her,
 That her Honesty sells
 For a Hautgoust of Honour ;
 Whose Lightness and Brightneis
 Doth shine in such Splendor,
 That none but the Stars
 Are thought fit to attend her :
 Tho' now she be pleasant,
 And sweet to the Sense,
 Will be damnable mouldy
 An hundred Years hence.
 The Usurer that
 In the Hundred takes Twenty,
 Who wants in his Wealth,
 And pines in his Plenty :
 Lays up for a Season
 Which he shall ne'er see,
 The Year one Thousand
 Eight Hundred and Three :
 His Wit and his Wealth,
 His Learning, and Sense,
 Shall be all turned to nothing
 An hundred Years hence.

Your

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Your Chancery Lawyers,
 Whose Subtilty thrives,
 In spinning out Suits
 To the Length of three Lives ;
 Such Suits which the Clients
 Do wear out in Slavery,
 Whilst Pleader makes Conscience
 A Cloak for his Knav'ry :
 May boast of his Subtilty
 In the present Tense,
 But they'll be non est inventus
 An hundred Years hence.
 Then why should we turmoile
 In Cares and in Fears,
 Turn all our Tranquility
 To Sighs and to Tears ?
 Let's eat, drink, and play,
 'Till the Worms do corrupt us,
 'Tis certain post mortem
 Nulla voluptas :
 Let's deal with our Damsels,
 That we may from thence,
 Have Brats to succeed us
 An hundred Years hence.

S O N G 290.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glasses,
 Madnefs 'tis for us to think
 How the World is rul'd by Asses,
 And the Wise are sway'd by Chink.
 Let not such vain Thoughts oppress us,
 Riches are to them a Snare :
 We are all as rich as Cræsus,
 Drink away, and drive off Care.
 Wine will make us fresh as Roses,
 And our Sorrows quite forget ;
 Come let's fuddle all our Noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of Debt.
 When grim Death is looking for us,
 We're carousing o'er our Bowls,
 Bacchus joining in the Chorus,
 Cries, Death be gone, here's none but Souls.

God-

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling Death away shall fly,
Ever after understanding,
Drinking Souls can never die.

SONG 291.

LIFE is chequer'd---Toil and Pleasure
Fill up all the various Measure :
See the Crew in Flannel Jerkins,
Drinking, toping Flip by Firkins ;
And as they raise the Tip
To their happy Lip,
On the Deck is heard no other Sound,
But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
Let the Can go round.

CHORUS.

Then hark to the Boatswain's Whistle, Whistle,
Then hark to the Boatswain's Whistle, Whistle, Bustle,
My Boys, let us stir, let us toil, [Bustle:
But let's drink all the while,
For Labour's the Price of our Joys,
For Labour's, &c.

Life is chequer'd---Toil and Pleasure
Fill up all the various Measure :
Hark the Crew with Sun-burnt Faces
Chanting Black-eyed Susan's Graces :
And as they raise their Notes
Thro' their rusty Throats,
On the Deck, &c.
Life is chequer'd---Toil and Pleasure
Fill up all the various Measure :
Hark the Crew their Cares discarding,
With Huddicap, or with Chuck-farthing :
Still in merry Pin,
Let 'em lose or win,
On the Deck, &c.

SONG 292.

Lasco found Damon lying
In Tears upon the Plain ;
And laughing at his crying,
Encreas'd poor Damon's Pain.

Cries Damon, Mortal, fly me,
 Or by the Pow'r divine,
 Cries Linco, don't defy me,
 And shews a Flask of Wine.
 This---foolish, pining Lover,
 Will teach thee how to storm,
 Thy Gaiety recover,
 And make the Maids grow warm;
 Come prithee, Damon, try it,
 'Tis sov'reign, prithee do;
 Damon cou'd not deny it,
 He drank full Bumpers too.
 Soon Damon felt the Liquor,
 His Cheeks grew rosy red;
 Then Linco fill'd out quicker,
 'Twas out, they went to Bed.
 Next Morning Damon straying,
 To breath the fragrant Air,
 He heard poor Delia praying
 A last and fervent Prayer.
 Yes, yes, I must implore him,
 Damon the kind, the true,
 Ye Gods, she cry'd, restore him,
 Else Love and Life adieu.
 On Linco's Humour thinking,
 He sprung into her Arms;
 And fir'd with last Night's Drinking,
 Wou'd revel in her Charms.
 The Maids deep Crimson blushing,
 Recl'n'd her Head, and sigh'd;
 Whilst eager Damon flushing,
 Love's strongest Efforts try'd:
 Ah! whither am I flying!
 Her fault'ring Tongue express'd;
 Then clasping, painting, sighing,
 They murmur'd all the rest.

SONG 293.

LORD what's come to my Mother!
 That ev'ry Day more than other,
 My true Age she would smother,
 And say I'm not in my Teens.

Tho' my Sampler I have sown through,
 My Bib and Apron outgrown too:
 My Baby quite away thrown too,
 I wonder what 'tis she means!
 When our John does squeeze my Hand,
 And calls me, Sugar-sweet,
 My Breath almost fails me,
 I know not what ails me,
 My Heart does so heave and so beat.
 I have heard of Desires
 From Girls who have been just of my Years,
 Love compar'd to Sweet Briars,
 That hurts, and yet does please.
 Is Love finer than Money?
 Or can it be sweeter than Honey?
 I'm, poor Girl, such a Tony,
 Esaith, that I cannot guess,
 But I'm sure I'll watch more near,
 There's something that Truth will show;
 For if Love has a Blessing,
 To please beyond Kissing,
 Our Jane and the Butler do know.

SONG 294.

LOVE bids me go, but Reason bids me stay:
 O! why must Love and Reason disagree?
 Love racks my Soul, when Reason I obey;
 If Love I follow, Reason tortures me.
 Unhappy Wretch! and must I then endure
 This changing Pain for ever in my Mind?
 From this, or that, in vain I seek a Cure:
 Ah! could Love see! or was but Reason blind!
 Lock down with Pity from your Thrones above,
 You Powers eternal! infinitely blest!
 And from me take my Reason, or my Love,
 Or reconcile them both, and give me Rest.

SONG 295.

LOVE's a Bauble,
 No Man is able
 To say, it is this, or 'tis that;

An idle Passion,
 Of such a Fashion,
 'Tis like I cannot tell what.
 Fair in the Cradle,
 Foul in the Saddle,
 Always too cold, or too hot ;
 An arrant Lyar,
 Fed by Desire,
 It is, and yet it is not.
 Love is a Fellow
 Clad all in yellow,
 The Canker-worm of the Mind ;
 A privy Mischief,
 And such a fly Thief,
 No Man knows where him to find.
 Love is a Wender,
 'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,
 'Tis common to all Men, we know ;
 A very Cheater,
 Ev'ry one's Better ;
 Then hang him, and let him go.

SONG 296.

LOVE's a Dream of mighty Treasure,
 Which in Fancy we possess ;
 In the Folly lies the Pleasure,
 Wisdom always makes it less.
 When we think, by Passion heated,
 We a Goddess have in Chase,
 Like Ixiom we are cheated,
 And a gaudy Cloud embrace.
 Happy only is the Lover,
 Whom his Mistress well deceives ;
 Seeking nothing to discover,
 He contented lives at Ease.
 But the Wretch that wou'd be knowing
 What the Fair-one wou'd disguise,
 Labours for his own undoing,
 Changing happy, to be wise.

SONG 297.

Mr. LOVE's an idle childish Passion,
 Only fit for Girls and Boys ;
 Marriage is a cursed Fashion,
 Women are but foolish Toys.
 Spight of all the tempting Evils,
 Still thy Liberty maintain ;
 Tell 'm, tell the pretty Devils,
 Man alone was made to reign.
Sir. Empty Boaster! know thy Duty,
 Thou who dar'st my Pow'r defy ;
 Feel the Force of Love and Beauty,
 Tremble at my Feet and die.
 Wherefore does thy Colour leave thee ?
 Why these Cares upon thy Brow ?
 Did the Rebel, Pride, deceive thee ?
 Ask him, who's the Monarch now !

SONG 298.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous Passion,
 Source of all sublime Delights ;
 Which, with mutual Inclinations,
 Two fond Hearts in one unites.
 What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
 If compar'd with true Content ?
 That false Joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd we may repent.
 Lawless Passions brings Vexation,
 But a chaste and constant Love,
 Is a glorious Emulation
 Of the blissful State above.

SONG 299.

LOVE never more shall give me Pain,
 My Fancy's fix'd on thee ;
 Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die.
 Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give,
 Thy Love's so true to me :
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate shall tear thee from my Breast,
 How shall I lonely stray?
 In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste,
 In Sighs the silent Day.
 I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
 Nor such Perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.
 No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart
 With Cupid's raving Rage;
 But thine, which can such Sweets impart,
 Must all the World engage.
 'Twas this that like the Morning Sun
 Gave Joy and Life to me;
 And when its destin'd Day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.
 Ye Pow'rs that smile on virtuous Love,
 And in such Pleasure share;
 You who its faithful Flames approve,
 With Pity view the Fair.
 Restore now Peggy's wonted Charms,
 Those Charms so dear to me;
 Oh! never take them from those Arms;
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

S O N G 300.

Make haste and away, mine only Dear,
 Make haste and away, away,
 For all at the Gate
 Your true Love does wait,
 And I prithee make no Delay.
 O how shall I steal away, my Love,
 O how shall I steal away?
 My Daddy is near,
 And I dare not for fear,
 Pray come then another Day.
 O this is the only Day, my Love!
 O this is the only Day!
 I'll draw him aside,
 And throw the Gates wide,
 And then you may steal away.

Then prithee make no Delay, dear Boy,
 Then prithee make no Delay ;
 We'll serve him a Trick,
 For I'll slip in the Nick,
 And to my true Love away.
 O Cupid! befriend this loving Pair,
 O Cupid! befriend 'em I pray ;
 May their Stratagem take,
 For thine own sweet sake,
 And Amen let all true Lovers say.

S O N G 301.

MAN (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
 And the Woman made for Man ;
 As the Spur is for the Jade,
 As the Scabbard for the Blade,
 As for Digging is the Spade,
 As for Liquor is the Can,
 So Man (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
 And the Woman made for Man.
 As the Scepter's to be sway'd,
 As for Night's the Serenade,
 As for Pudding is the Pan,
 And to cool us is the Fan,
 So Man (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
 And the Woman made for Man.
 Be she Widow, Wife, or Maid,
 Be she wanton, be she stay'd,
 Be she well, or ill array'd,
 Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
 Yet Man (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
 And the Woman made for Man.

S O N G 302.

MAN may escape from Rope and Gun,
 Nay, some have out-liv'd the Doctor's Pill ;
 Who takes a Woman must be undone,
 That Fasilisk is sure to kill :
 The Fly that sips Treacle is lost in the Sweets,
 So he that tastes Woman, Woman, Woman,
 So he that tastes Woman Ruin meets.

S O N G

Marriage, it seems, is for better, for worse ;
 Some count it a Blessing, and others a Curse ;
 The Cuckolds are blest, if the Proverb prove true,
 And then there's no doubt but in Heav'n there's not few
 Of honest rich Rogues, who ne'er had got there,
 If their Wives had not sent them thro' Trembling and
 Fear.

Some Women are honest, tho' rare in a Wife,
 Yet with Scolding and Brawling they'll shorten your Life ;
 You ne'er can enjoy your Bottle and Friend,
 But your Wife, like an Imp, is at your Elbow's End :
 Crying Fie, you Set, come, come, come, come :
 So these are unhappy abroad and at home.

We find the Batchelor liveth best ;
 Tho' drunk or sober he takes his Rest ;
 He never is troubled with Scolding or Strife,
 ('Tis the best can be said of a very good Wife :)
 But merrily Day and Night does spend,
 Enjoying his Mistress, Bottle, and Friend.

A Woman out-wits us, do what we can,
 She'll make a Fool of every wise Man ;
 Old Mother Eve did the Serpent obey,
 And has taught all her Sex that damnable Way
 Of cheating and Deceiving all Mankind,
 'Twere better if Adam had still been blind.
 The poor Man that marries thinks he does well ;
 I pity's Condition, for sure he's in Hell ;
 The Fool is a sopping, and spends all he gets,
 The Child is a bawling, the Wife daily frets :
 That Marriage is pleasant we all must agree,
 Consider it well, there's none happier can be.

Mistaken Fair, lay Sherlock by,
 His Doctrine is deceiving ;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our Living.
 To die's a Lesson we shall know
 Too soon, without a Master:
 Then only let us study now
 How we may live the faster.

To

To live's to love ; to bleſs, be bleſt
 With mutual Inclination ;
 Share then my Ardour in your Breſt,
 And kindly meet my Paſſion.
 But if thus bleſt, I may not live,
 And Pity you deny,
 To me at leaſt your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I muſt learn to die.

SONG 305.

MY Fair, ye Swains, is gone aſtray,
 The little Wand'rer loſt her Way,
 In gathering Flowers the other Day ;
 Poor Phillis, poor Phillis,
 Poor lovely Phillis.

Ah lead her home, ye gentle Swains,
 Who know an abſent Lover's Pains,
 And bring me ſafely o'er the Plains
 My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.
 Conceive what Torments rack my Mind,
 And if you'll be ſo juſt and kind,
 I'll give you certain Marks to find,
 My Phillis.

When e'er a charming Form you ſee,
 Serenely Grave, ſedately Free,
 And mildly Gay, it muſt be ſhe ;
 'Tis Phillis.

Not boldly bare, or half undreſs'd,
 But under Cover lightly preſs'd,
 In ſecret plays the little Breſt
 Of Phillis.

When ſuch a heav'nly Voice you hear,
 As makes you think a Dryade near,
 Ah, ſeize her, and bring home my Dear,
 'Tis Phillis.

The Nymph whoſe Perſon's void of Art,
 Has ev'ry Grace in ev'ry Part,
 With murd'ring Eyes, yet harmleſs Heart,
 Is Phillis.

Whoſe Teeth are like an iv'ry Row,
 Whoſe Skin is like the cleareſt Snow,
 Whoſe Face is like---nothing that I know,
 Is Phillis.

But

But rest my Soul, and bless your Fate,
The Gods who form'd a Piece so near,
So just, Exact, and so compleat,
As Phillis.

Proud of their Hit, in such a Flow'r,
Which so exemplifies their Pow'r,
Will guard in ev'ry dangerous Hour,
My Phillis.

S O N G 306.

MY Friend and I, we drank whole Pils-pots
Full of Sack up to the Brim :

I drank to my Friend, and he drank his Pot :
So we began our drunken Whim :

Three Bottles and a Quart

We swallow'd down our Throat,

(But hang such puny Sips as these ;))

We laid us all along,

With our Mouths unto the Bung,

And tipp'd whole Hogshheads off with Ease.

I heard of a Fop that drank whole Tankards,

Stil'd himself the Prince of Sots :

But hang such silly puny Drunkards,

Melt their Flaggons, break their Pots.

My Friend and I did join

For a Cellar full of Wine,

And we drank the Vintner out of Door ;

We drank it all up

In a Morning, at a Sup,

And greedily rov'd about for more.

My Friend to me did make this Motion,

Let us to the Vintage skip ;

Then we embark'd upon the Ocean,

Where we found a Spanish Ship,

Deep laden with Wine,

Which was superfine ;

The Sailors swore five hundred Ton :

We drank it all at Sea,

Ere we came unto the Key,

And the Merchant swore he was quite undone.

My

My Friend, not having quench'd his Thirst,
 Said, let us to the Vineyards haste :
 Strait then we sail'd to the Canaries,
 Which afforded just a Taste :
 From thence unto the Rhine,
 Where we drunk up all the Wine ;
 Till Bacchus cry'd, Hold ye Sots, or ye die !
 And swore he never found,
 In his universal Round,
 Such thirsty Souls as my Friend and I.
 Out fie ! cries one, what a Beast he makes him,
 He can neither stand nor go.
 Out you Beast, you, you're much mistaken,
 When e'er knew you a Beast drink so ?
 'Tis when we drink the least,
 That we drink most like a Beast ;
 But when we carouse it fix in Fland,
 'Tis then, and only then,
 That we drink the most like Men,
 When we drink 'till we can neither go nor stand.

SONG 307.

MY Lodging is on the cold Ground,
 And very hard is my Fare ;
 But that which troubles me most is,
 The Unkindness of my Dear :
 Yet still I cry, Oh ! turn Love,
 And I prithee, Love turn to me ;
 For thou art the Man that I long for,
 And, alack ! what Remedy !
 I'll crown thee with a Garland of Straw then,
 And I'll marry thee with a rush Ring ;
 My frozen Hopes shall thaw then,
 And merrily we will sing :
 Oh ! turn to me, my dear Love,
 And I prithee, Love, turn to me ;
 For thou art the Man that alone can'st
 Procure my Liberty.
 But if thou wilt harden thy Heart still,
 And be deaf to my pitiful Moan ;
 Then I must endure the Smart still,
 And tumble in Straw all alone :

Yet still I cry, oh! turn, Love,
 And I prithee, Love, turn to me;
 For thou art the Man that alone art
 The Cause of my Misery.

SONG 308.

MY Heart was so free.
 It rovd like the Bee,
 Till Polly my Passion requited;
 I sipt each Flower,
 I chang'd every Hour,
 But here ev'ry Flower is united.

SONG 309.

MORTALS wisely learn to measure
 Life by the Extent of Joy,
 Life's a short and fleeting Pleasure:
 Then be gay,
 Whilst you may,
 And your Hours with Mirth employ.
 Never let a Mistress pain thee,
 Tho' she meet you with a Frown,
 Fly to Wine, 'twill soon unchain thee;
 Cheer thy Heart,
 And all thy Smart,
 In a sweet Oblivion drown.
 If Love's fiercer Flame should seize thee,
 To some gentle Maid repair.
 She'll with soft Endearments ease thee,
 On her Breat,
 Sink to Rest,
 Eas'd of Love and free from Care.
 Friendship, Wine, and Love united,
 From all Ills defend the Mind,
 By them guarded and delighted,
 Happy State,
 Smile at Fate,
 And give Sorrow to the Wind.

SONG 310.

MY Love is all Madness and Folly,
 Alone I lie,
 Toss, tumble, and cry,

What

What a happy Creature is Polly !
 Was e'er such a Wretch as I !
 With Rage I redden like Scarlet,
 That my dear inconstant Varlet,
 Stark blind to my Charms,
 Is lost in the Arms
 Of that Jilt, that inveighling Harlot,
 Stark blind to my Charms,
 Is lost in the Arms
 Of that Jilt, that inveighling Harlot,
 This, this my Repentment alarms.

SONG 311.

MY Masters give Ear,
 And a Story you'll hear
 Of a fine Raree-Show and a Garter ;
 Ne'er was seen such a Sight,
 Since Tom Thumb was a Knight,
 In the Days of our noble King Arthur.
 When King George was abroad,
 'Twas a Season thought good,
 To shew us King Robin in Glory,
 With his 'Squires in a Row,
 And his Knights two by two,
 All as gallant as Sir John Dory.
 E'en Baronets here
 Humble 'Squires did appear,
 And Members were proud of the Station ;
 And who would not be still
 For the Civil-Lift Bill,
 T'have a Place in a sham Coronation ?
 They all walk'd, for their Prince
 Did with Riding dispense,
 And with Bathing, a troublesome Rite-a ;
 For he knew 'twas in vain,
 They ne'er cou'd be wash'd clean,
 Any more than a Black-a-moor white-a.
 In the Abbey that Day
 Men did all things but pray ;
 There was Ale, Wine, and Gin for the Rabble ;

Such

Sach Doings unclean

In a Church ne'er was seen,
Since the Days that old Paul's was a Stable.

In the Isles, if you please,
You your Bodies might ease,
By the Suff'ring at least of your Betters.

O Stanhope! hadst thou
Been alive but till now,
To have seen a Jakes made of St. Peter's.

An odd Way they all took
Thro' a blind crooked Nook
In the Church, for their Robes to be seen-a ;

But then Scaffolds had they,
To direct them the Way,
Where they seldom or never had been-a.

After this, they all took
An odd Oath on the Book,
In the Days of old Popery known-a ;

To be true all their Lives
To all Women but Wives,
To all Ladies excepting their own-a.

Which Oath, if they broke,
Then their Sovereign's Cook
Was to hack off the Spurs of each Don-a ;

But 'twas much if he cou'd,
For his Eyes must be good,
To discern that they had any on-a.

Then this being done,
To their Dinner they run,
With Stomachs so sharp and so keen-a,

Without Grace they fall to,
As they used to do,
Never minding their Chaplain the Dean-a.

To the closing of all,
They at Night had a Ball,
Where their Damsels were drest to receive 'em :

What farther was done
Will be better unknown,
For 'tis decent that here I should leave 'em.

Y

SONG

MY Mind to me a Kingd m is,
 Such perfect Joys therein I find,
 That it excels all other Blifs
 The World affords. or grows by Kind;
 Tho' much I want that most I have,
 Yet still my Mind forbids to crave.
 No Shape to feed a loving Eye;
 To none of these am I in Thrall,
 No princely Pomp, no wealthy Store;
 For why, my Mind to me is all.
 No Force to win the Victory;
 No cunning Wit to salve a Sore.
 Content I live with this my Stay;
 I wish no more than may suffice;
 I pres to bear no mighty Sway;
 Look what I want, my Mind supplies:
 Thus do I triumph like a King,
 Content with that my Mind doth bring.
 Some have too much, and yet do want;
 I little have, but wish no more:
 They are but poor, for much they want;
 And I am rich with little Store:
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.
 Some weigh their Pleasures by their Lust,
 Their Wisdom by the Rage of Will:
 Their Treasure is their only Trust,
 And crooked Craft their School of Skill:
 But all the Pleasure I can find,
 Is the Content of quiet Mind.
 My Health is Wealth and perfect Ease,
 A Conscience clean my chief Defence;
 I do not seek by Bribes to please,
 Nor by Deceit to give Offence:
 Thus do I live, thus will I die:
 Would all did but as well as I.

MY Name is honest Harry,
 And I love little Mary;
 In spite of Cifs, or jealous Befs,
 I'll have my own Figary.

My Love is blithe and bucksome,
 And sweet and fine as can be,
 Fresh and gay, as Flow'rs in May,
 And looks like Jack-a-Dandy.
 And if she will not have me,
 That am so true a Lover,
 I'll drink my Wine, and ne'er repine,
 And down the Stairs I'll shove her.
 But if that she will love, Sir,
 I'll be as kind as may be,
 I'll give her Rings, and pretty Things,
 And deck her like a Lady.
 Her Petticoat like Sattin,
 Her Gown of Crimson Tabby,
 Lac'd up before, and spangl'd o'er,
 Just like a Barthol'mew Baby.
 Her Waistcoat shall be scarlet,
 With Ribbands ty'd together;
 Her Stockings of a cloudy Blue,
 And her Shoes of Spanish Leather.
 Her Smock of finest Holland,
 And lac'd in ev'ry Quarter,
 Side and wide, and long enough
 To hang below her Garter.
 Then to the Church I'll have her,
 Where we will wed together,
 And so come home, when we have done,
 In spite of Wind and Weather.
 The Fiddlers shall attend us,
 And first play John come kiss me;
 And when that we danc'd around,
 Then strike up, hit or miss me.
 Then hey for little Mary;
 'Tis her I love alone, Sir;
 Let any Man do what he can,
 I will have her, or none, Sir.

S O N G 314.

MY Passion is as Mustard strong,
 I sit all sober sad,
 Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
 Or, like a March Hare, mad.

Y 2

Round

Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow,
 I drink, yet can't forget her ;
 For tho' as drunk as David's Sew,
 I love her still the better.
 Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,
 If Molly were but kind ;
 Cool as a Cucumber would see
 The rest of Womankind.
 Like a stuck Pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er ;
 Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
 Sleek as a Mouse before.
 Plump as a Partridge I was known,
 And soft as Silk my Skin,
 My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown,
 But as a Groat now thin.
 I, melancholy as a Cat,
 Am kept awake to weep ;
 But she, insensible of that,
 Sound as a Top can sleep.
 Hard is her Heart, as Flint or Stone,
 She laughs to see me pale ;
 And merry as a Grig is grown,
 And brisk as bottl'd Ale.
 The God of Love, at her Approach,
 Is busy as a Bee ;
 Hearts sound as any Bell or Roach,
 Are smit, and sigh like me.
 Ah me ! as thick as Hops or Hail,
 The fine Men croud about her ;
 But soon as dead as a Door Nail
 Shall I be, if without her.
 Strait as my Leg her Shape appears :
 O ! were we join'd together,
 My Heart would soon be free from Cares,
 And lighter than a Feather.
 As fine as Five-pence is her Mien,
 No Drum was ever tighter ;
 Her Glance is as a Razor keen,
 And not the Sun is brighter.

As soft as Pap her Kisses are,
 Methinks I feel them yet;
 Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
 Her Eyes are black as Jet.
 As smooth as Glass, as white as Curds,
 Her pretty Hand invites;
 Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
 Her Wit like Pepper bites.
 Brisk as a Body-Louse she trips,
 Clean as a Penny drest;
 Sweet as a Rose her Face and Lips,
 Round as a Globe her Breast.
 Full as an Egg was I with Glee,
 And happy as a King;
 Good luck! how all Men envy'd me,
 She lov'd like any thing.
 But false as Hell, she like the Wind,
 Chang'd, as her Sex must do,
 Tho' seeming as the Turtle Kind,
 And as the Gospel true.
 If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who will take Peru,
 Great as an Emp'ror I should be,
 And richer than a Jew.
 Till you grow tender as a Chick,
 I'm dull as any Post:
 Let us like Burrs together stick,
 As warm as any Toast.
 You'll know me truer than a Die,
 And with me better sped,
 Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
 And as a Herring dead.
 Sure as a Gun she'll drop a Tear,
 And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
 When I'm as rotten as a Pear,
 And mute as any Fish.

SONG 315.

MY Time oh! ye Muses, was happily spent,
 When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Y 3
Ten

Ten thousand soft Pleasures I felt in my Breast :
 Sure never fond Shepherd like Collin was blest !
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find !
 When Things were as fine as cou'd possibly be,
 I thought 'twas the Spring, but alas ! it was she.
 With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
 To rise up to play, or to lie down to sleep,
 I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
 My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day ;
 But I now so cross and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known ;
 My fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
 And my Heart I am sure it weighs more than a Pound.
 The Fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
 'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear ;
 But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
 And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide :
 Must you be so chearful, whilst I go in Pain ?
 Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.
 When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
 And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
 When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their Prime !
 But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
 I sing at their Fleeces an Handful of Grass :
 Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.
 My Dog I was very well pleas'd to see
 Come wagging his Tail to my fair one and me ;
 And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to the Dog said,
 Come hither, poor Fellow, and patted his Head :
 But now when he's fawning, I with a sour Look
 Cry, Sirrah ! and give him a Blow with my Crook ;
 And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
 Be as dull as his Master, when Phœbe's away ?

When

When walking with Phœbe, what Sights have I seen !
 How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green !
 What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
 The Corn Fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made ?
 But since she has left me, tho' all are still there,
 They none of them now so delightful appear ;
 'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
 Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro',
 The Lark, Linnet, Thrush, and Nightingale too ;
 Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet ;
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone ;
 Her Voice in the Concert, as now I have found,
 Gave every thing else its agreeable Sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue ?
 And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue ?
 Does aught of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile ?
 That Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not smile ?
 Ah ! Rivals, I see what it is that you drest,
 And made yourselves fine for, a Place in her Breast ;
 You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
 To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps, 'till my Phœbe return,
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn !
 Methinks, if I knew whereabout he would tread,
 I'd breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead ;
 Fly swiftly, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
 And rest so much longer for't, when she is here,
 Ah ! Collin, old Time is still full of Delay,
 Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou can'st say.

Will no plying Pow'r, that hears me complain,
 Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain ?
 To be cur'd thou must, Collin, thy Passion remove ;
 But what Swain is so silly to live without Love ;
 No Derry, bid the dear Nymph to return,
 For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn :
 Ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with Despair ;
 Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one so fair.

SONG

NAY, let me alone,
 I protest I'll be gone;
 'Tis a Folly to think I'll be subject to one.
 Never Hope to confine
 A young Gallant to dine,
 Like a Scholar of Oxford, on nought but the Loin:
 For after Enjoyment our Bellies are full;
 And the same Dish again, makes the Appetite dull.
 By your wantoning Art,
 Of a Sigh, and a Start,
 You endeavour, in vain, to inveigle my Heart;
 For the pretty Disguise
 Of your languishing Eyes
 Will never prevail with my Sinews to rise;
 And 'twas never the Mode, in an amorous Treat,
 When a Lover has din'd, to persuade him to eat.
 Faith, Betty, the Jest
 Is almost at the best,
 'Tis only Variety makes up the Feast;
 For when we've enjoy'd,
 And with Pleasures are cloy'd,
 The Vows that we made to Love ever, are void:
 And you know, pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit,
 That a Meal should be made of a relishing Bit.

SONG 317.

NO Power on Earth can e'er divide
 The Knot that sacred Love hath ty'd.
 When Parents draw against our Mind,
 The True-love's Knot they faster bind.
 Oh, oh ray, oh Amboerah---oh oh, &c.

SONG 318.

NOW, tyrant God, thy Rule give o'er,
 An lay aside thy cruel Bow;
 Thy Shafts shall wound Mankind no more,
 This, vain Deceiver, thou shalt know.
 I'll make thy Tricks and Falshood plain
 To all the freborn Sons of Men;
 None will hereafter hug the Chain,
 And where's thy fancied Empire then?

Thou

Thou know'st how often I've past by
 The shining Circles of the Fair;
 Still casting but a heedless Eye
 On all the brightest Charms there :
 But when Septimia's Charms I view'd,
 To her I render'd up my Heart :
 Devoted at thy Shrine I stood,
 And blest'd thy pleasing, killing Dart.
 Yet, cruel God, thy faithless Craft,
 When I had yielded to thy Dart,
 Wounded the Fair-one with a Shaft,
 Drest in the Blood of Pheron's Heart.
 So now, fantastic Boy, adieu,
 I'll your despotic Sway forsake :
 Septimia's Eyes, no more than you,
 Shall over me a Conquest make.

S O N G 319.

NOW the bright Morning Star, Day's Harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green Lap throws
 The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
 Hail bounteous May, that doth inspire
 Mirth and Youth, and warm Desire ;
 Woods and Groves are of thy dressing ;
 Hill and Dale doth boast thy Blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

S O N G 320.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me ;
 The one Thing I beg of kind Heav'n to grant,
 Is a Mind independent and free.
 My Passion unruffled, untainted with Pride,
 By Reason my Life let me square ;
 The Wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd,
 And the rest are but Folly and Care.
 Those Blessings which Providence kindly has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
 Whilst sweet Meditation, and chearful Content,
 Will make me both happy and wise.

How

How vainly thro' infinite Trouble and Strife
 The many their Labours employ?
 When all that is truly delightful in Life
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SONG 321.

Wom. NO more, Sir, no more, I'll e'en give it o'er,
 I see it is all but a Cheat;
 Your soft wishing Eyes, your Vows, and your Lies,
 Which thus you so often repeat.

Man. 'Tis you are to blame, who foolishly claim
 So silly a lean Sacrifice:
 But Lovers, who pray, must always obey,
 And bring down their Knees, and their Eyes.

Wom. Of late you have made Devotion a Trade
 In Loving, as well as Religion:
 But you cannot prove, thro' the Ages of Love,
 Any Worship was offer'd but one.

Man. That one let it be, in which we agree;
 Leave Forms to the Maids, who are younger:
 We're both of a Mind, make hate, and be kind,
 And continue a Goddess no longer.

SONG 322.

NO, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent Town,
 To expect either Pleasure or Rest;
 To Hurry and Nonsense still tying us down,
 'Tis an over-grown Prison at best.

From hence to the Country away,
 Leave the Croud and the Bustle behind,
 And then you'll see liberal Nature display
 A thousand Delights to Mankind.

The Change of the Seasons, the Sports of the Fields,
 The sweetly divertify'd Scene,
 The Groves, and the Gardens, and every thing yields
 A Cheerfulness ever serene.

Here, here from Ambition and Avarice free,
 My Days may I quietly spend;
 Whilst the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvy'd for me,
 May gather up Wealth without End.

No, I thank 'em, I wou'd not, to add to my Store.

My Peace and my Freedom resign :

For who, for the Sake of possessing the Ore,

Wou'd be sentenc'd to dig in the Mine.

S O N G 323.

N O sooner comes up a Country Clown,
With his Leather Breeches to London Town,

But he cocks his Hat, and strives to look big ;

He swaps his Acres for gaudy fine Cloaths,

And flaunts it about 'mong Belies and Beaux,

In a lac'd Coat, and Pig-tail Wig.

He makes his Country Relations his Sport,

He rattles and rattles of Places at Court ;

He battles with Bailiffs, Watchmen and Whores,

He runs in the Surgeon and Tallyman's Scores,

And proves a downright modish Prig.

At length his Purse and Pockets grew low,

His Habit all shabby---Good-bye to the Beau ;

Fate frowns, and Friends forsake :

He bids his Honour and Conscience Good-night,

And the Country-Bubble becomes a Town-Bite,

Some other Course does take.

He scours the Roads, and borrows a Purse,

Or cheats at my Lord's, which is twenty times worse ;

He rogues it so fast, that they stop him at last,

For his Tricks in a String he's destin'd to swing ;

And there's an End of a Country Rake.

S O N G 324.

N Onsenfical Folks prepare

To hear a nonsenfical Song,

Each am'rous Beau with his Fair,

Whose Charm's a nonsenfical Tongue.

Were there no nonsenfical Flights,

The Women would want what to say,

The Poet want something to write,

And the Actors want Farces to play.

Nonsense so reigns in this Age,

Both over the Noble and Cit ;

The Town sends a Share on the Stage,

And each Ass sets up for a Wit.

The

The Lover calls Nonsense his Muse,
 When smit by the am'rous Boy,
 Always gaining with that the first Use
 Of the Ladies nonsensical Toy.
 The Parsons their Nonsense will preach
 To praise nonsensical Fools ;
 Worn Ladies choice Secrets will teach
 To nonsensical bungling Tools.
 The Vulgar their Nonsense will prate,
 And let their Opinions be had,
 In Matters concerning the State,
 And neglect for a Party their Trade.
 A scribbling Poet with Nonsense,
 For a Dinner will Nobles asperse ;
 Tho' his Wit is as thin as his Conscience,
 Or rather as bare as his Purse.
 A Parliament Member sometimes
 May make a nonsensical Speech ;
 The Whigs may the Tories of Crimes
 For nonsensical Reasons impeach.
 Debates full of nonsense will rise,
 Upon a nonsensical Theme,
 'Mongst those that pretend to be wise,
 And do their own Nonsense esteem.
 Since Nonsense is grown such a Charm
 With the Ladies, the Beaux, and the Poet,
 Let each one his Reason alarm,
 And he that has Wit, let him show it.

S O N G 325.

NOW ponder well, you Parents dear,
 These Words which I shall write,
 A doleful Story you shall hear,
 In Time brought forth to Light.
 A Gentleman of good Account
 In Norfolk dwelt of late,
 Who did in Honour far surmount
 Most Men of his Estate.
 Sore sick he was, and like to die,
 No Help his Life could save ;
 His Wife by him as sick did lie,
 And both possess'd one Grave :

No Love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kind,
 In Love they liv'd, in Love they dy'd,
 And left two Babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty Boy,
 Not passing three Years old,
 The other a Girl more young than he,
 And fram'd in Beauty's Mould.

The Father left his little Son,
 As plainly doth appear,
 When he to perfect Age should come,
 Three hundred Pounds a Year :

And to his little Daughter Jane,
 Five hundred Pounds in Gold,
 To be paid down on Marriage-day,
 Which might not be controul'd :
 But if the Children chanc'd to die,
 E'er they to Age should come,
 Their Uncle should possess **their** Wealth,
 For so the Will did run.

Now, Brother, said the dying Man,
 Look to my Children dear ;
 Be good unto my Boy and Girl,
 No Friends else I have here :
 To God and you I recommend
 My Children Night and Day,
 But little while before we have
 Within this World to stay.

You must be Father and Mother both,
 And Uncle all in one ;
 God knows what will become of them
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that bespoke the Mother dear :
 O Brother kind, quoth she,
 You are the Man must bring our Babes
 To Wealth or Misery.

If you do keep them carefully,
 Then God will you Reward ;
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your Deeds regard.

With Lips as cold as any Stone,
 He kiss'd the Children small,
 God bless you both, my Children dear;
 With that the Tears did fall.
 These Speeches then their Brother spoke
 To this sick Couple there,
 The Keeping of your Children dear,
 Sweet Sister, do not fear;
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do Wrong your Children dear,
 When you are laid in Grave.
 The Parents being dead and gone,
 The Children home he takes,
 And brings them straight unto his House,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty Babes
 A Twelvemonth and a Day,
 But for their Wealth he did devise,
 To make them both away.
 He bargain'd with two Ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious Mood,
 That they should take the Children young,
 And slay them in a Wood:
 And told his Wife, and all he had,
 He did the Children send
 To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his Friend.
 Away then went these pretty Babes,
 Rejoicing at that Tide,
 Rejoicing with a merry Mind,
 They should on Cock-horse ride:
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the Way,
 To those that should their Butchers be,
 And work their Lives decay.
 So that the pretty Speech they had,
 Made Murtherers Hearts relent,
 And they that undertook the Deed,
 Full sore did now repent.

Yet one of them more hard of Heart,
Did vow to do his Charge,
Because the Wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fell to Strife,
With one another they did fight
About the Childrens Life:
And he that was of mildest Mood

Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented Wood,
The Babes did quake for Fear.

He took the Children by the Hand,
When Tears stood in their Eye,
And bad them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry:
And two long Miles he led them thus,
While they for Bread complain,
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you Bread,
When I do come again.

These pretty Babes, with Hand in Hand,
Went wand'ring up and down,
But never more did see the Man
Approaching from the Town:
Their pretty Lips with Blackberries
Were all besmeared and dy'd;
And when they saw the darkness Night,
They sat them down and cry'd.

Thus wander'd these two pretty Babes,
Till Death did end their Grief,
In one another's Arms they dy'd,
As Babes wanting Relief:

No Burial these pretty Babes
Of any Man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with Leaves.

But now the heavy Wrath of God
Upon their Uncle fell;
Yea, fearful Fiends did haunt his House,
His Conscience felt an Heil:

His Barns were fir'd, his Goods consum'd,
His Lands were barren made,
His Cattle dy'd within the Field.

And nothing with him staid.

And in the Voyage of Portugal

Two of his Sons did die ;

And to conclude, himself was brought

Unto much Misery :

He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his Land,

E'er seven Years came about ;

And now at length this wicked Act

Did by this Means come out.

'The Fellow that did take in Hand

These Children for to kill,

Was for a Robb'ry judg'd to die,

As was God's blessed Will :

Who did confess the very Truth,

The which is here express'd ;

'Their Uncle dy'd, while he for Debt

Did long in Prison rest.

You that Executors be made,

And Overseers eke,

Of Children that be fatherless,

And Infants mild and meek,

Take-you Example by this thing,

And yield to each his Right,

Left God with such-like Misery

Your wicked Minds requite.

SONG 326.

NOW all my Friends are laid in Grave,

And nothing they have left me,

But a Mark a Year my Mother gave,

By which for to protect me :

Yet I live on the Leagure still,

As brave as any Lady,

And all is with a Mark a Year,

The which my Mother gave me.

I have my Pimps at my Command,

My Coach upon me tending ;

If any one be cut or slash'd,

Or any one offending ;

They'll

They'll bear me out of all the Rout,
As brave, &c.

My high Commode, my damask Gown,
Lac'd Shoes of Spanish Leather,
A Silver Bodkin in my Head,
And a dainty Plume of Feather ;
I'll take Tobacco with a Grace,
As brave, &c.

A Lord, a Knight, a Gentleman,
Is welcome to my Oven ;
The finical Courtier with his Tricks,
Whose Beard's but newly shaven ;
All's one to me, whoe'er he be,
He's welcome still as may be :
God-a-mercy Mother, for thy Gift,
It's a Portion for a Lady.

S O N G 327.

NOW God alone that made all Things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein ;
The Ships that in the Sea do swim,
To keep our Foes from coming in,
Then every one does what he can
All for the good Use of Man.

And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell
That first invented the Leather Bottle.

Now what d'ye say of Cans of Wood ?
Faith they are naught, they cannot be good ;
For when a Man for Beer doth send,
To have them full he doth intend ;
The Bearer stumbles by the Way,
And on the Ground the Beer doth lay ;
Then doth the Man begin to ban,
And swears 'twas long o'th' wooden Can :
But had it been a Leather Bottle,
It had not been so, for all had been well,
And safe therein the Drink would remain,
Until the Man got up again.

Then I wish, &c.

What do you say to Glasses fine ?
Faith they shall have no Praise of mine ;

For when a Man's at Table set,
 And by him several Sorts of Meat,
 The one loves Flesh, the other Fish;
 Then with your Hand remove a Dish,
 Touch but the Glais upon the Brim,
 The Glais is broke and naught left in.
 The Table Cloth, tho' ne'er so fine,
 Is fully'd with Beer, or Ale, or Wine;
 And doubtless for so small Abuse,
 A Servant may his Master lose.

Then I wish, &c.

What say you to the handled Pot?
 No Praise of mine shall be his Lot;
 For when a Man and Wife's at Strife,
 (As many have been in their Life)
 They lay their Hands upon it both,
 And break the same, although they're loth.
 But woe to them shall bear the Guilt,
 Between them both the Liquor's spilt;
 For which they shall answer another Day,
 For casting their Liquor so vainly away;
 For if it had been Leather-bottl'd,
 One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
 Both might have tugg'd, till their Hearts should break,
 No harm the Leather Bottle could take.

Then I wish, &c.

What say you to Flagons of Silver fine?
 Why faith, they shall have no Praise of mine;
 For when a Lord for Sack doth send,
 To have them back he doth intend;
 The Man with the Flagon runs away,
 And never is seen after that Day;
 The Lord then begins to swear and ban,
 For having lost both Flagon and Man;
 But had it been either Page or Groom,
 With a Leather Bottle, it had come home.

And I wish, &c.

And when this Bottle is grown old,
 And that it will no longer hold,
 Out of the Side you may cut a Clout,
 To mend your Shoes when they're worn out; Then

Then hang the rest upon a Pin,
 'Twill serve to put odd Trifles in ;
 As Candle-ends, and Awls, and Rings,
 For young Beginners need such things.
 Then I wish his Soul in Heaven may dwell,
 That first devis'd the Leather Bottle.

S O N G 328.

NOW, now the Tories all shall stoop,
 Religion and the Laws,
 And Whigs on Commonwealth get up,
 To tap the good old Cause.
 Tantivy-boys shall all go down,
 And haughty Monarchy,
 The Leathern Cap shall brave the Throne,
 Then hey, Boys, up go we.

When once that Antichristian Crew
 Are crush'd and overthrown,
 We'll teach their Nobles how to bow,
 And keep their Gentry down.
 Good Manners has a bad Repute,
 And tends to Pride we see ;
 We'll therefore cry all Breeding down,
 Then, hey, &c.

The Name of Lord shall be abhorr'd,
 For ev'ry Man's a Brother ;
 What Reason then in Church or State
 One Man should rule another ?
 Thus having peel'd and plunder'd all,
 And levell'd each Degree,
 We'll make their plump young Daughters fall,
 And hey, &c.

What tho' the King and Parliament
 Cannot accord together,
 We have good Cause to be content
 This is our Sun-shine Weather ;
 For if good Reason should take Place,
 And they should both agree,
 Zounds who'd be in a Round-head's Case ;
 For hey then up go we.

We'll

We'll down then with all the 'Versities
 Where Learning is profess'd ;
 For they still practise and maintain
 The Language of the Beast ;
 We'll exercise in ev'ry Grave,
 And preach beneath a Tree,
 We'll make a Pulpit of a Tub,
 Then hey, Boys, up go we.

The Whigs shall rule Committee-chair,
 Who will such Laws invent,
 As shall exclude the lawful Heir
 By Act of Parliament.

We'll cut his Royal Highness down,
 E'en shorter by the Knee,
 That he shall never reach the Throne,
 Then hey, &c.

We'll smite the Idol in Guildhall,
 And then (as we were wont)
 We'll cry, it was a Popish Plot,
 And swear those Rogues have don't.

His Royal Highness to unthrone
 Our Interest will be,
 For if he e'er enjoy his own,
 Then hey, &c.

We'll break the Windows which the Whore
 Of Babylon has painted ;
 And when their Bishops are pull'd down,
 Our Elders shall be faint'd :
 Thus having quite enslav'd the Throne,
 Pretending to set free,
 At length the Gallows claims its own,
 Then hey, &c.

S O N G / 329.

NOW Plebeus sinketh in the West,
 Welcome Song, and welcome Jest,
 Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
 Tipsey Dance, and Jollity :
 Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.

Rigour now is gone to Bed,
And Advice with scrup'ulous Head ;
Strict Age, and four Severity,
With their grave Saws, in Slumber lie.

S O N G 330.

NOW the good Man's from home,

I'll cast away Care ;
And, with some brisk Fellow
Steal out to the Fair ;
Though some are too bashful,
And others too bold,
Yet Womens Intentions
Are not to be told.

But if I should meet
With a Spark to my Mind,
One fit to be trusted,
I then may prove kind :
With him I would ramble
The Fair all round ;
I'd eat, and I'd drink
Of the best could be found.

There's Fielding and Oates,
And Hipp'fly and Hall,
And Bullock and Lee.
And the Devil and all.
I'll have the best Place,
And I'll see ev'ry Sight,
And wanton in Pleasure
From Morning till Night.

Oh! there I shall see
All the Gentlemen Rakes,
And here the sweet Cry
Of Beer, Ale, Wine and Cakes ;
Whilst I in blue Apron
And clean Linen Gown,
Draw all the fine Sparks
From the Flirts of the Town.

S O N G 331.

NOW Summer decaying abates of its Heats,
The Sun later rises, and sooner he sets ;

The

The Mists in the Morning they damp and they chill,
 And frown in black Clouds on the Brow of the Hill.
 The Leaves on the Trees once so lively and green,
 Now turn'd to Rust quite sicken the Scene,
 And dying they fall to the Ground and consume,
 The Earth that once foster'd now finds them a Tomb.

And with the gay Seasons, gay Pleasures expire,
 Now mute at Vauxhall are the Voice and the Lyre;
 No more with the Fair in the Fricoe we rove,
 Whose Eyes far out-shine all the Lamps in the Grove.
 To live in the Town the rude Season compels,
 And e'en the Campaign too concludes at the Wells;
 These Curers and Mary-bone too we deplore,
 And Ruckholt and Ranelagh now are no more.

Yet let not Despondency wholly prevail,
 Our Pleasures with Summer won't totally fail,
 Tho' from her lov'd Regions here Melody dies,
 The Goddess will soon on the Theatres rise.

What tho' the soft Notes no more float in the Gale,
 And Rocks cease repeating each amorous Tale,
 Our Raptures sweet Handel and Arne shall revive,
 And our Spirits dance chearful to Beard, Lowe, and
 Clive.

Farewel then fresh Air and the murmuring Rill,
 And welcome old London, Piquet, and Quadrille,
 Where Plays, Balls, and Opera's, and dear Masquerades,
 Excel the whole Summer, its Sunshine, and Shades.

S O N G 332.

NO more shall Meads be deck'd with Flowers,
 Nor Sweetness dwell in rosy Bowers,
 Nor greenest Buds in Branches spring,
 Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,
 Nor April Violets paint the Grove,
 If I forsake my Cælia's Love.

The Fish shall in the Ocean burn,
 And Fountains sweet shall bitter run;
 The humble Vale no Flood shall know,
 When Floods shall highest Hills o'erflow;
 Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave,
 If ere my Cælia I deceive.

Love shall his Bow and Shaft lay by,
 And Venus Doves want Wings to fly ;
 The Sun refuse to shew his Light,
 And Day be turned into Night,
 And in that Night no Stars appear,
 If I forsake my Cælia dear.

SONG 333.

NOW the hungry Liens roar,
 And howling Wolves behold the Moon ;
 Now the heavy Ploughmen snore,
 After daily Labour's done.
 Trip it, trip it, softly round,
 Ever sacred be this Ground.
 Now the Bands of Fire do glow,
 Whilst the Screech-Owl, screeching loud,
 Puts the Wretch that lies in Woe,
 In Remembrance of a Shroud.
 Trip it, &c.
 Now it is the Time of Night,
 That the Graves are gaping wide,
 Ev'ry one lets forth his Spright,
 In the Church-way Paths to glide.
 Trip it, &c.
 And we Fairies, that do run,
 By the triple Hecate's Team,
 From the Presence of the Sun,
 Following Darkness like a Dream.
 Trip it, &c.
 Tho' we frolick, let no Mouse,
 Or boding Bird, or Beast of Prey,
 Disturb the Quiet of this House,
 But downy Sleep bring on the Day.
 Trip it, &c.
 Weaving Spiders come not near,
 Spotted Snakes do no Offence :
 Beetles black, approach not here ;
 Worm and Snail, be far from hence.
 Trip it, &c.

By

By the dead and drowsy Fire,
 Ev'ry Elf and fairy Spright
 Hop, as little Bird from Bry'r,
 Nimble, nimble, and as light.
 Trip it, &c.

Now join all your warbling Notes
 In Chorus of sweet Harmony,
 Strain aloud your fairy Throats,
 Sing and dance it trippingly.
 Trip it, &c.

Hand in Hand, with fairy Grace
 We will sing, and bleis this Place ;
 May Plenty, Pastime, and sweet Peace,
 Daily in this House increase.
 Trip it, trip it, trip it softly round,
 Ever sacred be this Ground.

S O N G 334.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They were twa bonny Lasses,
 They bigg'd a Bower on yon burn Brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter ;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky Een
 They gar my Fancy falter.
 Now Bessy's Hair's like a Lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a May Morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis Lâp,
 The Hills with Rays adorning :
 White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,
 Her Waist and Feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka Grace she can command ;
 Her Lips, O wow ! they're dainty.
 And Mary's Lock's are like a Crow,
 Her Eyes like Di'monds Glances ;
 She's ay sae clean redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blythe as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
 She blooming, tight and tall is ;
 And guides her Airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove ! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye ungu fair oppress us;
 Our Fancies jee between ye twa,
 Ye are sic bonny Lasses:
 Wee s me! for baith I cannot get,
 To ane by Law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
 And be with ane contented.

S O N G 335.

O Charming cunning Man! thou hast been wondrous
 kind,
 And all thy golden Words do now prove true, I find;
 Ten thousand Transports wait,
 To crown my happy Fate;
 Thus kiss'd, and prest,
 And doubly blest,
 In all this Pomp and State;
 New Scenes of Joy arise,
 Which fill me with Surprize,
 My Rock and Reel,
 And Spinning-Wheel,
 And Husband I despise:
 Then, Jobson, now adieu,
 Thy Cobbling still pursue, [too.
 For hence I cannot, will not, no, nor must not buck]e

S O N G 336.

O Grant me, kind Bacchus,
 Thou God of the Vine,
 Not a Pipe nor a Tun,
 But an Ocean of Wine,
 With a Ship that's well mann'd
 With such rare-hearted Fellows,
 Who ne'er left the Tavern
 For a porterly Ale-house.
 Let the Ship spring a Leak,
 To let in the Tipple,
 Without Pump or Long-boat,
 To save Ship or People:

A 2

S 3

By the dead and drowfy Fire,
 Ev'ry Elf and fairy Spright
 Hop, as little Bird from Bry'r,
 Nimbly, nimbly, and as light.
 Trip it, &c.
 Now join all your warbling Notes
 In Chorus of sweet Harmony,
 Strain aloud your fairy Throats,
 Sing and dance it trippingly.
 Trip it, &c.

Hand in Hand, with fairy Grace
 We will sing, and bleis this Place ;
 May Plenty, Pastime, and sweet Peace,
 Daily in this House increase.
 Trip it, trip it, trip it softly round,
 Ever sacred be this Ground.

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 They bigg'd a Bower on yon burn Brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes.
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 And thought I ne'er could alter ;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky Een
 They gar my Fancy falter.
 Now Bessy's Hair's like a Lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a May Morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis Lâp,
 The Hills with Rays adorning :
 White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,
 Her Waist and Feet's su' genty ;
 With ilka Grace she can command ;
 Her Lips, O wow ! they're dainty.
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 She's ay fae clean redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blythe as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
 She blooming, tight and tall is ;
 And guides her Airs fae gracefu' still,
 O Jove ! she's like thy Pallas.

Dut

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 Ye ungu fair oppress us;
 Our Fancies jee between ye twa,
 Ye are sic bonny Lasses:
 Wee s me! for baith I cannot get,
 To ane by Law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
 And be with ane contented.

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And all thy golden Words do now prove true, I find;

Ten thousand Transports wait,

To crown my happy Fate;

Thus kiss'd, and prest,

And doubly bleit,

In all this Pomp and State;

New Scenes of Joy arise,

Which fill me with Surprise,

My Rock and Reel,

And Spinning-Wheel,

And Husband I despise:

Then, Jobson, now adieu,

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Not a Pipe nor a Tun,

But an Ocean of Wine,

With a Ship that's well mann'd

With such rare-hearted Fellows,

Who ne'er left the Tavern

For a porterly Ale-house.

Let the Ship spring a Leak,

To let in the Tipple,

Without Pump or Long-boat,

To save Ship or People:

So that each jolly Lad
 May always be bound,
 Or to drink, or to drink,
 Or to drink, or be drown'd.
 When Death does prevail,
 It is my Design
 To be nobly intomb'd
 In a Wave of good Wine;
 So that living or dead,
 Both Body and Spirit,
 May float round the World
 In an Ocean of Claret.

SONG 337.

O London is a dainty Place,
 A great and gallant City;
 For all the Streets are pav'd with Gold,
 And all the Folks are Witty.
 And there's your Lords and Ladies fine,
 That ride in Coach and Six;
 That nothing drink but Claret Wine,
 And talk of Politicks.
 And there's your Beaux, with powder'd Cloaths,
 Bedaub'd from Head to Chin;
 Their Pocket-holes adorn'd with Gold,
 But not one Soufe within.
 And their the English Actor goes
 With many a hungry Belly;
 While Heaps of Gold are forc'd, God wot,
 On Signior Farinelli.
 And there's your Dames of dainty Frames,
 With Skins as white as Milk;
 Dress'd ev'ry Day in Garments gay,
 Of Sattin and of Silk.
 And if your Mind be so inclin'd,
 To have them in your Arms;
 Pull out a handsome ---- Purse of Gold,
 They can't resist its Charms.

SONG 338.

O Love! by thy Almighty Pow'r,
 Transform me to that new-blown Flow'r,
 Which

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Which, fram'd for Sweetness and Delight,
 Attracts my lov'd Almeria's Sight :
 Behold, in vernal Beauty dress'd,
 It decks the lovely Virgin's Breast ;
 Whence it superior Grace assumes,
 And with unrival'd Beauty blooms.

Why am I not that gentle Air,
 Which flutters, fans, and cools the Fair !
 Too happy Zephyr ! balmy Gale !
 That Fragrance from her Breath you steal :
 See, while your Pain you softly sigh,
 And on her snowy Bosom die ;
 Thy Goddess, Flora, jealous grows,
 And with divine Resentment glows.

Why am I not that Bird, whose Note,
 Sweet warbling in his liquid Throat,
 Bids every Grove and Vale rejoice ;
 His tender, soft melodious Voice,
 Nightly with his enchanting Strain,
 Does, in the Woods, my Love detain,
 Till, list'ning, she forgets to fear
 The Dangers that may threaten there.

When Phœbus' Darts directs his Beams,
 Almeria seeks the cooling Streams :
 The River God with Pride receives
 Almeria to his azure Wave ;
 With murmur'ing Joy they round her move,
 And take her for the Queen of Love.
 Ye Gods ! were I that happy Stream !
 How should I burn with rapid Flame.

Pardon, thou bright, thou matchless Fair !
 The bold Presumption of my Pray'r ;
 Gladly would I my Being change,
 Gladly from Form to Form I'd range ;
 Might I, in any Shape, delight
 Almeria's Sense, or please her Sight ;
 Or might those Variations prove
 The Truth of my unalter'd Love.

Col. O My little Punchinello,
My little dagger Fellow,
Have you heard that Farinello
is coming over ?

Punch. O no---my Columbino,
I hear that Carissino,
The famous Carissino,
Who has pleas'd both the King and Queen-o,
Sets out for Dover.

Col. But I hope my Senesino
is no such Rover ?

Punch. O, no, your Senesino
Has lick'd himself quite clean-o,
Has, of Thousands, made fifteen-o,
And lives in Clover.

Col. After Opera of Handel,
Where d'ye think the Town will dandle ;
Or who shall hold the Candle ?

Punch. ---- I care not a Farthing,
But Harlequini's Lun-o
Has cook'd a deal of Fun-o,
Of Pantemime and Pun-o,
And expects a mighty Run-o
At Covent-garden.

Col. Shall us go and see the Fun-o
At Covent-Garden.

Punch. In Play-houses, full fix-o,
One knows not where to fix-o,
Till they let us in for Nix-o,
That's Punch's Bargain.

Back. In Play-houses, &c.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn ?
Thy Presence cou'd ease me,
When nothing can please me :
Now dowie I sigh on the Bank of the Burn,
Or through the Wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' Woods now are bonny, and Mornings are clear,
 While Lav'rocks are singing,
 And Primroses springing ;
 Yet none of them pleases my Eye or my Ear,
 When through the Wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;
 I'm fash'd wi' their Scorning,
 Baith Ev'ning and Morning ;
 Their Jeering gaes to my Heart wi' a Knell,
 While through the Wood, Laddie, I wander my sell.
 Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
 But quick as an Arrow,
 Haste here to thy Marrow,
 Wha's living in Languor, till that happy Day,
 When through the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing and
 play.

S O N G 341.

O Say what is that Thing call'd Light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
 What are the Blessings of the Sight,
 Tell me your poor blind Boy.
 You talk of wond'rous Things you see :
 You say the Sun shines bright.
 I feel him warm ; but how can he
 Then make it Day or Night ?
 My Day or Night myself I make,
 Whene'er I wake or play ;
 And could I ever keep awake,
 With me 'twere always Day.
 With heavy Sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hopeless Woe ;
 But sure with Patience I may bear
 A Loss I ne'er can know.
 Then let not what I cannot have
 My Chear of Mind destroy ;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,
 Altho' a poor blind Boy !

S O N G

SONG 342.

O What Pain it is to part!
 Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?
 O what Pain it is to part!
 Can thy Polly ever leave thee?
 But least Death my Love should thwart,
 And bring me to the fatal Cart,
 Thus I tear thee from my bleeding Heart!
 Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

SONG 343.

O H! would'st thou know what sacred Charms
 This destin'd Heart of mine alarms,
 This destin'd Heart of mine Alarms;
 What kind of Nymph the Heavens decree,
 The Maid that's made for Love and me,
 The Maid that's made for Love and me.
 Who joys to hear the Sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender Tear.
 Who melts, &c.
 From each ungente Passion free,
 Be such the Maid that's made for me.
 Be such the Maid, &c.
 Whose Heart with gen'rous Friendship glows.
 Who feels the Blessings she bestows.
 Who feels, &c.
 Gentle to all, but kind to me,
 Be such the Maid that's made for me.
 Be such the Maid, &c.
 Whose simple Thoughts, devoid of Art,
 Are all the Natives of Her Heart;
 Are all the Natives, &c.
 A gentle Train from Falshood free,
 Be such the Maid that's made for me.
 Be such the Maid, &c.
 Avaunt ye light Coquets, retire,
 Where flatt'ring Fops around admire,
 Where flatt'ring, &c.
 Unmov'd your tinsel'd Charms I see,
 More genuine Beauties are for me,
 More genuine Beauties are for me.

SONG

O Were Thursday but come,
 How I'd run from my Room,
 And throw off my Gown and my Cap!
 To Abingdon go,
 As spruce as a Beau,
 And dance with my fair Fanny Knapp.

Let other Men strol,
 From hence to the Pole,
 And travel all over the Map,
 I'm sure they'll ne'er find,
 Among Womankind,
 One so lovely as fair Fanny Knapp.

Had I Genius and Fire,
 Such as erst did inspire
 The Bosoms of Blackmore and Trapp,
 Oh! how like any Thing
 Would I carrol and sing
 The Praises of fair Fanny Knapp.

Not gay Wilks's Heart,
 When he tops Wildair's Part,
 Receives so much Joy from a Clap,
 As I, could Gold Finches,
 And a Man of my Inches,
 Commend me to fair Fanny Knapp.

Let the Sot boast his Pleasure,
 Who drinks beyond measure,
 And sits the Long Day at the Tap;
 He's not half so happy,
 Tho' drown'd in his Nappy,
 As I with my fair Fanny Knapp.

As you often have seen
 A Faggot, when green,
 In the Fire boiling over with Sap;
 So my foolish fond Heart
 Foments in each Part,
 While inflam'd by my fair Fanny Knapp.

Not a Baby in Town,
 When Nurse-Maid is gone,
 So whimpers and cries for his Pap,

As I, when away
The least Part of a Day,
Lament for my fair Fanny Knapp.

When Duns at my Door,
At least half a Score,
Successively ply the loud Rapp,
I bid 'em away ;
For what can he pay,
That's undone by his fair Fanny Knapp.

The Cobler in's Hole
Waxes sad to the Soul,
If he chances to lose but his Strap ;
Alas ! so I shall
Lose my End and my All,
If at last I lose fair Fanny Knapp.

The Butcher his Meat,
That we sweetly may eat,
From Fly-blows defends with a Flap ;
So I'd have you to know
I'll butcher that Beau
That dares fly-blow my fair Fanny Knapp.

Some inflam'd with desire
Of sweet Figs in the Fire.
Burn boldly at fam'd Dragon-Snap ;
More vent'rous am I,
Thro' the Flames of her Eye
To catch at my fair Fanny Knapp.

I saw, t'other Day,
And envy'd poor Tray,
When she threw from her Table a Scrap ;
I'll be hang'd for a Rogue,
If I'd not be a Dog,
To be fed by my fair Fanny Knapp.

Where she once set to Sale,
As her Charms cou'd not fail
To bring her in many a Chap,
I'd defy any Pow'r
Less than Jove and his Show'r
To out-bid me for fair Fanny Knapp.

Tho' of all Things I hate
 To be damnably beat,
 Yet methinks I could bear a good Slap,
 Were the Bargain but this,
 To be heal'd by a Kiss
 From the Lips of the fair Fanny Knapp.

Hark, officious bright Sun,
 When this Stage you have run,
 And retire to your Thetis's Lap,
 To Eternity stay,
 We can never want Day,
 While enlight'ned by fair Fanny Knapp.

Poor Swift, on a time,
 At a Loss for a Rhime,
 Was supply'd by a very good Hap;
 Let him now, by his Skill,
 Or the Help of his De'el,
 Find another for fair Fanny Knapp.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My Muse ran so fast,
 She had like, in her Haste,
 To have left in my Sonnet a Gap;
 Tho' I doubt not the Dean,
 If this ----- he had seen,
 He'd have stopp'd it for fair Fanny Knapp.

S O N G 345.

He. O F all Comforts I miscarry'd,
 When I play'd the Set and marry'd.
 'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,
 Those that are in would fain get out on't.

She. Fie! my Dear, pray come to Bed,
 That Napkin take and bind your Head;
 Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,
 You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down,
 For as soon as the Cock crows I'll be gone.

She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me;
 Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone?

He.

He. From your Arms myself divorcing,
I this Morn must ride a courting;
A Sport that far excels a Madam,
Or all the Wives have been since Adam.

She. I, thus when I've lost my Due,
Must hug my Pillow, wanting you;
And whilst you tope it all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

He. Pox, what care I, drink your Slops till you die,
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from Home.

She. If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted;
When I, when I send for you, my Dear, pray come.

He. Ere I'll be from rambling hinder'd,
I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred:
To be sober I've no Leisure;
What's a Man without his Pleasure?

She. To my Grief then I must see,
Strong Wine and Nantz my Rivals be;
Whilst you carouze it with you Blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my Maids.

He. Oons! you may go to your Gossips you know,
And there, if you meet with a Friend, pray do.

She. Go, you Joker, go Provoker,
Never, never shall I meet a Man like you.

SONG 346.

OF all the Girls in our Town,
Or Black, or Yellow, or Fair or Brown,
With their soft Eyes and Faces so bright,
Give me a Girl that's blith and gay,
As warm as June and as sweet as May,
With her Heart free, and faithful as Light.
What lovely Couple then could be,
So happy and so blest as we?
On whom eternal Joys would smile,
And all the Cares of Life beguile,
Entranc'd in Bliss each rapt'rous Night.

SONG 347.

OF all the Girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley:

There is no Lady in the Land

Is half so sweet as Sally :

She is the Darling of my Heart,

And she lives in our Alley.

Her Father he makes Cabbage-Nets,

And thro' the Streets doth cry 'em ;

Her Mother she sells Laces long

To such as please to buy 'em ;

But sure such Folks could ne'er beget

So sweet a Girl as Sally ;

She is the Darling of my Heart,

And she lives in our Alley.

When she is by, I leave my Work,

I love her so sincerely ;

My Master comes, like any Turk,

And bangs me most severely :

But let him bang his Belly full,

I'll bear it all for Sally ;

She is the Darling of my Heart,

And she lives in our Alley.

Of all the Days are in the Week,

I dearly love but one Day ;

And that's the Day that comes betwixt

The Saturday and Monday :

For then I'm dress'd all in my best,

To walk abroad with Sally ;

She is the Darling of my Heart,

And she lives in our Alley.

My Master carries me to Church,

And often am I blamed ;

Because I leave him in the Lurch,

As soon as Text is named :

I leave the Church in Sermon-Time,

And sink away with Sally ;

She is the Darling of my Heart,

And she lives in our Alley.

When Christmas comes about again,

Oh then I shall have Money ;

I'll hoard it up, and box it all,

And give it to my Honey :

I wou'd

I won't it were Ten Thousand Pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.
 My Master and the Neighbours all,
 Make Game of me and Sally;
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A Slave, and row a Gally:
 But when my seven long Years are out,
 Oh then I'll marry Sally;
 Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our Alley.

SONG 347.

OF all the Lads in London Town,
 There's none I love like Johnny,
 He walks so stately on the Ground,
 I like him for my Honey;
 And none but him I e'er will wed,
 So long's my Name is Sally.
 I still will dress me in my best,
 In spite of all our Alley.
 There's Nan and Sue, those wicked Jades,
 Who live in our Alley,
 They laugh, and flaunt, and loud they cry,
 Look there goes ragged Sally;
 But let them know, tho' they say so,
 That I have store of Money,
 And can an Hundred Pounds bestow
 On John, my Dearest Honey.
 'Tis true my Father deals in Nets,
 My Mother in long Laces;
 But what of that, if Johnny's pleas'd.
 'Twon't hinder our Embraces;
 For Johnny he does often swear,
 He dearly loves his Sally;
 And for the Neighbours I don't care,
 We will live in our Alley.
 There is one Day in every Week
 That Johnny does come to me,
 And then I own I am well pleas'd,
 When he does kiss and woo me;

Then in the Fields we walk and talk,
He calls me dearest Sally.

I love him and I'll have him too,
In spite of all our Alley.

His Cheeks are of a Crimson red,
Black Eye-brows he does carry,
His Temper is so sweet and good,
For Johnny I will tarry.

Tho' all the Neighbours spite us sore,
'Cause Johnny loves his Sally;
But I love Johnny still the more,
And a Fig for all the Alley.

Old Women grumble, and the Maids
Are all in Love with Johnny,
Their Guts to Fiddle-strings they fret,
Yet he'd not Leave his Honey;
At Midsummer his Time is out,
Then Hand in Hand with Sally,
Unto the Parson he will go,
In spite of all our Alley.

SONG 348.

Of all the Recreations which
Attend on Human Nature,
There's none that's of so high a Pitch,
Or is of such a Stature,
As is the honest Angler's Life,
In all Men's Approbation:
For Anglers Tricks do daily mix
In every Corporation.

Whilst Eve and Adam liv'd in Love,
And had no Cause of jangling,
The Devil and the Waters move,
The Serpent went to angling:
He casts his Hook with God-like Look;
Thought he the Girl will entangle her.
By this ye all may plainly see,
That the Devil was first an Angler.

B b

Physician.,

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines,
 Are all most neat Entanglers,
 And he that looketh fine, will find,
 That most of them are Anglers :
 Whilst grave Divines do fish for Souls,
 Physicians like Curmudgeons.
 They bait with Health ; we fish for Wealth,
 And Lawyers fish for Gudgeons.

Upon the Exchange, 'twixt Twelve and One,
 Meets many a neat Entangler :
 'Mongst Merchantmen, not one in ten,
 But what's a cunning Angler :
 For like the Fishes in the Brook,
 Brother doth swallow Brother :
 There's a golden Bait hangs at the Hook,
 And they fish for one another.

A Shopkeeper I next prefer ;
 He's a formal Man in black, Sir ;
 He throws his Angle ev'ry where,
 And cries, What is't you lack, Sir ?
 Fine Silks or Stuffs, Cravats or Cuffs.
 But if a Courtier prove th' Entangler,
 My Citizen must lock to't then,
 Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

But there's no such angling as a Wench,
 Stark naked in the Water ;
 She'll make you leave both Trout and Tench,
 And throw yourself in after.
 Your Hook and Line she will confine ;
 Thus tangled is th' Entangler ;
 And this, I fear, hath spoil'd the Gear
 Of many a jovial Angler.

But if you'll trowl, for a Scrivener's Soul,
 Cast in a rich young Gallant.
 To take a Courtier by the Poll,
 Throw in a golden Talent :
 But yet I fear the Draught will ne'er
 Compound for half the Charge on't,
 But if you'll catch the Devil at stretch,
 You must bait him with a Serjeant.

Thus I have made my Angler's Trade
 To stand above defiance ;
 For, like the Mathematic Art,
 It runs thro' ev'ry Science.
 If with my Angling Song I can
 To Mirth and Pleasure seize you,
 I'll bait my Hook with Wit again,
 And Angle still to please you.

S O N G 319.

OF Anna's Charms let others tell,
 Or bright Eliza's Beauty ;
 My Song shall be of Blouzabel,
 To sing of her's my Duty.
 The Farr, who am'd with Cupid's Darts,
 His Flames and other Matters,
 Is all around behu'd with Hearts,
 As beggars are with Tatters.
 To lavish Nature much she owes,
 And much to Education ;
 The Girls and Boys, and Bells and Beaus,
 Are struck with Admiration :
 For blended in her Cheek there lies
 The Carrot and the Turnip ;
 And who beholds her blazing Eyes,
 His very Heart they burn up.
 Her dainty Hands are red and blue,
 Her Teeth all black and yellow ;
 Her curling Hair of Saffron hue,
 Her Lips like any Tallow.
 Her Voice so loud, and eke so shrill,
 Far off it is admir'd ;
 Her Tongue --- which never yet lay still,
 And yet was never tir'd.
 Ten Thousand Wonders rise to View,
 All o'er the lovely Creature,
 The pearly Sweat, like Morning Dew,
 Gilds every shining Feature.
 As Isaac of his Esau said,
 She like a Forest favours :
 Thrice happy Man, for whom the Maid
 Reserves her hidden Favours !

O Eleuzabel, for thee we pant,
 To thee our Hopes aspire ;
 For thou hast all which Lovers want,
 To quench their raging Fire :
 Then kindly take us to thy Arms,
 And in Compassion save us
 From Anra's and Euzal's Charms,
 Which cruelly enslave us.

S O N G 310.

O F all the simple Things we do
 To rub over a whimsical Life,
 There's no one Folly so true
 As that very bad Engin a Wife :
 We're just like a Mouse in a Trap,
 Or Verran caught in a Gin ;
 We sweat and fret, and try to escape,
 And curse the sad Hour we come in.
 I gam'd, I drank, I play'd the Fool,
 And a thousand more I did ere ;
 I lov'd and rang'd, I play'd all Rule,
 But I never was marry'd before :
 This was the worst Plague could ensue ;
 I'm mew'd in a sneaky House ;
 I us'd to tope a Bottle or two,
 But now 'tis small Beer with my Spouse.
 My darling Freedom crown'd my Joys,
 And I never was vex'd in my Way ;
 If now I cross her Will, her Voice
 Makes my Lodging too hot for my Stay :
 Like a Fox that is hamper'd, in vain
 I fret at my Heart and Soul ;
 Walk to and fro the Length of my Chain,
 Then am forc'd to creep into my Hole.

S O N G 311.

O F all the Things beneath the Sun,
 To love's the greatest Curse ;
 If one's deny'd, then he's undone,
 If not, 'tis ten Times worse.

Poor Adam, by his Wife, 'tis known,
 Was trick'd some Years ago ;
 But Adam was not trick'd alone,
 For all his Sons were so.
 Lovers the strangest Fools are made,
 When they their Nymphs pursue,
 Which they will ne'er believe, till wed,
 But then ! alas ! 'tis true.
 They beg, they pray, and they adore,
 Till weary'd out of Life ;
 And pray, what's all this Trouble for ?
 Why truly, for a Wife.
 How odd a Thing's a whining Sot,
 Who sighs, in greatest Need,
 For that, which soon as ever got,
 Does make him sigh indeed.
 Each Man's an Angel while she's woo'd,
 But when the Wooing's done,
 The Wife, instead of Flesh and Blood,
 Proves nothing but a Bone.
 Ills, more or less, in human Life,
 No mortal Man can shun ;
 But when a Man has got a Wife,
 He has them all in one.
 The Liver of Prometheus
 A gnawing Vulture fed ;
 A Fable, but the Thing was thus,
 The poor old Man was wed.
 A Wife, all Men of Learning know,
 Was Tantalus's Curse ;
 The Apples which did tempt him so,
 Were nought but a Divorce.
 Let no Fool dream, that to his Share
 A better Wife will fall,
 They're all the same Faith, to a Hair,
 For they are Women all.
 When first the senseless empty Nokes
 With wooing does begin,
 Far better he might beg the Stocks,
 That they would let him in.

Yet for a Lover we may say,
 He wears no cheating Phiz :
 Tho' other's Looks do oft betray,
 He looks like what he is.
 More Joys a Glass of Wine does give,
 (Wine take him that guinays)
 Than all the Wenches sprung from Eve,
 E'er gave in all their Days.
 But come, to Lovers here's a Glass,
 God-wot, they need no Curse :
 Each wishes he may wed his Lás ;
 No Soul can wish him worse.

SONG 352.

OF all the Toasts that Britain boasts,
 The grim, the gent, the jolly,
 The brown, the fair, the debonaire,
 There's none cry'd up like Polly ;
 Sh'as fir'd the Town, has quite cut down
 The Opera of Rolli ;
 Go where you will, the Subject still
 Is pretty, pretty Polly.
 There's Madam Faustina Catto,
 And eke Madam Cusoni,
 Likewise Signior Sencino,
 Are tutte abandonni.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, do re mi fa,
 Are now but Farce and Folly !
 We're ravish'd all with toll, loll, loll,
 And pretty, pretty Polly.
 The Sons of Bays, in Lyric Plays,
 Sound forth her Fame in Print-o,
 And as we pass, in Frame and Chais
 We see her Metzotinto :
 In Ivy-Lane, the City Strain
 Is more on strait-lac'd Dolly ;
 And all the Brights at Man's and White's
 Of nothing talk but Polly.
 Ah ! Johnny Gay, thy lucky Play
 Has made the Criticks grin-a,
 They cry, 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,
 But let them laugh that win-a.

I swear

I swear parbleu', 'tis naif and new ;
 Ill Nature is but Foily,
 'Twas lent a Stitch to Rent of Rich,
 And set up Madam Polly.
 Ah! tuneful Fair, beware, beware,
 Nor toy with Star and Garter ;
 Fine Cloaths may hide a foul Inside,
 And you may catch a Tartar :
 If powder'd Pop blow up your Shop,
 'Twill make you melancholy,
 Then left to rot, you'll die forgot,
 Alas! alas! poor Polly.

S O N G 353.

O F all the Trades from East to West,
 The Cabler's past contending ;
 He's like in Time to prove the best,
 Who ev'ry Day is mending.
 How great his Praise who can amend
 The Soles of all his Neighbours ?
 Nor is unmindful of his End,
 But to his Last still labours.

S O N G 354.

O F all the World's Enjoyments
 That ever valu'd were,
 There's none of our Employments
 With Fishing can compare :
 Some preach, & me write,
 Some swear, some fight,
 All golden Lucre court ;
 But Fishing still
 Bears off the Bell,
 For Profit or for Sporting.
 Then who a jolly Fisherman, a Fisherman would be,
 His Throat must wet,
 Just like his Net,
 To keep out Cold at Sea.
 The Country 'Squire loves running
 A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds ;
 Another fancies gunning
 For Wild-ducks in his Ground :

This

This hunts, that fowls,
 This hawks, Dick bowls,
 No greater Pleasure withing;
 But Tom, that tells
 What Sport excels,
 Gives all the Praise to Fishing,
 Then who, &c.

A good Westphalia Gammon
 Is counted dainty Fare;
 But what is that to Salmon
 Just taken from the Ware?
 Wheat ears and Quails,
 Cocks, Snipes, and Rails,
 Are priz'd while Season's lasting;
 But all must stoop
 To Craw-fish Soep,
 Or I've no Skill in tasting,
 Then who, &c.

Keen Hunters always take too
 Their Prey with too much Pains;
 Nay, often break a Neck too,
 A Pennance for no Brains:
 They run, they leap,
 Now high, now deep;
 Whilst he that Fishing chuses,
 With Ease may do't,
 Nay more to boot,
 May entertain the Muses.
 Then who, &c.

And tho' some envious Wranglers
 To jeer us will make bold,
 And laugh at patient Anglers,
 Who stand so long i' the Cold:
 They wait on Mifs,
 We wait on this,
 And think it easy Labour;
 And if you'd know
 Fish Profits too,
 Consult our Holland Neighbour.
 Then who, &c.

OF noble Race was Shinkin,
 On the Line of Owen Tudor ;
 But her Renown is fled and gone,
 Since cruel Love purf'd her.
 Fair Winny's Eyes bright shining,
 And lilly Breasts alluring,
 Poor Shinkin's Heart, with fatal Dart,
 Have wounded, past all curing.
 Hur was the puttiest Fellow,
 At Foot-ball, or at Cricket ;
 At Hunting-Chace, or Prison-Bafe,
 Outplus how hur could kick it.
 But now all Joys are flying,
 All pale and wan her Checks to ;
 Her Heart for akes, hur quite forsakes
 Her Herrings and hur Lucks too.
 No more must dear Methylin
 Be top'd at good Montgomery ;
 And if Love ere smite one Week more,
 Adieu Cream-cheefe and Flummery.

S O N G 356.

OFT I'm by the Women told,
 Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old ;
 See how thy Hairs are falling all !
 See, poor Anacreon, how they fall !
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' Effects I do not know.
 This I know without being told,
 'Tis Time to live if I grow old ;
 'Tis Time short Pleasures now to take ;
 Of little Life the best to make ;
 And manage wisely the last Stake.

S O N G 357.

OH, ponder well ! be not severe ;
 So save a wretched Wife !
 For on the Rope that hangs my Dear
 Depends poor Polly's Life.

S O N G

OH how could I venture to love one like thee,
 Or thou not condemn a poor Conquest like me;
 On Lords thy Admirers couldst look with D disdain,
 And know I was nothing, yet pity my Pain:
 You said while they teaz'd you with Nonsense and Drolls,
 When real the Passion the Vanity's less;
 You saw thro' that Silence which others despise,
 And while Beaux were talking read Love in my Eye.
 Oh when shall I fold you, and kiss all your Charms,
 'Till fainting with Pleasure, I die in your Arms;
 Thro' all the wild Raptures of Extacy tost,
 'Till sinking together, together we're lost:
 Oh where is the Maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
 Whose Wit can enliven the dull Pause of Joy;
 And when the short Transports are all at an End,
 From beautiful Mistress, turn sensible Friend.

In vain cou'd I praise you, or strive to reveal,
 Too nice for Expression what only we feel;
 In all that you do, in each Look and each Mien,
 The Graces in waiting adorn you unseen;
 When I see you, I love you, but hearing adore,
 I wonder, and think you a Woman no more,
 'Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
 And kissing those Lips, you grow Woman again.
 With thee in my Bosom, how can I despair,
 I'll gaze on thy Beauty, and look away Care;
 I'll ask thy Advice, when with Trouble oppress'd,
 Which never displeases, yet always is best:
 In all that I write, I'll thy Judgment require,
 Thy Taste shall correct what thy Love did inspire,
 I'll kiss thee, and praise thee, till Youth is all o'er,
 And then live on Friendship, when Passion's no more.

SONG 359.

Molly. OH! Jenny, Jenny, where hast thou been?
 Father and Mother are seeking for thee;
 You have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
 Keeping of Jockey Company.

Jenny. Oh! Molly, I've been to hear the Mill clack,
And grind Grist for the Family;
Full as it went I've brought home my Sack,
For the Miller has taken his Toil of me.

Molly. You hung your Smickets abroad to bleach,
When that was done, where could you be?

Jenny. I slipt down in the Quickset-hedge,
And Jockey the Loon fell after me.

Molly. My Father you told you'd go to Kirk,
When Pray'rs were done, where could you be?

Jenny. Taking a Kid of the Parson and Clerk,
And of other young Laddies some two or three.

Molly. Oh! Jenny, Jenny, what wilt thou do,
If Belly should swell, where wilt thou be?

Jenny. Look to yourself, for Jockey is true,
And whilst Clapper goes, will take Care of me.

S O N G - 360.

O! I'll have a Husband, ah, marry,
For why should I longer tarry,
For why should I longer tarry
Than other bisk Girls have done?

For if I stay,
Till I grow grey,
They'll call me old Maid,
And fusty old Jade;

So I'll no longer tarry,
But I'll have a Husband, ah, marry,
If Money will buy me one.

My Mother she says I'm too coming,
And still in my Ears she is drumming,
And still in my Ears she is drumming,
That I such vain Thoughts should shun;

My Sisters they cry
Oh fie! and oh fie!

But yet I can see,
They're as coming as me;

So let me have Husbands in plenty,
I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
Than die an old Maid undone.

S O N G

(300)

SONG 361.

O H! lead me to some peaceful Gloom,
Where none but fighting Lovers come;
Where the shrill Trumpets never sound,
But one eternal Hiss goes round.

There let me both my pleasing Pain,
And never think of War again; •
What Glory can a Lover have
To conquer, yet be still a Slave?

SONG 362.

O H! lead me to some peaceful Room,
Where none but honest Fellows come;
Where Wives loud Cappers never sound,
But an eternal Laugh goes round.

There let me drown in Wine my Pain,
And never think of home again:
What Comfort can a Husband have,
To rule the House where he's a Slave?

SONG 363.

O H! London is a fine Town, and a gallant City,
'Tis govern'd by the Scarlet Gown, come listen to
my Ditty.

This City has a Mayor, this Mayor he is a Lord,
And governeth the Citizens all by his own accord.

Oh! London, &c.

He boasteth his Gentility, and how nobly he was born
His Arms they are three Ox-heads, and his Crest a ram-
pant Horn.

The first Journey his Lordship takes, is to Westminster-
Hall,

Attended by twelve Companies, for he must have them
Oh! London, &c. [all]

The Barges are made fine and gay, for his Lordship and
the best,

And Dung-boats and Lighters provided for the rest:

Then at the Exchequer he's sworn upon a Shoe-Sole,
That he will be no wrier Man than his Brother Jobber.

Oh! London, &c. [noise]

The Sword is borne before him up and down the Strand,
To fright away the little Boys that laugh at our Lord
Mayors. And



And when that is ended, home again he comes,
With joyful Noise upon the Thames of Trumpets and of
Oh ! London, &c. [Drums.

His Lordship lands at Black-Fryars, and on along he jogs,
Attended by his Companies, as hungry as Dogs.

Then in comes the Carver, and boldly falls to Work,
With Knife like to a Scimeter, as fierce as any Turk.

Oh ! London, &c.

He hit upon the Goose-Bone, and turn'd both Edge and
Point,

'Till he look'd upon my Lord-Mayor he could not hit
the Joint.

Then up came Custard with Twenty-four Nooks,
As you may find recorded in Johnny Stow's Books.

Oh ! London, &c.

And why it was so big, if you would know the Reason,
It was to keep their Chops at work that would be
prating Treason.

Then they go to Greenwich all in the City Barge,
And there they have a noble Treat all at the City

Oh ! London, &c.

[Charge.

And when they come to Cuckold's Point, they make a
gallant Show,

Their Wives bid the Musick play Cuckolds all a-row.
Then they go to Paul's Church, ere Morning Prayer
begins,

And as they go along the Street, they stoop to pick up

Oh ! London, &c.

[Pins.

But if you'd know, I'll tell you the moral Reason of it,
They that would to Riches grow, must stoop for little
Profit.

My Lord-Mayor rides along the Street like unto a Law-
maker,

With forty Catch-poles at his Arse, to prosecute the

Oh ! London, &c.

[Baker.

And when he comes to the Baker's Stall, and finds his
Bread too light,

He sends it home to his own House, to feast both Lord
and Knight.

Then to the Session-House they go, the Sessions there to keep,

Until that the Recorder comes, they all are fast asleep.

Oh! London, &c.

They call up all their Juries by twelves and by twelves,
And if they hang up no Man, they may go themselves.

So then they borrow Boots and Spurs, and out of Town
To see the Bears baited on the Bank-side. [they ride,

Oh! London, &c.

And when that they have done, they all return again,
Like so many Apes on Horse-back, with each his golden
Chain.

Then to hear a Sermon once a Year he rides unto the
Spittle,

And there he sits full three Hours long, and brings away

Oh! London, &c. [but little.

And when that he comes home, he sits down at his
Board,

And if he has not min'd Pyes, his Chear's not worth a
T---d.

My Lady says unto my Lord, when all the Guests are
gone,

I do intend To-morrow to invite my Friend Sir John.

Oh! London, &c.

For I don't think it fit always to have Tradesmen,
I pray therefore let me rub in a Courtier now-and-then.

My Lady boldly ask'd my Lord what Dishes she should
have,

To entertain her Friend Sir John, that was so fine and
Oh! London, &c. [brave.

My Lord he nam'd a Calf's-head, at which she made a
Pish,

And said. she'd have a Turkey-cock, 'cause she lov'd a
standing Dish.

Next, once a Year into Essex a hunting they do go,

To see 'm pass along, oh! 'tis a pretty Show!

Oh! London, &c.

Through Cheapside, and Fenchurch-street, and so to
Aldgate Pump,

Each Man with's Spurs in's Horse's Sides, and Back-
Sword cros his Rump :

My

My Lord he takes a Staff in Hand, to beat the Bushes
o'er,

I must confess it was a Work he ne'er had done before.

Oh! London, &c.

A Creature bounces from a Bush, which made them all
to laugh,

My Lord he cry'd a Hare, a Hare! but it prov'd an
Essex Calf.

And when they had done their Sport, they came to
London, where they dwell,

Their Faces all so torn and scratch'd their Wives scarce
Oh! London, &c. [knew them well.

For 'twas a very great Mercy so many 'scap'd alive,
For of twenty Saddles carry'd out, thay brought again

Oh! London, &c. [but five.

SONG 364.

OF all the Pleasures of Mankind

Love ever is most thriving,

For all Degrees we see inclin'd

To Wenching, or to Wiving :

Sure Jove in ev'ry female Form

Magnetic Virtue mixes,

And to one Point this secret Charm

The human Needle fixes.

The Stripling e'er he leaves the School

Finds Cupid circulating,

From Ovid fetches ev'ry Rule,

And Love's the only Latin :

In Verse he chants some lovely Maid,

As soon as Muse can stammer,

And ten to one he proves a Dad,

E'er he has learn'd his Grammar.

The Wretch whom more than threescore Years

Have maim'd, and somewhat blinded,

At am'rous Sounds pricks up his Ears,

Of Hymen's Blifs reminded ;

Nor doubts to propagate an Heir,

Therefore's horn-mad to marry ;

But were it not for Spouse's Care,

Poor Soul how he'd miscarry !

C c 2

The

The Rich, the Poor, the Bond, the Free,
 Howe'er by Faith divided,
 In this one Tenet all agree,
 A Mate must be provided ;
 Nay, some they say, of Pagan Race,
 For six at once can burn, Sir ;
 But Christians, who have sure more Grace,
 Think one may serve the Turn, Sir.

S O N G 365.

O H ! the charming Month of May,
 When the Breezes
 Fan the Trees, is
 Full of Blossoms fresh and gay ;
 Oh ! the charming Month of May,
 Charming, charming Month of May.
 Oh ! what Joys our Prospects yield,
 When in new Livery,
 We see every
 Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field :
 Oh ! what Joys, &c. charming Joys, &c.
 Oh ! how fresh the Morning Air,
 When the Zephyrs,
 And the Heifers,
 Their odorif'rous Breath compare :
 Oh ! how fresh, &c. charming fresh, &c.
 Oh ! how sweet at Night to dream,
 On mossy Pillows,
 By the Trillows
 Of a gentle, purling Stream,
 Oh ! how sweet, &c. charming sweet, &c.
 Oh ! how kind the Country Lass,
 Who, her Cow bilking,
 Leaves off her milking,
 For a green Gown upon the Grass.
 Oh ! how kind, &c. charming kind, &c.
 Oh ! how sweet it is to spy,
 At the Conclusion,
 Her deep Confusion,
 Blushing Cheeks, and down-cast Eye,
 Oh ! how sweet, &c. charming sweet, &c.

Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,
 When all is over,
 She gives her Lover,
 Who on the Skimming-dish carves her Name :
 Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,
 Charming, charming, &c.

SONG 366.

OH! what Pleasures will abound,
 When I've got ten thousand Pound :
 O how courted I shall be!
 O what Lords will kneel to me!
 Who'll dispute my
 Wit and Beauty
 When my golden Charms are found ?
 O what Flattery
 In the Lottery,
 When I've got ten thousand Pound !

SONG 367.

OH! where will you hurry my Dearest,
 Say, say to what Clime or what Shore ?
 You're tearing from me the sincerest,
 That ever lov'd Mortal before.
 Ah cruel hard-hearted to press him,
 And force the dear Youth from my Arms ;
 Restore him that I may caress him,
 And shield him from future Alarms.
 In vain you insult and deride me,
 And make but a Scoff at my Woes ;
 You ne'er from my Dear shall divide me,
 I'll follow wherever he goes.
 Think not of the merciless Ocean
 My Soul any Terror can have ;
 For soon as the Ship makes its Motion,
 So soon shall the Sea be my Grave.

SONG 368.

Widow. OH! my poor Husband, for ever he's gone.
 Alas! alas! alas I am undone !
 I sigh and I moan,
 Must I these cold Nights lie alone ?
 Alas! I'm undone.

I did what I list,
 We kiss'd and we kiss'd,
 Till his Vigour he miss'd.
 Till his jolly fat Face grew as small as my Fift,
 And his Calves, h's poor Calves, as thin as my Wrist.
 We wrangl'd and jangl'd, when in an ill Mood;
 But a Nights, like two Pigeons, we bill'd and we coo'd:
 We whisk'd and we frisk'd, alack ! and alack !
 Why must he for ever, why must he for ever now lie on
 his Back ?

Why must he for ever now lie on his Back ?

Rake. Why Widow, why Widow, what makes thee
 so sad ?

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, art thou mad ?
 If one Husband's dead, there are more to be had :
 Come, I'll be thy Honey, leave keeping a Pother ;
 One Man, like one Nail, serves to drive out another.

Widow. How ! talk so to me ? what think you I'll
 wed ?

'Tis scarce a Month yet since my poor Husband's dead.

Rake. A Month ! 'tis an Age ; you're mad to-day ;
 Most Widows now chuse ere the Funeral Day.

Widow. Not I, I'll ne'er do't : Lard ! what would
 People say ?

Rake. They'll say you're a Woman ; come off with
 this Black :

Come, come, come, come off, come, come off with this
 Black ;

See, see, here's a Shape, here's an Arm, here's a Leg,
 here's a Back ;

I'll get thee with Twins till a hundred and ten.

Widow. You lye ; you will talk at another Rate then.

Rake. Then try me.

Widow. Leave fooling.

Rake. I'll do't by this Kiss,
 By this, this, and this, I'll be hang'd if I miss.

Widow. Lard ! Should I do this ?

Rake. 'Twill ease you of Pain.

Widow. Go, go, you're a sad Man ; ay, do if you can ;
 Ay, do if you can, ay, do, do, do,

I'll kill thee with Kindness, I'll kill thee with Kindness,
 I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee, I'll
 Do, do, do, do if you can ; ay do, do, do, do, do, do,
 do if you can,
 Kill thee, I'll kill thee with Kindness, I'll kill thee,
 I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee with Kindness.

S O N G 369.

OLD Adam, it is true,
 No Care in Eden knew,
 Yet his Sons live more gay and more airy ;
 For he tippl'd Water,
 While we, who come after,
 Drink Claret and racy Canary.
 Then let each take his Glas,
 And drink to his Lads,
 But ne'er be a Slave unto either ;
 For they are only wise,
 Who both equally prize,
 And join Bacchus and Venus together.
 Whenever thus they meet,
 All our Joys are compleat,
 And our Jollity ne'er can expire ;
 They our Faculties warm,
 And us mutually charm,
 While each from the other takes Fire.

S O N G 370.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his Pupil Achilles ;
 I'll tell you, young Gentleman, what the Fates
 Will is :
 You, my Boy, must go,
 The Gods will have it so,
 To the Siege of Troy,
 Thence never to return to Greece again ;
 But before those Walls to be slain.
 Let not your noble Courage be cast down,
 But all the while you lie before the Town,
 Drink and drive Care away, drink and be merry ;
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian Ferry.

S O N G

ON the Tay's verdant Banks a fair Maid lay reclin'd;
 She wept to the Oziers that curl'd to the Wind;
 While Eccho to Sorrow, so faithful and kind,
 Repeated her Plaints for her Jockey, her Jockey,
 Repeated her Plaints for her Jockey.

Not the Nightingale's Voice was more mournful and
 clear,

When thus she began, 'tis the Loss of my Dear,
 That from Eyes, once so sparkling, enforces a Tear,
 The Tear which I drop for young Jockey, young Jockey,
 The Tear which I drop for young Jockey.

The Linnet his Mate chuses out of the Throng,
 And, when he has won her, sits all the Day long,
 Still proud of his Conquest, repeating his Song;
 Not so did inconstant young Jockey, young Jockey,
 Not so did inconstant young Jockey.

He swore 'twas my Beauty his Heart that had won,
 And his Flame was as pure as the Light of the Sun;
 But the Maid that believes, is as surely undone,
 For false and deceitful's young Jockey, young Jockey,
 For false and deceitful's young Jockey.

S O N G 372.

ON every Hill, in every Grove,
 Along the Margin of each Stream,
 Dear conscious Scenes of former Love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my Theme:
 The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy Cave I fly,
 Where to my Swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing Goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy Steep they hung.
 The mossy Cave, the Goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling Vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known Shade.
 I weep, and kiss the bending Grass,
 Where Love and Damon fondly play'd.

The Vale, the Shade, the Grass remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

From Hill, from Dale, each Charm is fled,
Groves, Flocks, and Fountains, please no more,
Each Flower in Pity droops its Head,
All Nature does my Loss deplore.
All, all reproach the faithless Swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

RECITATIVE.

Love, the greatest Bliss below,
How to taste few Women know ;
Fewer still the Way have hit
How a fickle Swain to quit.
Simple Nymph, then learn of me,
How to treat Inconstancy.

SONG 373.

ON, on, my dear Brethren, pursue the great Lecture,
And refine on the Rules of old Architecture :
High Honour to Masons the Craft daily brings,
To those Brothers of Princes, and Fellows of Kings.
We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the Stage,
And reviv'd the old Arts of Augustus' fam'd Age ;
And Vespasian destroy'd the vast Temple in vain,
Since so many now rise under Montagu's Reign.
The noble five Orders, compos'd with such Art,
Shall amaze the swift Eye, engage the whole Heart :
Proportion, sweet Harmony, gracing the Whole,
Gives our Work, like the glorious Creation, a Soul.
Then, Master and Brethren, preserve your great Name :
This Lodge so majestic shall purchase you Fame ;
Rever'd it shall stand, 'till all Nature expire,
And its Glories ne'er fade, 'till the World's is on Fire.
See, see, behold here what rewards all our Toil,
Inspires our Genius, and makes Labour smile :
To our Grand-Master let a Bumper be crown'd.
To all Masons a Bumper, so let it go round.
Again, my lov'd Brethren, again let it pass,
Our antient firm Union cement with a Glass,
And all the Contention 'mongst Masons shall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

SONG

ON the Bank of a River so deep,
 Whose Waters glide silently on,
 Sad Rosalind sat down to weep,
 For Damon, her Lover, was gone :
 The fairest and faithfullest she,
 Of all that tripp'd over the Plains ;
 But alas ! the most fickle was he,
 Among all the Shepherds and Swains.
 Down each Cheek ran her Tears in a Stream :
 All his Vows are forgotten, she cries,
 Regarded no more than a Dream,
 Though for him his fond Shepherdess dies :
 He's gone, the false Creature is gone,
 To deceive some fresh Nymph of the Plain,
 Whose Fate will, like mine, be to moan
 The Loss of a perjured Swain.
 Beware, you bright Maidens, beware,
 If my treacherous Shepherd you meet,
 For alas ! he's bewitchingly fair ;
 When he speaks, there's no Musick so sweet :
 As the Spring he is blooming and gay,
 As the Summer delightful and kind ;
 But believe not one Word he can say,
 For he's false as the wavering Wind.
 Foolish Maid ! whilst I thought he was true,
 I sent up no Looks to the Skies ;
 All the Sunshine or Gloom that I knew,
 Was the Gloom or the Shine of his Eyes.
 He alone was my Joy, and my Care,
 I wish'd for no Heaven above ;
 No Sorrow, no Pain could I fear,
 No Hell, but the Loss of his Love.
 How fondly endearing was he,
 'Till I granted whate'r he desir'd ?
 But, you Virgins, take Warning by me,
 For his Flame from that Moment expir'd.
 Now I ne'er shall embrace him again,
 He, ungrateful, is flown from my Arms ;
 Far away, o'er the flowery Plain,
 And despises these sullied Charms.

Sure the Gods have some Vengeance in store,
 For the Breach of those Vows which he made,
 Though by him they're remember'd no more,
 Than the Wretch who by them was betray'd.
 But forgive him, ye Powers above,
 Though he's false, bring no Harm on his Head:
 But crown him with Beauty and Love,
 Long after poor Rosalind's dead.
 Thus she mourn'd : What a Scene all around !
 The Birds flag their Wings at her Sighs,
 The Valleys her Sorrows resound,
 And the Stream shews her blubbered Eyes :
 All Nature takes part in her Wee,
 A black Cloud o'er the Heaven is spread,
 The Winds have forgotten to blow,
 And the Willows bend over her Head.

S O N G 375.

ONCE I lov'd a charming Creature,
 But the Flame with which I burn
 Is not for each tender Feature,
 Nor for her Wit and sprightly Turn.
 But for her Down, derry, down derry,
 But for her Down, derry, down derry.
 On the Grass I saw her lying,
 Strait I seiz'd her tender Waist ;
 On her Back she lay complying,
 With her lovely Body plac'd
 Under my Down, &c.
 But the Nymph being young and tender,
 Could not bear the dreadful Smart,
 Still unwilling to surrender,
 Call'd Mamma to take her Part
 Of her Down, &c.
 Out of Breath, Mamma came running,
 To prevent poor Nancy's Fate ;
 But the Girl, now grown more cunning,
 Cry'd Mamma, you're come too late,
 For I'm Down, &c.

S O N G

ONce more I'll tune the Vocal Shell,
 To Hills and Dales my Passion tell,
 A Flame which Time can never quell
 But burn for thee, my Peggy.
 Yet greater Bards the Lyre should hit,
 For say what Subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling Wit,
 And Bloom of lovely Peggy.

The Sun first rising in the Morn,
 That paints the Dew-bespangl'd Thorn,
 Does not so much the Day adorn,
 As does my lovely Peggy.

And when in Thetis' Lap to rest
 He streaks with Gold the ruddy West,
 She's not so beauteous, as undrest
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyrs, on the Violet blows,
 Or breathes upon the Damask Rose,
 He does not half the Sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a Kiss, the other Day,
 And trust me none but Truth I say,
 The Fragrance of the blooming May,
 Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic Weed,
 With she the bleating Flock I'd feed,
 And pipe upon the Oaken Reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy.

With her a Cottage would delight,
 All's happy when she's in my Sight,
 But when she's gone 'tis endless Night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r shall rove,
 And Linnets warble through the Grove,
 Or stately Swans the Water love,
 So long shall I love Peggy.

And when Death with his pointed Dart
 Shall strike the Blow that rives my Heart,
 My Words shall be when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

ONE April Ev'ning, when the Sun
Had journey'd down the Sky,
Poor Marian with joyless Chear,
Walk'd out most heavily.

Tears trickled down her faded Cheeks,
Soft Sighs her Bosom heav'd ;
Soft Sighs confess her inward Woe :
Alas ! sh'ad been deceiv'd.

Ah ! what a Wretch am I become,
Poor luckless Lass ! said she ;
The Cowslip, and the Violet's Bloom,
Have now no Charms for me.

The setting Sun, which decks each Cloud
With Streaks of purple Dye,
Brings no Relief to my Dilease,
Nor Pleasure to my Eye.

This little River, when I dress'd,
Once serv'd me for a Glass ;
And now it serves to shew how Love
Has ruin'd this poor Face.

How often, Collin, have you sworn,
That none you lov'd but me ;
Yet Perjur'd now, those Oaths you scorn,
And slight my Misery.

What Charms can happy Mopsa boast,
To change thy faithless Mind ?
What Beauty more in her, than me,
Ungrateful ! can'st thou find ?

All other Shepherds think me fair ;
But what is that to me,
The Praise of all the neighb'ring Youth ?
I, hopeless, die for thee !

Yet I would change my rosy Cheeks,
For Mopsa's fallow Hue ;
And be content with blubber Lips,
Since they have Charms for you.

Have I not told you twenty times,
 I could not bear Deceit ?
 And who'd have guess'd those harmless Looks
 Were form'd to hide a Cheat ?

But now, alas ! too late I find
 Those Locks have me betray'd ;
 Yet I'll not spend my dying Hours
 Thy Falshood to upbraid.

But what remaining Breath I have
 Shall intercede with Heav'n,
 That all thy broken Vows to me
 At last may be forgiv'n.

And one small Boon, of thee unkind,
 I, ere I die, require ;
 Ah ! do not thou refuse to grant
 A Wretch her last Desire.

When thou with Mopsa shalt have fixt
 Thy fatal Marriage-Day,
 Oh ! do not o'er my Green-grass Grave,
 Inhuman, track thy Way.

SONG 378.

ONE April Morn, as from the Sea
 Phœbus was just appearing ;
 Damon and Cælia, young and gay,
 Long-settl'd Love endearing ;
 Met in a Grove to vent their Spleen
 On Parents unrelenting ;
 He bred of Tory Race had been,
 She of the Tribe Dissenting.
 Cælia, whose Eyes out-shone the God
 Newly the Hills adorning ;
 Told him Mamma would run stark mad,
 She missing Prayers that Morning :
 Damon, his Arm around her Waist,
 Swore that nought should them sunder ;
 Should my rough Dad know how I'm blest,
 'Twould make him roar like Thunder.
 Great ones whom proud Ambition blind,
 By Faction still support it ;
 Or, where vile Money taints the Mind,
 They for Convenience court it ;

But

But mighty Love, that seems to shew
 Party should raise his Glory,
 Swears he'll exalt a Vassal true,
 Let him be Whig or Tory.

SONG 379.

ONE Ev'ning having lost my Way,
 By chance I came into a Wood,
 Sol had been very hot that Day ;
 I under a Covert stood :
 Long Time I had not tarry'd there,
 Before I heard a Rustling nigh,
 A Female Voice said, stay my Dear ;
 The Man cry'd, Zoons, not I.
 Don't offer to hold me, but let go my Hand,
 Thou'st tore off a Button, and rumpl'd my Band ;
 Don't squeeze me, let me goo, for I wanna be fool'd by
 thee.

These Words, I own, did make me stare,
 No Person being to be seen ;
 When thro' the Leaves a Damsel fair
 I spy'd lying on the Green.
 A lusty Clown did by her stand,
 Endeavouring for to get away ;
 The Lads as strongly held his Hand,
 And thus to him did say :
 My dearest sweet Dicky, why wilt thou be
 So cross and so cruel unto me,
 When thou know'st I love, I languish, I sigh, I die for
 thee ?

And then the Tears did trickle down
 From her bright Eyes exceeding fast :
 The Sight of which so mov'd the Clown,
 He stood like one aghast.
 Why wilt thou, Joany, tempt me so,
 Mayhaps we may a young one get,
 Then I must for a Soldier go,
 And thou know'st I hate to fight.
 My dearest, my Dicky, be rul'd by me,
 They neither shall press thee by Land nor by Sea,
 But love me, dearest Dicky, and I'll save thee from the
 Wars, D d 2 At

At this the Clown began to grin,
 And leeringly on her then did look ;
 And after having wip'd his Chin
 From her sweet Lips a Kiss he took.
 And wilt thou then, my dearest Joan,
 Secure me that I shan't be prest,
 If so, I wish we two were one,
 Ah Dicky! then I am blest.
 She pull'd him down by her, saying, be not afraid.
 Gods! who cou'd deny so charming a Maid?
 Such Breasts, such Lips, such Eyes, wou'd charm a mo-
 dern Saint.

Had you but seen with how much Art
 She manag'd him in Love's Contest,
 And how well Dicky play'd his Part,
 You'd swear that each lov'd other best.
 Now both agree to rest awhile,
 Being tired with extream Delight ;
 She soon reviv'd him with a Smile,
 And Dicky then renew'd the Fight.
 She hugg'd him, she kiss'd him from Head to Heel,
 Such Joy and such Transport the Clown did ne'er feel,
 My Dear, my Joan, he cry'd, I never can from thee part.
 They toy'd while they cou'd, and they both consent,
 To meet the next Ev'ning ; so home they went,
 Dick fears no pressing now, and Joan has her Longing
 sav'd.

S O N G 380.

ONE long Whitsun Holiday,
 Holiday, Holiday, 'twas a jolly Day,
 Young Ralph, buxom Phillida,
 Phillida, a-well-a-day !
 Met in the Pease :
 They long had Community,
 He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
 Joyful Unity, nought but Opportunity
 Scanting, was wanting,
 Their Bosoms to ease.
 But now Fortune's Cruelty,
 Cruelty, you will see ; for as they lie

In close Hug, Sir Domini,
Gemini ! Gemini !

Chanc'd to come by.

He read Prayers in the Family,
No way now to frame a Lye,
They, scar'd at old Homily,
Homily, Homily,
Both away fly.

Home, soon as he saw the Sight,
Full of Spite as a Kite, runs the Rechabite,
Like a noisy Hypocrite,
Hypocrite, Hypocrite,
Mischief to say.

Save he would fair Phillida,
Phillida, Phillida, drest that Holiday,
But poor Ralph, ah ! well-a-day,
Well-a-day, well-a-day !
Turn'd was away.

Adsnigs ! cries Sir Domini,
Gemini ! Gemini ! shall a Rogue stay,
To baulk me, as commonly,
Commonly, commonly,
Has been his way :

No, I serve the Family,
They know nought to blame me by,
I read Prayers and Homily,
Homily, Homily,
Three times a Day.

SONG 381.

ONE Night in my Ramble I chanced to see
A Thing like a Spirit it frightened me ;
I cock'd up my Hat, and resolv'd to look big,
And strait fell a tuning the Irish Jig.

The Devil drew nearer and nearer ; in short.

I found it was one of the Petticoat Sort :

My Fears being over, I car'd not a Fig,

But still I kept tining the Irish Jig.

And then I went to her, resolving to try her ;

I put her agog of a longing Desire ;

D d 3

I told

I told her I'd give her a Whip for her Gig,
And a Scourge to the Tune of the Irish Jig.
Then nothing but dancing our Fancy could please,
We lay on the Grass, and danc'd at our Ease ;
I down'd with my B---s, and off with my Wig,
And we fell a dancing the Irish Jig.

I thank you, kind Sir, for your Kindness, said she,
The Scholar's as wise as the Master can be ;
For if you should chance to get me a Kid,
I'll lay the poor Brat to the Irish Jig.
The Dance being ended, as you may say,
We rose by Consent, and we both went away ;
I put on my Cloaths, and left her to grow big,
And so went away roaring the Irish Jig.

SONG 382.

OUR Polly is a sad Slut ! nor heeds what we taught
her,

I wonder any Man alive will ever rear a Daughter !
For she must have both Hoods and Gowns,
And Hoops to swell her Pride,
With Scarfs and Stays, and Gloves and Lace ;
And she will have Men beside ;
And when she's dress'd with Care and Cost,
All tempting fine and gay,
As Men should serve a Cucumber,
She stings herself away.

Our Polly is a sad Slut, &c.

SONG 383.

ONE Summer's Eve, as Strephon rov'd,
Wrapt up in Thought profound ;
Surpriz'd, he saw his best belov'd,
Lie sleeping on the Ground.
Awake, my pretty Sleeper wake !
Awake to Strephon's Call :
Be careful for your Lover's Sake,
'Tis Night, the Dew-drops fall.
Then to her Cheeks his Lips he laid,
And gently stole a Kiss ;
She still slept on, he not dismay'd,
Repeats the transient Bliss :

She

She wakes, and thus, with angry Tone,
 Away, away, she cries !
 Then falt'ring, bids the Swain be gone,
 Then sigh'd, and clos'd her Eyes.
 Tho' cruel are your Words, sweet Maid,
 Can Sighs proceed from Hate ?
 My Doubts are gone, then down he laid,
 Resolv'd to share her Fate.
 Defended from the noxious Air,
 Within his Arm, she lay,
 And tho' the Swain oft wak'd the Fair,
 She said no more till Day.

SONG 384.

O Mary! soft in Feature,
 I've been at dear Vauxhall;
 No Paradise is sweeter,
 Not that they Eden call:
 At Night such new Vagaries,
 Such gay and harmless Sport;
 All look'd like Giant Fairies,
 And this their Monarch's Court.
 Methought, when first I enter'd,
 Such Splendors round me shone,
 Into a World I ventur'd
 Where rose another Sun;
 Whilst Musick, never cloying,
 As Sky-Larks sweet I hear;
 The Sounds I'm still enjoying,
 They always sooth my Ear.
 Here Paintings, sweetly glowing,
 Where-e'er our Glances fall;
 Here Colours, Life bestowing,
 Bedeck this Greenwood-Hall:
 The King there dubs a Farmer,
 There John his Doxy loves;
 But my Delight's the Charmer,
 Who steals a Pair of Gloves.
 As still amaz'd, I'm straying
 O'er this enchanted Grove,
 I spy a Harper playing
 All in his proud Alcove;

I doff

I doff my Hat, desiring
 He'd tune up Buxom Joan :
 But what was I admiring ?
 Odzooks ! a Man of Store,
 But now the Tables spreading,
 They all fall too with Glee ;
 Not e'en at 'Squire's fine Wedding,
 Such Dainties did I see ;
 I long'd (poor starv'ling Rover)
 But none heed Country Elves ;
 These Folk with Lace dawb'd o'er,
 Love only dear themselves.
 Thus whilst, 'midst Joys abounding
 As Grasshoppers, they're gay ;
 At distance, Crouds surrounding
 The Lady of the May :
 The Man i'th' Moon tweer'd sily,
 Soft twinkling thro' the Trees ;
 As tho' 'twould please him highly
 To taste Delights like these.

SONG 385.

PHillis, as her Wine she sipp'd in,
 Gaily talking with her Swain,
 Into her Hand he sily slipp'd in
 Tall, lal, lal, lal,
 A full Glass of brisk Champagne.
 Why so coy, said he, and fickle ?
 Must I always sigh in vain ?
 Must I never hope to tickle
 Tal, lal, &c.
 Your Ear with a merry Strain ?
 Long have I been tof'd and fretting,
 Like a Sailor on the Main ;
 Sure, at length 'tis Time to get in,
 Tal, lal, &c.
 To the Port I hope to gain.
 Hearts you take delight in stealing,
 Of new Conquests still are vain ;
 Torture others, whilst I'm feeling
 Tal, lal, &c.
 Pleasure that is void of Pain.

Wom

Won at length, she listen'd kindly,
 And from Love could not refrain ;
 So in the Nick the Nymph was finely
 Tal, lal, &c.

Fitted for her cold Disdain.

S O N G 386.

PHILLIS despise not your faithful Lover,
 Play not the Tyrant, because you are Fair ;
 Beauty will fade, my charming Maid,
 Just as the Lilly, my beautiful Philly,
 Cease to prove coy, smile on the Boy,
 Grant him the Blessing he longs to enjoy.
 Crowns are but Trifles, compar'd with my Philly :
 Who can behold her, and not be enslav'd ?
 Angel Divine ! wert thou but mine :
 Pity my Story, I laugh at all Glory,
 Here I protest on thy dear Breast,
 With thee in a Cottage I'd think myself blest.

S O N G 387.

PHILLIS, the lovely, the charming, and fair,
 Pity your Strephon, that loves to despair,
 Pity, dear Nymph, a poor languishing Swain,
 And doom not the Hopes of a Lover in vain.
 Cupid, direct her, and make her inclin'd,
 Tell her, her Strephon will ever be kind,
 Tell her, he languishes, tell her, he dies,
 And waits the Physician that dwells in her Eyes.
 Crowns are but Trifles to Phillis's Charms,
 Cupid, convey her secure to my Arms :
 Then may blest Strephon for ever remain
 The first in a Cottage, a happy young Swain.

S O N G 388.

POOR Sawney had marry'd a Wife,
 And he knew not what to do with her ;
 For she'd eat more Barley-bread,
 Than he knew how to give her :
 We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 'Till Jove sends warmer Weather.

We'll

We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till Jove sends warmer Weather.

We'll put the Sheep's-head in the Pot,
The Wool and the Horns together ;
And we will make Broth of that,
And we'll all sup together,
We'll all sup together, &c.

The Wool shall thicken the Broth,
The Horns shall serve for Bread :

By this you may understand
The Virtue that's in a Sheep's-head :
And we'll all sup together, &c.

Some shall lig at the Head,
And some shall lig at the Feet ;
Miss Cuddy wou'd lig in the Middle,
Because she'd have all the Sheet :
We'll all lig together, &c.

Miss Cuddy got up in the Loft,
And Sawney wou'd fain have been at her,
Miss Cuddy fell down in her Smock,
And made the Glas Windows to clatter ;
We'll all lig together, &c.

The Bride she went to Bed,
The Bridegroom followed after,
The Fidler crept in at the Feet,
And they all ligg'd together :
We'll all lig together, &c.

SONG 389.

Pretty Parrot, say, when I was away,
And in dull Absence pass'd the Day,
What at Home was doing ?
With Chat and Play,
We were gay,
Night and Day,
Good Cheer and Mirth renewing ;
Singing, laughing all, like pretty, pretty Poll.
Was no Fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a saucy Lover wou'd
Court, and teaze my Lady ?

A Thing you knew,
Made for Show,
Call'd a Beau,

Near her was always ready,
Ever, ever at her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.
Tell me, with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,
And how she could with Patience bear
All he did and utter'd ?

He still address'd,
Still carefs'd,
Kiss'd and press'd ;

Sung, prattled, laugh'd, and flatter'd ;
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Polly.

Did he go away, at the Close of Day,
Or did he ever use to stay

In a Corner dodging ?
The want of Light,
When 'twas Night,
Spoil'd my Sight ;

But I believe his Lodging
Was within her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

S O N G 390.

PRithee Friend leave off thy Thinking,
Cast thy Cares and Love away ;
Troubles still are drown'd in Drinking,

Do not, do not, then delay ;
Bacchus cares not for thy Will,
But will have us drinking still.

Do but view this Glass of Claret,
How invitingly it looks ;

Drink it quickly, or yo'll mar it,
Pox of fighting, or of Books :
Let us have good Store of Wine,
Hang him then that does repine.

Call the Drawer, bid him fill it
As full as ever it can hold :

O take heed you do not spill it, :
'Tis more precious far than Gold ;

Let us drink, and then 'twill prove,
Drink is better Sport than Love.

S O N G

Pretty Wanton, come away,
 Lovers Month is always May;
 Long have I, too long to say,
 Su'd the wanton Thing to play;
 But, alas! and well a-day,
 When I sue, you cry me nay,
 When I sue, &c.

To requite my ling'ring Stay,
 Pay me now or never pay;
 Nature smiles, and all is gay,
 All is deck'd in best Array;
 Pretty Wanton, come away,
 Let us love the Month of May,
 Let us, &c.

Little Wanton, let us rove
 Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove;
 There to hear the Turtle-Dove
 Cooing Sonnets to its Love;
 Every Turtle equals Jove,
 Tho' the God for Beauty strove,
 Tho' the God, &c.

Let us then our Times improve,
 Sonnets may your Scorn remove,
 Coynefs doth not thee behove.
 Wear the Wreath a Shepherd wove,
 Little Wanton! let us rove,
 Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove,
 Thro' the fragrant, &c.

Prithee, Wanton, come away,
 Slight not Love with cold Delay;
 Every Field is green and gay,
 Every Hawthorn's crown'd with May;
 Jocund Birds, on ev'ry Spray,
 Warble out the live-long Day,
 Warble, &c.

Every Swain, in Shepherd's Grey,
 Tunes his fav'rite Roundelay;

Tender Lambkins sportive stray,
 Blossom Buds their Sweets display;
 Come, my Wanton, come away,
 Let us love the Month of May.

Let us, &c.

SONG 392.

Polly, when your Lips you join,
 Lovely powting Lips to mine;
 To the Bee the flow'ry Field,
 Such a Banquet does not yield.
 Not the dewy Morning Rose,
 So much Sweetness does inclose;
 Not the Gods such Nectar sip,
 As Collin from thy balmy Lip,
 As Collin from thy balmy Lip.
 Kiss me then, with Rapture kiss,
 We'll surpass the God in Bliss,
 We'll surpass, we'll surpass, we'll surpass the Gods in
 Bliss,
 We'll surpass the Gods in Bliss.

SONG 393.

Amintor. **P**astora's come with Myrtle crown'd,
 To bless her fond Amintor's Side,
 To bless her fond Amintor's Side.
 The Sun, in his extensive Round,
 Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a Bride,
 Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a Bride.

Pastora. If to be true is sweet and fair,
 Pastora with Lucinda vies,
 Pastora, &c.

And sweeter she, than is the Air,
 That fleets beneath Arabian Skies,
 That fleets, &c.

Amintor. The Fields and Groves, each Hill and Vale,
 Have witness'd to my faithful Vow;
 Have, &c.

Long had I sigh'd my am'rous Tale,
 But every Care's requited now,
 But every, &c.

E c

Pastora.

Pygmalion. Without a Blush, I bear repeat
What to the Nymphs I told before,
What to thee, &c.

For thee my tender Heart does beat,
Possess'd of thee, I ask no more
Possess'd of thee, I ask, &c.

Amintor. Thus with this Wreath I crown thy Brows,
And with this Kiss my Love I seal,
And with this Kiss, &c.
And may I, when I break my Vows,
The Pangs of tortur'd Lovers feel,
The Pangs, &c.

Prosera. Should I, ungrateful to my Swain,
Afflict him with domestic Strife,
Afflict him, &c.
May I be driven from the Plain,
By every virtuous Maid and Wife,
By every virtuous Maid and Wife.

S O N G 394.

PReach not me your musty Rules,
Ye Drones that mould in idle Cell;
The Heart is wiser than the Schools,
The Senses always reason well.

If short my Span, I less can spare
To pass a single Pleasure by;
An Hour is long, if lost in Care,
They only live, who Life enjoy.

S O N G 395.

Remember, Damon, you did tell,
In Chastity you lov'd me well;
But now, alas! I am undone,
And here am left to make my Moan.

Ho, ho, rah, in Amburah,

Ho, and ho, derry

Hi, and hi, derry,

Ho--- derry, derry, derry, derry, Amburah.

To doleful Shades I will remove,
Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
Where poor forsaken Nymphs are seen,
In lonely Walks of Willow-green.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Upon

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue
 Such soft persuasive Language hung,
 That when his Words had Silence broke,
 You wou'd have thought an Angel spoke.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Too happy Nymph, whoe'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming he;
 For, oh! I fear it to my Cost,
 Sh'as found the Heart that I have lost.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Emmeth the fairest Flow'r on Earth,
 A Snake may hide, or take its Birth;
 So his false Breast conceal it did
 His Heart, the Snake that there lies hid.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

'Tis false, who says we happy are,
 Since Men delight our Hearts to share:
 In Man no Woman can be blest,
 Their Vows are Wind, their Love's a Jest.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Ye Gods, in Pity to my Grief,
 Send me my Damen, or Relief;
 Return that wild delicious Boy,
 Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

But, whilst I'm begging of this Bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answering this;
 Whom Darnon has enjoy'd, he lies,
 Who sees him loves, who loves him, dies.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

There's not a Bird that haunts this Grove,
 But is a Witness of my Love;
 Echo repeats my plaintive Moans,
 The Waters imitate my Groans.
 The Trees their bending Boughs recline,
 And droop their Heads, as I do mine.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

SONG 396.

Restrain'd from the Sight of my Dear,
 No Object with Pleasure I see,
 'Tho' Thousands all round me appear,
 The World's but a Desert to me :
 Ev'ry Morning her Charms to survey
 Sol's Absence I'd gladly excuse ;
 'Tis her Eyes that restore me the Day,
 'Tis Night when their Lustre I lose.

In vain are the Verdures of Spring,
 The Fields dress'd so bloomingly gay ;
 The Birds that delightfully sing
 Delight not when Celia's away :
 Oh ! give the dear Nymph to my Arms,
 And the Seasons unheeded may roll ;
 Her Presence like Midsummer warms,
 Her Absence out-freezes the Pole.

Reclin'd by soft murmuring Streams,
 I weeping disburthen my Care ;
 I tell to the Rocks my fond Themes,
 Whose Echoes but sooth my Despair :
 Ye Streams that soft murmuring flow,
 Convey to my Love ev'ry Tear ;
 Ye Rocks that resound with my Woe,
 Repeat my Complaints in her Ear.

O tell her I languishing lie
 In the midst of Life's vigorous Bloom,
 That 'tis only herself can supply
 The Cure that retrieves from the Tomb :
 And if the dear Charmer shall deign
 To equal my amorous Fire,
 That Moment will ease all my Pain,
 New Life and new Pleasure inspire.

SONG 397.

Return, return, my lovely Nymph,
 For Summer's Pleasure's now will fade :
 The trembling Leaves begin to drop,
 All Nature seems as if decay'd.

Th' harmonious Nightingale's retir'd,
 Th' Approach of wint'ry Nights to mourn ;
 The Lark forgets to mount the Sky ;
 Ah! lovely Celia, quick return.
 The blushing Rose's Charms decay,
 The Lilly droops its lovely Head :
 Sweet winding Thames, begins to swell,
 And visit th' unfrequented Mead.
 The Shepherd's Pipe neglected lies,
 The Vallies now no more delight :
 Soft pleasing Scenes of Country Life
 Have taken to their annual Flight.

S O N G 398.

RING, ring the Bar-bell of the World,
 Great Bacchus calls for Wine ;
 Haste, pierce the Globe, its Juices drain,
 To whet him ere he dine.
 Have you not heard the Bottle cluck,
 When first you have pour'd it forth ?
 The Globe shall cluck, as soon as tapp'd,
 To brood such Sons of Worth.
 When this World's out, more World's we'll have ;
 Who dare oppose the Call ?
 If we had twice ten thousand Worlds,
 Ere Night we'd drink them all.
 See, see our Drawer Atlas comes,
 His Cask upon his Back ;
 Haste! drink and swill, let's booze amain,
 Till all our Girdles crack.
 Apollo cry'd, let's drink amain,
 Lest Time should go astray.
 We'll make Time drunk, the rest reply'd,
 We Gods can make a Day.
 Brave Hercules, who took the Hint,
 Required Time to drink,
 And made him gorge such Portions down,
 That Time forgot to think.
 Unthinking Time thus overcome,
 And nonplus'd in the Vast,
 Dissolv'd in the Æthereal World,
 Sigh'd, languish'd, groan'd his last. E c 3 Now

Now Time's no more, let's drink away ?
 Hang flinching, make no Words ;
 Like true-born Bacchanalian Souls,
 We'll get as drunk as Lords.

SONG 399.

SAD Mucidora, all in Woe,
 A silent Grotto seeks ;
 No more herself on Plains does show,
 But mourning, thus he speaks :
 Why was I born of high Degree ?
 An humble Shepherdess
 Had been far happier for me,
 Then all this gaudy Dress.
 A sumptuous Palace full of Joy,
 To me a Dungeon is ;
 And all that Mirth does me annoy,
 Who know no Thought of Bliss :
 Then, wrapt in Grief, the lovely Maid
 Retir'd from all the Throng,
 And on a Bank reclin'd her Head,
 While Tears ran trickling, trickling down.

SONG 400.

SAVE Women and Wine, there is nothing in Life
 That can bribe honest Souls to endure it :
 When the Heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with Care,
 Dear Women and Wine only cure it,
 Dear Women, &c.
 Come on, then, my Boys, we'll have Women and Wine,
 And wisely to Purpose employ them :
 He's a Fool that refuses such Blessings divine,
 Whilst Vigour and Health can enjoy them.
 As Women and Wine, dear Women and Wine,
 Whilst Vigour, &c.
 Our Wine shall be old, bright and sound, my dear Jack,
 To heighten our amorous Fires ;
 Our Girls young and sound, and shall kiss with a Smack,
 And shall gratify all our Desires ;
 The Bottles we'll crack, and the Girls we'll smack,
 And gratify, &c.

SONG

SAYS my Uncle, I pray now discover
 What has been the Cause of your Woes,
 That you pine and you wine like a Lover ?
 I've seen Molly Mog of the Rose.
 O Nephew ! your Grief is but Folly,
 In Town you may find better Prog ;
 Half a Crown there will get you a Molly,
 A Molly much better than Mog.
 The School-boy's Delight is a Play-day,
 The School-master's Joy is to flog,
 A Fop's the Delight of a Lady,
 But mine is in sweet Molly Mog.
 Will o'Whisp leads the Trav'ler a-gadding
 Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog ;
 But no Light can e'er set me a madding,
 But the Eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.
 For Guineas in other Men's Breeches
 Your Gamesters will paum and will cog ;
 But I envy them none of their Riches,
 So I paum my sweet Molly Mog.
 The Heart that's half-wounded is ranging,
 It here and there leaps like a Frog ;
 But my Heart can never be changing,
 'Tis so fix'd on my sweet Molly Mog.
 I know that by Wits 'tis recited,
 That Women, at best, are a Clog ;
 But I'm not so easily frighted
 From loving my sweet Molly Mog.
 A Letter when I am inditing,
 Comes Cupid and gives me a Jog,
 And I fill all my Paper with writing
 Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.
 I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,
 My Senses are lost in a Fog ;
 And in nothing can find Satisfaction,
 But in Thoughts of my sweet Molly Mog.
 If I would not give up the three Graces,
 I wish I were hang'd like a Dog,
 And at Court all the Drawing-room Faces,
 For a Glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

For

For those Faces want Nature and Spirit,
 And seem as cut out of a Log ;
 Juno, Venus, and Pallas's Merit,
 Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.
 Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
 And writing another Eclogue,
 Both his Phillis and fair Amarillis
 He'd give for my sweet Molly Mog.
 When Molly comes up with the Liquor,
 Then Jealousy sets me a-gog,
 To be sure she's a Bit for the Vicar,
 And so I shall lose Molly Mog.

S O N G 402.

SAYS Roger to Will, both our Teams shall lie still,
 No Hay shall be carry'd to make the Mow ;
 For what e'er betide, we must see the new Bride,
 And the Lads and the Lasses, and all the Show ;
 Such fine Folk never were seen,
 For all the Country comes in :
 To-day let's leave our Hoy-gee-hoa.
 There's Flaxen, and Brown, and Slim, and full grown,
 There's Tall for your Liking, and others Low ;
 'There's some that can skip, and there's others can trip,
 There's grey Eyes, and hazel, and black as a Sloe ;
 There's Looks so pleasing and kind,
 They're sure all, all of one Mind :
 Zooks ! think no more then of Hoy-gee-hoa.
 There's Widows and Maids, with their high-cocking
 Heads,
 Tho' some are unskilful, yet others know ;
 There's Batchelors brisk, who can caper and frisk,
 And the Art of fine footing can nimbly show :
 When Blood warms, Matches are made,
 Thus on goes Love's jolly Trade :
 Then who'd be sweating at Hoy-gee-hoa ?

S O N G 403.

SEE from the silent Grove Alexis flies,
 And seeks with ever-pleasing Art,
 To ease the Pain which lovely Eyes
 Created in his Heart.

To shining Theatres he now repairs,
 To learn Camilla's moving Airs,
 While thus to Musick's Pow'r the Swain address'd his
 Pray'rs :

Charming Sounds that sweetly languish,
 Musick, oh compose my Anguish !

Ev'ry Passion yields to thee :
 Phœbus, quickly then relieve me ;
 Cupid shall no more deceive me,

I'll to sprightlier Joys be free.
 Apollo heard the foolish Swain ;
 He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
 How weak t'assuage an amorous Pain,
 His own harmonious Harp had prov'd,
 And all his healing Herbs how vain.

Then thus he strikes the speaking Strings,
 Preluding to his Voice, and sings :
 Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee ;
 Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee ;

Musick is the Voice of Love.
 If the tender Maid believe thee,
 Soft Relenting,
 Kind Consenting,
 Will alone thy Pain remove.

S O N G 404.

SEE, Sirs, see here ! a Doctor rare,
 Who travels much at home !
 Here take my Pills, they cure all Ills,
 Past, present, and to come ;
 The Cramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch,
 The Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
 The Mulligrubs, the bonny Scrubs,
 And all Pandora's Box.

Thousands I've dissected,
 Thousands new erected,
 And such Cures effected,
 As none e'er can tell ;
 Let the Palsy shake ye,
 Let the Cholic rake ye,

Let

Let the Crinkums break ye,
 Let the Murrain take ye,
 Take this, take this, and you are well.
 Thousands, &c.

Come Wits so keen, devour'd with Spleen,
 And Beaus who have sprain'd your Backs,
 Big-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades,
 And pepper'd vizard Cracks;
 I soon remove the Pains of Love,
 And cure the Love-sick Maid,
 The Young, the Old, the Hot, the Cold,
 The Living, and the Dead;
 I clear the Lads with Wainfcoat Face,
 And from Pimpenets free,
 Plump Ladies red like Saracen's Head,
 With topping Rashee.
 This with a jirk will do your Work,
 And scour ye o'er and o'er;
 Read, judge and try; and if you die,
 Never believe me more.

S O N G 405.

SHall I, wasting in Deprai,
 Die because a Woman's fair?
 Shall my Cheeks look pale with Care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the Day,
 Or the flow'ry Meads in May;
 Yet if she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be!
 Shall a Woman's Goodness move
 Me to perish for her Love?
 Or, her worthy Merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with that Goodness blest,
 As may merit Name the best;
 Yet if she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be!
 Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 I will never more despair;
 If she loves me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve;

If she slight me when I woo,
 I will scorn, and let her go:
 If she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be.

S O N G 406.

SHE tells me with Claret she cannot agree,
 And she thinks of a Hogshead whene'er she sees me;
 For I smell like a Beast, and therefore must I
 Resolve to forsake her, or Claret deny.
 Must I leave my dear Bottle, that was always my Friend?
 And I hope will continue so to my Life's-end?
 Must I leave it for her? 'Tis a very hard Task!
 Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil: Bring t'other
 whole Flask.

Had she tax'd me with Gaming, and bid me forbear,
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear:
 Had she found out my Sally, up three Pair of Stairs,
 I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. James's to Pray'rs:
 Had she bid me read Homilies three times a-day,
 She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say:
 But at Night to deny me my Bottle of Red,
 Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be said.

S O N G 407.

SINCE now the World's turn'd upside down,
 And all Things change in Nature;
 As if a Doubt were newly grown,
 We had the same Creator:
 Of ancient Modes and former Ways,
 I'll teach you, Sirs, the Manner,
 In good Queen Bess's golden Days,
 When I was Dame of Honour.
 I had an ancient noble Seat,
 Tho' now 'tis come to Ruin;
 Where Mutton, Beef, and such good Meat,
 In th' Hall were daily chewing:
 Of humming Beer my Cellar full,
 I was the yearly Donor;
 Where toping Knaves had made a Pull,
 When I was, &c.

My

My Men of home-spun honest Greys,
 Had Coats and comely Badges ;
 They wore no dirty ragged Lace,
 Nor e'er complain'd for Wages :
 For gaudy Fringe, and Silks o'th' Town,
 I fear'd no threatenng Dinner ;
 But wore a decent Grogram Gown,
 When I was, &c.

I never thought Cantharides
 Ingredient good in Posset ;
 Nor never stript me to my Stays,
 to play the Punk at Basset :
 In Ratafie ne'er made Debauch,
 Nor reel'd like a toping Gunner,
 Nor let my Mercer seize my Coach,
 When I was, &c.

I still preserv'd my maiden Fame,
 In spite of Oaths and Lying ;
 Tho' many a long-chin'd Youngster came,
 And fain would be enjoying :
 My Fan to guard my Lips I kept,
 From Cupid's lewd O'er-runner,
 And many a Roman Nose I rapp'd,
 When I was, &c.

My curling Locks I never bought
 Of Beggars dirty Daughters ;
 Nor prompted by a wanton Thought,
 Above Knee ty'd my Garters :
 I never glow'd with painted Pride,
 Like Punk, when th' Devil has won her,
 Nor prov'd a Cheat, to be a Bride,
 When I was, &c.

My Neighbours still I treated round,
 And Strangers that came near me ;
 The Poor too always Welcome found,
 Whose Pray'rs did still endear me :
 Let therefore who at Court would be
 No Churl, nor yet no Fawner,
 Match in old Hospitality
 Queen Bess's Dame of Honour.

H. Since Times are so bad, I must tell the Sweet-
Heart,

I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart,
And to the fair City a Journey I'll go,
To better my Fortune, as other Folks do ;
Since some have from Ditches, and coarse leathern
Breeches,

Been rais'd to be Rulers, and wallow'd in Riches,
Prithce come, come, come, come from thy Wheel ;
For if the Gypsies don't lie,
I shall be a Governor too, ere I die.

Sce. Ah ! Collin ! by all thy late Doings I find,
With Sorrow and Trouble, the Pride of thy Mind ;
Our Sheep they at random disorderly run,
And now Sunday's Jacket goes ev'ry Day on :
Ah ! what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou
mean ?

H. To make my Shoes clean,
And sent it to Court, to the King and the Queen,
Where shewing my Parts, I Preferment shall win.

Sce. Fie ! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin :
For, as to the Court, when thou happen'st to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unl's thou can'st buy ;
For Money, the Devil and all's to be found ;
There's no good Parts minded, without the good Pound.

H. Why, then I'll take Arms, and follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour, that now-a-days plaguily charms.

Sce. And so lose a Limb, by a Shot or a Blow,
And curse thyself after, for leaving the Plough.

H. Suppose I turn Gamester. *Sce.* So cheat, and be
bang'd.

H. What think'st of the Road then ? *Sce.* The high
Way to be hang'd.

H. Nice Pimping, however, yields Profit for Life,
I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife.

Sce. That's dangerous too, among the Town-Crew,
For some of 'em will do the same thing by you ;

And then I to cuckold you may be drawn in :
Faith, Collin, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

Mr. Will nothing prefer me? What think'st of the Law?

Sir. Oh! while you live, Collin, keep out of that Law.

Mr. I'll cant and I'll pray. *Sir.* There's nought got that way;

There's no one minds now what those black Cattle say.

Let all our whole Care be our farming Affair.

Mr. To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees bear.

Sir. Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show,

So I'll to my Disaif. *Mr.* And I'll to my Plough.

Mr. Let all our whole Care be our farming Affair,

To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees bear.

Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show;

Sir. So I'll to my Disaif. *Mr.* And I'll to my Plough.

SONG 409.

Slaves to London, I'll deceive you,

For the Country now I leave you;

Who can drink, and not be mad,

Wine so dear, and yet so bad?

So much Noise, and Air so sneaky,

That to stut, and this to cheak ye;

Men so selfish, false, and rude;

Nymphs so young, and yet so lewd.

If we play, we're sure of losing;

If we love, our Doom we're chusing:

At the Play-house tedious Sport,

Cant i'th' City, cringe at Court.

Dirty Streets, and dirtier Bullies,

Jolting Coaches, Whores and Cullies;

Knaves and Coxcombs ev'ry-where,

Who that's wife would tarry here?

Quiet, harmless Country Pleasure,

Shall at home engross my Leisure;

Farewel, London, I'll repair

To my native Country Air;

And leave all thy Plagues behind me;

But at home my Wife will find me:

Oh!

Oh! ye Gods, 'tis ten times worse---
London is the milder Curse.

S O N G 410.

SOME sing Molly Mog of the Rob,
And call her the Oakingham Pello,
Whilst others do Feries compes
On peautiful Molly Lapeile.
Put of all the young Fingins so fair,
Which Britain's crete Monarchy owns;
In Peauty there's none to compare
With hur charming dear Gwinifrid Shones.
Unenviet the splentit Contition
Of Princes that sit upon Thrones:
The highest of all hur Ambition,
Is the Love of fair Gwinifrid Shones.
Peld Mortals the Clobe will search ofer
For Cold, and for Tiamond Stones;
Put hur can more Treasure tiscofer
In peautiful Gwinifrid Shones.
From the piggest crete Mountain in Britain,
Hur wou'd venture the preaking hur Pones,
So that the soft Lap hur might sit on
Of peautiful Gwinifrid Shones.
Not the Nightingale's pitifal Note,
Can exprefs how poor Shenkin bemoans
His Fates, when in Places remote,
Hur is absent from Gwinifrid Shones.
Hur Love is than Honey far sweeter,
And hur is no Shenkin ap Drones;
Put wou'd lapour in Prose, and in Metre,
To praise hur tear Gwinifrid Shones.
As the Harp of St. Tavid surpasses
The Puggiges, poor Tweettles and Cronet;
So Lepelle, Molly Mog, and all Lasses
Are excel'd by hur Gwinifrid Shones.

S O N G 411.

SO lovely are a Woman's Charms,
Beauty can conquer more than Arms;
Ff 2 Cupid

Cupid has conquer'd more by far,
 Than Mars e'er did by bloody War.
 Emperors, Courtiers, rural Swains,
 For Women never grudge their Pains;
 Eagerly they do pursue,
 What can't a charming Woman do?
 Kings for their Sakes oft quit their Thrones
 And the Sceptres tumble down;
 For Ladies Favours oft they sue,
 What can't a charming Woman do?
 Women make valiant Men shed Tears,
 And often Parsons leave their Prayers,
 And often leave their Study too:
 What can't a charming Woman do?
 Lawyers, with all their subtle Arts,
 Women can captivate their Hearts:
 For them they'll gain all Causes too,
 What can't a charming Woman do?
 Women, by Heaven, were first design'd
 To be a Blessing to Mankind;
 They're all our Happiness in View.
 What can't a charming Woman do?
 Virtuous Women Jewels are,
 What can with their bright Charms compare?
 We must love them that is true,
 What can't a charming Woman do?
 Heavens grant me a virtuous Wife,
 The greatest Comfort of my Life;
 When to her Husband she proves true,
 What can't a charming Woman do?
 O! such a Wife would make one blest,
 She'd lull us with her Charms to Rest;
 Sweeten all Care and Trouble too,
 What can't a charming Woman do?

SONG 412.

Some liken Men to brittle Glafs,
 Some to a burning Taper,
 To Garden Flow'rs or Meadow Grass,
 Or to a rising Vapour.

But

But doubtless Beer in Barrel tunn'd,
Or close in Bottle pent,
Does human Life thro' all its Round
Most clearly represent.

The Infant Drink will driv'ling dose,
And cry like Child in Cradle ;
You must let neither lie too loose,
Nor yet too closely swaddle.

New Ale, we know, is full of Wind,
Wanting due Time to stale it ;
The Dregs, not yet by Age refin'd,
Are nauseous to the Palate.

Fresh Hops sometimes our Art employs,
To rectify the Liquor ;
And who believes, but that the Boy's
Correction is a Bitter ?

At length, improv'd by rip'ning Age,
Both Man and Beer grow bright ;
To Conversation they engage,
And ev'ry Friend delight.

But if the Cork be naught in one,
And weak the Head in t'other ;
The Liquor's flat, and Dunc the Man,
And neither can recover.

S O N G 413.

Some say Women are like the Seas,
Some the Waves, and some the Rocks ;
Some the Rose, that soon decays ;
Some the Weather, and some the Cocks :
But if you'll give me Leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd so well,
As Wine, Wine, Women and Wine ;
They run in a Parallel, they run in a Parallel.
Women are Witches, when they will,
So is Wine, so is Wine ;
They make the Statesman lose his Skill,
The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine ;
They put a Gig in the gravest Skull,
And send their Wits to gather Wool :
'Tis Wine, &c.

F f 3

What

What is't that makes your Visage so pale ?
 What is it makes your Looks divine ?
 What is't that makes your Courage to fail ?
 Is it not Women ? Is it not Wine ?
 'Tis Wine makes your Head not well ;
 'Tis Women that make your Forehead to swell :
 'Tis Wine, &c.

SONG 414.

Spring renewing all Things gay,
 Nature's Dictates all obey ;
 In each Creature we may see
 The Effect of Love's Decree.
 Thus their State, such their Fate,
 Do not, Polly, stay too late.
 Do not Polly, stay too late.
 Look around and see them play,
 All are wanton while they may ;
 Why should precious Time be lost ?
 After Summer comes a Frost.
 All pursue Nature's Due,
 Let us, Polly, do so too.
 Let us, Polly, do so too.
 Mark how kind that Swain and Lass,
 Yonder sitting on the Grass ;
 See how earnestly he sues,
 Whilst she blushing can't refuse :
 See yon too, how they woo,
 Let us, Polly, do so too.
 Let us, Polly do so too.
 Mark that Cloud above the Plain,
 See it seems to threaten Rain ;
 Herds and Flocks do run together,
 Seeking Shelter from the Weather.
 Fear not you, I'll be true,
 Therefore let us do so too.
 Therefore let us do so too.

SONG 415.

State and Ambition, all Joy to great Cæsar,
 Sawney shall never be my Colly my Cow ;
 All hail to the Shades, all Joy to the Bridegroom,
 And call upon Dobbin, with hi, je, ho. Re.

Remember, ye Whigs, what was formerly done ;
 And Jenny come tie my bonny Cravat ;
 If I live to grow old, for I find I grow down,
 For I cannot come every Day to woo.

Jove in his Throne was a Fumbler, Tom Farthing,
 And Jocky and Jenny together did lie ;
 Oh ! Mother, Roger : Boys, fill us a Bumper,
 For why will ye die, my poor Cælia, ah ! why ?
 Hark ! how thund'ring Cannons do roar,
 Ladies of London, both wealthy and fair ;
 Charon make haste, and ferry me over,
 Lilli burlero bullen a la.

Chloris, awake, four-pence half-penny Farthing,
 Give me the Lads that is true Country-bred ;
 Like John of Gaunt, I walk Covent-Garden,
 I am a Maid, and a very good Maid :
 Twa bonny Lads were Sawney and Jockey,
 The Delights of the Bottle, and Charms of good Wine ;
 Wading the Water so deep, my sweet Moggy.
 Cold and raw, let it run in the right Line.

Old Obadiah sings Ave Maria,
 Sing Lulla-by Baby on the Tree Top ;
 An old Woman and her Cat sat by the Fire,
 Now this is my Love, dy'e like her or not ?
 Old Charon thus preach'd to his Pupil Achilles,
 And under this Stone here lies Gabriel John ;
 Happy was I at the Sight of fair Phillis,
 What should a young Woman do with an old Man.

There's old Father Peters, with his Romish Creatures,
 There was an old Woman sold Puddings and Pies ;
 Cannons like Thunder shall fill them with Wonder,
 I once lov'd a Lads that had bright rolling Eyes ;
 There's my Maid Mary, she minds her Dairy,
 I took to my Heels, and away I did run ?
 And bid him prepare to be happy To-morrow,
 Alas ! I don't know the right End of a Gun.
 My Life and Death lie both in your Pow'r,
 Every Man to his Mind, Shrewsberry for me ;
 On the Bank of a Brook, as I sat fishing,
 Shall I die a Maid, and ne'er married be ?

Oddbuds,

Odsbuds, let Oliver now be forgotten,
 Joan is as good as my Lady in the Dark ;
 Cuckolds are Christians, Boys, all the World over,
 And here's a full Bumper to Robin, John Clark.

S O N G 416.

STay, Shepherd, stay ; I prithee stay ;
 Did not you see her go this Way ?
 Where can she be, can you not guess ?
 Alas ! I have lost my Shepherdess !
 I fear some Satyr has betray'd
 My wand'ring Nymph out of the Shade :
 Oh ! woe is me, I am undone !
 For in the Shade she was my Sun.
 The Pink, the Violet, and the Rose,
 Strive to salute her as she goes ;
 Nay, be content to kiss her Shoe,
 The Primrose, and the Daisie too.
 Oh ! woe is me ! what must I do ?
 Or who must I complain unto ?
 Methinks the Vallies cry, forbear,
 And sighing say, she is not here.
 Oh ! what shall I, unhappy, do ?
 O who must I complain unto ?
 Where may she be, can you not guess ?
 Where I may find my Shepherdess ?

S O N G 417.

STella and Flavia ev'ry Hour
 Do various Hearts surprize :
 In Stella's Soul lies all her Pow'r,
 And Flavia's in her Eyes.
 Like Britain's Monarch Stella reigns
 O'er cultivated Lands ;
 Like Eastern Tyrants, Flavia deigns,
 To rule o'er barren Sands.
 More boundless Flavia's Conquests are,
 And Stella's more confin'd ;
 All can discern a Face that's fair,
 But few a heav'nly Mind.

Then

Then boast, vain Flavia, boast thy Face
 Thy Beauty's slender Store ;
 Thy Charms will every Day decrease,
 Each Day gives Stella more.

S O N G 418.

STella, Darling of the Muses,
 Fairer than the blooming Spring ;
 Sweetest Theme the Poet chuses,
 When of thee he strives to sing :
 While my Soul with Wonder traces
 All thy Charms of Face and Mind ;
 All the Beauties, all the Graces
 Of thy Sex in thee I find.
 Love and Joy, and Admiration,
 In my Breast alternate rise ;
 Words no more can paint my Passion,
 Than the Pencil can thy Eyes :
 Lavish Nature, thee adorning,
 O'er thy Lips and Cheeks hath spread
 Colours, that can shame the Morning,
 Smiling with Celestial Red.
 Could the Gods, in blest Condition,
 Aught on Earth with Envy view,
 Lovely Stella, their Ambition
 Would be to resemble you.

S O N G 419.

STrephon, why thy cloudy Forehead,
 Why so vainly cross'd those Arms ?
 Silly Swain, thy Aspect horrid
 Rather frightens her than charms.
 Rouse each dull and drooping Spirit,
 Fling away thy Myrtle Wreath ;
 Bumpers large of generous Claret
 Make thee Love and Raptures breathe.
 Sacrifice this Juice prolific,
 To each Letter of her Name ;
 Bacchus deem'd it a Specific,
 Why not Mortals do the same !
 See the high charg'd Goblet smiling,
 Bids thee Strephon drink and prove ;
 Wine's the Liquor most beguiling,
 Wine's the Weapon conquers Love.

S O N G

SURE never was I so wretched as I,
 Whose Rest is for ever prevented ;

I'm neither at Peace when Angelica looks coy,
 Nor when she looks kind am contented.

Her Frowne give a Pain I'm unable to bear,

The Thought of them sets me a trembling :

Her Smiles gives no Joy, since I painfully fear

They can be no more than dissembling.

Then prithee, my Dearest, consent and be kind,

Put an end to this troublesome Warring ;

For I see I shall never be at Peace in my Mind,

Till once you and I have been doing.

Let your poor Dog no longer with justice complain

Of Usage that's hard above Measure ;

But since he has tasted so much of Love's Pain,

Prithee give him a Bit of his Pleasure.

SONG 421.

SWains I scorn, who nice and fair,

Shiver at the Morning Air :

Rough and hardy, bold and free,

Be the Man that's made for me.

Slaves to Fashion, Slaves to Dress,

Fops themselves alone care ;

Let them without Rival be,

They are not the Men for me.

He whose nervous Arm can dart

The Jav'lin to the Tyger's Heart,

From all Sense of Danger free,

He's the Man that's made for me.

While his Speed out-strips the Wind,

Loosely wave his Locks behind :

From fantastick Fopp'ry free,

He's the Man that's made for me.

Nor simpering Smiles, nor dimpled Spleek,

Spoil his manly sun-burnt Cheek ;

By Weather let him painted be,

He's the Man that's made for me.

If false he proves, my Jav'lin can
 Revenge the Perjury of Man ;
 And soon another brave as he,
 Shall be found the Man for me.

S O N G 422.

Sweet are the Charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask Rose ;
 Soft as the Down of Turtle-Dove,
 Gentle as Winds when Zephyr blows ;
 Refreshing as descending Rains
 To Sun-burnt Climes, and thirsty Plains.
 True as the Needle to the Pole,
 Or as the Dial to the Sun ;
 Constant as gliding Waters roll,
 While swelling Tides obey the Moon :
 From every other Charmer free,
 My Life and Love shall follow thee.
 The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
 The Dam the tender Kid pursues ;
 Sweet Philomel in shady Bow'rs
 Of verdant Spring her Note renews :
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my Soul's Desire.
 Nature must change her beautiful Face,
 And vary as the Seasons rise ;
 As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
 Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies :
 No Change on Love the Seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.
 Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
 Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow ;
 Even Marble Tow'rs, and Walls of Brass,
 In his rude March he levels low :
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.
 Death only, with his cruel Dart,
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
 To mingle with the Blest above :

Where

Where known to all his Kindred Train,
He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love and his Sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born from Heav'n together came;
Love will the Universe controul,

When dying Seasons lose their Name:
Divine Abodes shall own his Pow'r,
When Time and Death shall be no more.

SONG 423.

Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight,
Be loving, and do not slight
The Profer I make, for Modesty's Sake;
I honour your Beauty bright.

For Love I profess, I can do no less,
Thou hast my Favour won;
And since I see your Modesty,
I pray agree, and fancy me,
'Tho' I am but a Farmer's Son.

No: I am a Lady gay;
'Tis very well known I may
Have Men of Renown, in Country or Town:
So Roger, without Delay,
Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
Their Loves will soon be won;
As tho' I were at my last Pray'r.
But don't you dare to speak me fair,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

My Father has Riches store,
Two hundred a Year and more,
Besides Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows and Ploughs,
His Age is above Threescore:
And when he does die, then merrily I,
Shall have what he has won;
Both Land and Kine, all shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a Farmer's Son.

A Fig for your Cattle and Corn,
Your profer'd Love I scorn;
'Tis known very well, my Name it is Nell,

And

And you're but a Bumpkin born,
 And I hope no Harm is done;
 Farewel, adieu: I hope to woo
 As good as you, and win her too,
 Tho' I am but a Farmer's Son.
 Be not in haste, quoth she,
 Perhaps we may still agree,
 For, Man, I protest, I was but in jest;
 Come, prithee sit down by me:
 For thou art the Man, that verily can
 Perform what must be done;
 Both stout and tall, genteel withal,
 Therefore I shall be at your Call,
 To marry a Farmer's Son.

Dear Lady believe me now,
 I solemnly swear and vow,
 No Lords in their Lives take Pleasure in Wives,
 Like Fellows that drive the Plough;
 For whate'er they gain with Labour and Pain,
 They don't to Harlots run,
 As Courtiers do: I never knew
 A London Beau, that could outdo
 A Country Farmer's Son.

S O N G 424.

He. Sweet if you love me smiling turn,
 Smiling turn, smiling turn,
 Sweet, &c.

Ah let me taste a thousand Sips,
 From those dear balmy ruby Lips,
 And gently slip into thy---
 Smiling turn, smiling turn,
 And gently slip into thy Favour.

She. Pray now give o'er, you court in vain,
 Pray give o'er, pray give o'er,
 Pray now, &c.

And yet so warm was ev'ry Kiss,
 An Earnest of such future Bliss,
 I fear at last he'll---

Pray be gone---pray now stay,
 I fear at last he'll gain my Favour.

G g

He.

He. Thus let me press thee close, my Dear,
Close, my Dear, close, my Dear,
Thus let me, &c.

She. Fie, now ye make me blush, I swear,
Fie for Shame, fie for Shame,
Fie now, &c.

He. Ah! do not frown upon me now,

She. I feel I'm growing kind I vow.

He. Since you this kind embrace allow,

She. O dear he has so mov'd me now,

He. O let me slip into thy---

She. I fear he'll slip into my---

He. Kiss my Dear,

She. Fie for Shame.

He. And let me slip into thy Favour.

She. I fear he'll slip into my Favour.
Together.

S O N G 425.

Sylvia the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent Warmth, as she lay on the Green;
She had heard of a Pleasure, and something she guess,
By the towzing and tumbling, and touching her Breast;
She saw the Men eager, but was at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah! she cry'd; ah! for a languishing Maid
In a Country of Christians to die without Aid:
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least;
Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close:
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Cupid in Shape of a Swain did appear,
 He saw the sad Wound, and in Pity drew near,
 Then shew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
 For the Pain was no more than a Maiden might bear;
 When the Balm was infus'd she was not at a Loss,
 What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

S O N G 426.

TAKE not a Woman's Anger ill,
 But let this be your Comfort still,
 This be your Comfort still,
 That if one won't, another will:
 Tho' she that's foolish does deny,
 She, she that is wiser will comply,
 And if 'tis but a Woman, what care I,
 What care I, what care I,
 If 'tis but a Woman, what care I.
 Then who wou'd be damn'd to swear untrue,
 And sigh, and weep, and whine, and woo,
 As all our simple Coxcombs do?
 All Women love it, and tho' this
 Does suddenly forbid the Bliss,
 Try but the next, you cannot miss.

S O N G 427.

TAKE not the first Refusal ill,
 Tho' now she won't, anon she will:
 She were not Woman, if she knew,
 One Moment what the next she'd do.
 If you'll have Patience, she'll be kind;
 To-day ne'er knew To-morrow's Mind:
 Wait till you find her in the Cue,
 If you don't ask her, she'll ask you.

S O N G 428.

TELL me, lovely Shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at Noon thy fleecy Care;
 Direct me to the sweet Retreat,
 That guards thee from the Mid-day Heat;

Led by thy Flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a Guide, and lose my Way.
 Where rest at Noon thy bleating Care?
 Gentle Shepherd, tell me where.
 Is it near the Fountain's Brink,
 Where thy tender Lambskins drink:
 Or is it near the pulsing Glade,
 Beneath the Oler's dusky Shade,
 As they nimbly skip and bound,
 On the green bespangl'd Ground;
 Where they stray I cannot think,
 Tell me, fair one, where they drink.
 Early e'er the Day did dawn
 Have I tript it o'er the Lawn;
 Thus overwhelm'd with Grief I rove,
 To seek thy Flock and find my Love,
 In ev'ry Vale, on Hill and Plain;
 But alas! I seek in vain:
 Reward my Toil and ease my Care,
 Tell me, charming Shepherd, where.

SONG 429.

TELL me, tell me, charming Creature,
 Will you never ease my Pain?
 Must I die for ev'ry Feature?
 Must I always love in vain?
 The Desire of Admiration
 Is the Pleasure you pursue:
 Pr'thee try a lasting Passion,
 Such a Love as mine for you.
 Tears and Sighing could not move you,
 For a Lover ought to dare:
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.
 Are such giddy Ways befitting?
 Will my Dear be fickle still?
 Conquest is the Joy of Women,
 Let their Slaves be what they will.
 Your Neglect with Torments fill me,
 And my despair'd Thoughts increase;
 I may consider, if you kill me,
 You will have a Lover less.

If your wand'ring Heart is beating
 For new Lovers let it be ;
 But when you have done Coquetting,
 Name a Day and fix on me.

S O N G 430.

TELL me not of a Face that's fair,
 Nor Lip and Cheek that's red ;
 Nor of the Tresses of the Hair,
 Nor Curls in Order spread ?
 Nor Curls in Order spread ?

Nor of a rare Seraphic Voice,
 Like that an Angel sings :
 Tho' if I were to take my Choice,
 I would have all those Things :

But if that thou wilt have me Love,
 And it must be a She,
 The only Argument can move,
 Is that she will love me,

The Glories of your Ladies be
 But Metaphors of Things ;
 And but resemble what we see,
 Each common Object brings.

Roses outred their Lips and Cheeks,
 Lillies their Whiteness stain :

What Fool is he the Shadow seeks,
 And may the Substance gain ?

Then if you'd have me love a Lass,
 Let it be one that's kind ;

Else I'm a Servant to the Glass
 That's with good Claret lin'd.

S O N G 431.

THat all Men are Beggars, we plainly may see,
 For Beggars there are of ev'ry Degree,
 Tho' none are so ble's'd or so happy as we,
 Which no-body can deny, deny, which no-body can
 deny.

The Tradesman he begs that his Wares you would buy,
 Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high,
 And swears 'tis his Trade, when he tells you a Lye,
 Which no-body can deny, &c.

The Lawyer he begs that you'd give him a Fee,
 Tho' he reads not your Brief, not regards not your Plea,
 But advises your Foe how to get a Decree,
 Which no-body can deny, &c.

The Courtier he begs for a Pension or Place,
 A Ribbon or Title, or Smile from his Grace,
 'Tis due to his Merit, 'tis writ in his Face,
 Which no-body can deny, &c.

But if by Mishap, he should chance to get none,
 He begs you'd believe the Nation's undone;
 There's but one honest Man, and himself is that one,
 Which no-body dare deny, &c.

The fair one who labours whole Mornings at Home,
 New Charms to create and much Paint to consume,
 Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom,
 Which no-body should deny, &c.

The Courtier he begs the dear Nymph to comply,
 She begs he'd be gone, yet with languishing Eye,
 Still begs he would stay, for a Maid she can't die,
 Which none but a Fool would deny, &c.

SONG 432.

THat the World is a Lottery, what Man can doubt?
 When born we are put in, when dead we are drawn
 out;

And tho' Tickets are bought by the Fool and the Wife,
 Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten Blanks to a Prize.

Sing Tantarara, Fools all, Fools all,

Sing Tantarara, Fools all.

The Court has itself a bad Lottery's Face,
 Where ten draw a Blank, before one draws a Place,
 For a Ticket in Law, who would give you Thank?
 For that Wheel contains scarce any but Blanks.

Sing Tantarara, keep out, &c.

'Mongst Doctors and Lawyers some good ones are found,
 But, alas! they are rare as the ten thousand Pound;
 How scarce is a Prize, if with Women you deal?

Take care how you marry---for oh! in that Wheel,
 Sing Tantarara, Blanks all, &c.

That

That the Stage is a Lottery, by all 'tis agreed,
Where ten Plays are damn'd ere one can succeed.
The Blanks are so many, the Prizes so few,
We all are undone, unless kindly you
Sing Tartarara, clap all, &c.

SONG 433.

THat thy Sal may have Charms, I readily own ;
But believe me dear Sammy, for Sake of a Crown,
To Porter, or Groom, or Nincompoop 'Squire,
She'll open those Charms, which first kindied your Fire.
As the Bee, you inform me, she hoards up her Sweets
And craftily keeps them from all whom she meets ;
Nay, keeps them secure, till her Sammy comes home,
And permits none but you to rifle her Comb.
But, think again Sammy, o'er Meadows and Bowers
The Bee, ever ranging, sips Sweets from all Flowers ;
If the Simile's just betwixt Sal and the Bee,
She must gather some Sweets from the lowest Degree.
Then, Sammy be wise, to her Errors not blind,
If consenting to you---to another she's kind ;
And think of this also (by Gad I don't rail)
The Bee, with its Sweets, has a Sting in the Tail.

SONG 434.

THE Hounds are all out,
And the Morning does peep,
Why how now, you sluggardly Sot,
How can you, how can you
Lie snoring asleep,
Whilst we all on Horseback are got,
Brave Boys, whilst, &c.

I cannot get up.
For my over Night's Cup
So terribly lies in my Head,
Besides my Wife cries,
My Dear do not rise,
But cuddle me longer in Bed,
My dear Boy, but cuddle, &c.

Come, on with your Boots,
And saddle your Mare,
Nor tire us with longer Delay ;

The

The Cry of the Hounds,
And the Sight of the Hare,
Will chase all dull Vapours away,
Brave Boys, and chase, &c.

Hark! hark! now the Huntsman
Has started poor Pufs,
He has her now full in his View;
We'll never forsake her,
Till we overtake her,
So eagerly let us pursue,
Brave Boys, &c.

No Pleasure like Hunting
To pass the long Day,
We scour the Hills and the Dales;
At Night for Supper
We feast on our Prey,
When o'er a Pot of good Ale,
Brave Boys, when, &c.

SONG 435.

THE Lads of Peaty's Mill,
So bony, blyth and gay,
In spite of all my Skill,
Hath stole my Heart away.
When tedding of the Hay
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midst her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een.
Her Arms, white, round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their Dawn,
To Age it would give Youth,
To press 'em with his Hand.
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extacy of Bliss,
When I such Sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiss!
Without the Help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd,

Her

Her Looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected Pride,
 She me to Love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my Bride.
 O had I all that Wealth,
Peapoun's high Mountains fill,
 Insur'd long Life and Health,
 And Pleasures at my Will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bony she,
 The Lafs of Peaty's Mill,
 Shou'd share the same with me.

S O N G 436.

THE Lafs that would know how to manage a Man,
 Let her listen and learn it from me,
 His Courage to quell, or his Heart to trepan,
 As the Time and Occasion agree.

The Girl that has Beauty, tho' small be her Wit,
 May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau,
 The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,
 By the Use of that pretty Word, No.

When powder'd Toupees around are in chat,
 Each striving his Passion to show,
 With kiss me, and love me, my Dear, and all that,
 Let her Answer to all be, O No.

When a Dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue asleep,
 A Present, a Treat, or a Ball,
 She still must refuse, if her Empire she'll keep,
 And No be her Answer to all.

But when Mr. Dapperwit offers his Hand,
 Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
 A House, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land,
 She's an Idiot, if then she says No.

But if she's attack'd by a Youth full of Charms,
 Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;
 When press'd to his Bosom, and clasp'd in his Arms,
 Then let her say No, if she can.

S O N G

THE Morning fresh, the Sun in East,
 New gilds the smiling Day ;
 The Morning fresh, the Sun in East,
 New gilds the smiling Day ;
 The Lark forsakes his dewy Nest,
 The Fields all round are gaily dress'd,
 Arise my Love, arise and play,
 Arise my Love, and play ;
 Arise my Love, arise and play,
 Arise my Love, and play.
 Come forth my Fair, come forth bright Maid,
 And blest thy Shepherd's Sight ;
 Come forth, &c.
 Lend ev'ry folded Flow'r thy Aid,
 Unveil the Rose's blushing Shade,
 And give them sweet Delight,
 And give them sweet Delight, &c.
 Thy Presence makes all Nature smile,
 Those Smiles your Charms improve ;
 Thy Presence, &c.
 Thy Strains the list'ning Birds beguile,
 And, as invite, reward their Toil,
 And tune their Notes to Love,
 And tune their Notes to Love, &c.
 Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Tree,
 The Flowers in Wreaths I'll twine,
 The Flowers, &c.
 E're other Eyes ye Beauties see,
 Then on my Brows adorn'd shall be ;
 Thy happy Fate be mine, be mine,
 Thy happy Fate be mine, be mine, &c.

SONG 438.

THE new flown Birds the Shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May ;
 Come, Pastorella, now the Spring
 Makes every Landskip gay ;
 Wide spreading Trees their leafy Shade
 O'er half the Plain extend ;
 Or in reflecting Fountains play'd,
 Their quivering Branches bend,

Their

Their quivering Branches bend ;
 Or in reflecting Fountains play'd,
 Their quivering Branches bend.
 Come taste the Season in its Prime,
 And blest the rising Year ;
 Oh ! how my Soul grows sick of Time,
 Till you, my Love appear :
 Then shall I pass the gladsome Day,
 Warm in thy Beauties shine :
 When thy dear Flocks shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine,
 And intermix, &c.
 When thy dear Flocks shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine.

S O N G 439.

THE Charge is prepar'd ; the Lawyers are met,
 The Judges all rang'd (a terrible Show !)
 I go, undismay'd---For Death is a Debt,
 A Debt on demand---So take what I owe.
 Then farewell, my Love---Dear Charmers adieu,
 Contented I die---'Tis the better for you.
 Here ends all Disputes the rest of our Lives,
 For this Way at once I please all my Wives,

S O N G 440.

THE Play of Love is now begun,
 And thus the Actions do go on,
 Strephon enamour'd courts the Fair,
 She hears him with a careless Air,
 And smiles to find him in Love's Snare.
 The Act Tune play'd they meet again,
 Here Pity moves her for his Pain,
 Which she evades with some Pretence,
 And thinks she may with Love dispense,
 But pants to hear a Man of Sense.
 The third Approach her Lover makes,
 She colours up whene'er he speaks ;
 But with feign'd Slights still puts him by,
 And faintly cries, she can't comply,
 Altho' she gives her Heart the Lye.

Now

Now the Plot rises, he seems thy,
As if some other Fair he'd try ;
At which she swells with Spleen and Fear,
Left one more wise his Love should share,
Which yet no Woman e'er can bear.

The last Act now is wrought so high,
That thus it crowns the Lover's Joy :
She doth no more his Passion shun,
But strait into her Arms did run,
The Curtain falls---the Play is done.

SONG 441.

THE Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd :
She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye,
And the Cause of a Flame that never can die.
Her Mouth, from whence Wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Blush and the Smell of the Rose ;
Love and Destiny both still attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she can kill.
The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in Excess :
In Sylvia they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

SONG 442.

THE wanton God, that pierces Hearts,
Dips in Gall his pointed Darts,
But the Nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the Wound with rosy Wind.
Farewel Lovers, when they're cloy'd ;
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish Fops are free
To rid me of dull Company.
They have Charms, whilst mine can please,
I love them much, but more my Ease ;
Nor jealous Fears my Love molest.
Nor faithless Vows shall break my Rest.
Why should they e'er give me Pain,
Who to give me Joy disdain ?
All I hope of Mortal Man,
Is to love me--whilst he can.

SONG

THE Morning is charming, all Nature is gay,
Away, my brave Boys, to your Horses away ;
For the Prime of our Pleasure, and questing the Hare,
We have not so much as a Moment to spare.

Cho. Hark ! the lively toned Horn,
How melodious it sounds, how melodious it sounds,
To the musical Song, to the musical Song of the merry-
mouth'd Hounds.

In yon stubble Field we shall find her below ;
Soho ! cries the Huntsman ; hark to him, Soho !
See ! where she goes, and the Hounds have a View ;
Such Harmony Handel himself never knew.

Cho. Gates, Hedges, and Ditches, to us are no Bounds,
But the World is our own while we follow the Hounds.
Hold, hold, 'tis a Double ; hark, hey ! Bowler, hey !
If a Thousand gainsay it, a Thousand shall lye ;
His Beauty surpassing her Truth has been try'd,
At the Head of the Pack an infallible Guide.

Cho. At his Cry the wide Welkin with Thunder re-
sounds,
The Darling of Hunters, the Glory of Hounds.
O'er Highlands and Lowlands, and Woodlands we fly,
Our Horses full Speed, and our Hounds in full Cry ;
So match'd in their Mouths, and so even they run,
Like the Trine of the Spheres, and the Race of the Sun.

Cho. Health, Joy, and Felicity, dance in the Round,
And bless the gay Circle of Hunters and Hound.

The old Hounds push forward, a very sure Sign,
That the Hare, (tho' a stout one) begins to decline ;
A Chace of two Hours or more she has led,
She's down, look about ye, they have her, she's dead.

Cho. How glorious a Death to be honour'd with Sounds
Of Horns, and a Shout to the Chorus of Hounds.

Here's a Health to all Hunters, and long be their Lives,
May they never be cross'd by their Sweethearts or Wives ;
May they rule their own Passions, and ever at Rest,
As the most happy Men, be they also the best.

Cho. And free from the Care which the many surround,
Be happy at last, when they see no more Hound.

h h

SONG

THE Bird that hears her Neplings cry,
 And goes abroad for Food,
 Flies impatient, through the Sky,
 To feed the callow Brood.
 The tender Mother knows no Joy,
 But bodes a thousand Harms;
 And sickens for the darling Boy,
 While absent from her Arms.
 Such Fondness, with Impatience join'd,
 My faithful Bosom fires,
 Now forc'd to leave my Fair behind,
 The Queen of my Desires.
 The Powers of Verse too languid prove,
 And Oracles are vain;
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my Pain.
 The Saint with fervent Zeal inspir'd
 For Heav'n and Joys divine;
 The Saint is not with Raptures fir'd
 More pure, nor warm than mine.
 I take what Liberty I dare,
 To be impious to say more;
 Conceal my Longings to the Fair,
 The Goddess I adore.

S O N G 445.

THE solitary Bird of Night
 Thro' the thick Shades now wings his Flight,
 And quits his Time-shock Tow'r;
 Where, shelter'd from the Blaze of Day,
 In philosophic Gloom he lay,
 Beneath his Ivy Bow'r.
 With Joy I hear the solemn Sound,
 Which midnight Ecchoes waft around,
 And sighing Gales repeat;
 Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
 And, faithful to thy Summons, bend
 At Wisdom's awful Seat.

She loves the cool, the silent Eve,
 Where no false Shews of Life deceive,
 Beneath the Lunar Ray;
 Here Folly drops each vain Disguise,
 Nor sport her gaily coloured Dyes,
 As in the Beam of Day.

Oh! Pallas, Queen of ev'ry Art,
 That glads the Sense, or mends the fault,
 Blest'd Source of purer Joys!
 In ev'ry Form of Beauty bright,
 That captivates the mental Sight
 With Pleasure and Surprize.

To thy unspotted Shrine I bow,
 Attend thy modest Suppliant's Vow,
 That breathes no wild Desires;
 But taught by the unerring Rules,
 To shun the fruitless Wish of Fools,
 To nobler Views aspires.

Not Fortune's Gem, Ambition's Flame,
 Nor Cytherea's fading Bloom,
 Be Objects of my Pray'r;
 Let Avance, Vanity, and Pride,
 These envying glittering Joys divide,
 The dull Rewards of Care.

To me thy better Gifts impart,
 Each moral Beauty of the Heart,
 By studious Thought refin'd;
 For Wealth, the Smiles of glad Content,
 For Pow'r, its amplest, best Extent,
 An Empire o'er my Mind.

When Fortune drops her gay Parade,
 When Pleasure's transient Roses fade,
 And wither in the Tomb;
 Unchang'd is thy immortal Prize,
 Thy ever verdant Laurels rise
 In undecaying Bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
 The Coxcomb's Sneer, the stupid Lye
 Of Ignorance and Spite;

Alike condemn the leaden Fool,
And all the pointed Ridicule
Of unfeeling Wit.

From Envy, Hairy, Noise, and Strife,
The dull Impertinence of Life,
In thy Retreat I rest ;

Pursue thee to the peaceful Groves,
Where Plato's sacred Spirit roves,
In all thy Beauties drest.

He bid Ilianus' tuneful Stream
Convey his philosophic Theme,
Of Perfect, Fair, and Good :

Attentive Athens caught the Sound,
And all her list'ning Sons around
In awful Silence stood :

Reclam'd her wild, licentious Youth,
Concess'd the potent Voice of Truth,
And felt its just Controul ;
The Passions ceas'd their loud Alarms,
And Virtue's most persuasive Charms
O'er all their Senses stole.

Thy Breath inspires the Poet's Song,
The Patriot's free, unbiased Tongue,

The Hero's gen'rous Strife ;
Thine are, Retirements, silent Joys,
And all the sweet engaging Ties
Of still, domestic Life.

No more to fabled Names confin'd,
To the supreme all-perfect Mind,
My Thoughts direct their Flight ;
Wisdom's thy Gift, and all her Force
From thee deriv'd, eternal Source
Of intellectual Light.

O lend her sure, her steady Ray,
To regulate my doubtful Way,
Thro' Life's perplexing Road ;
The Mists of Error to controul,
And thro' its Gloom direct my Soul
To Happiness and Good.

Beneath

Beneath her clear discerning Eye,
 The visionary Shadows fly
 Of Folly's painted Show ;
 She sees thro' ev'ry fair Disguise,
 That all, but Virtue's solid Joys,
 Are Vanjty and Woe.

S O N G 446.

THE Danger is over, the Battle is past,
 The Nymph had her Fears, but she ventur'd at last:
 She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
 She smil'd at her Folly, and own'd she had won.
 By her Eyes we discover the Bride had been pleas'd ;
 Her Blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd ;
 She dissembles her Joy, and affects to look down,
 She sighs, 'tis for Sorrow 'tis ended so soon.
 Appear all ye Virgins, both aged and young,
 And you that have carry'd that Burthen too long,
 Who've lost precious Time, and you who are losing,
 Betray'd by your Fears 'twixt doubting and chusing,
 Draw near, and learn what will settle your Mind.
 You'll find yourselves happy, when once you are kind ;
 Do but wisely resolve the sweet Venture to run,
 The Loss will be little, and much to be won.

S O N G 447.

THE Doctor is feed for a dangerous Draught,
 Which cures half a Dozen, and kills half a Score ;
 Of all the best Drugs the Dispensaries taught,
 'Twere well each could cure one Disease and no more :
 But here's the Juice,
 Of sovereign Use,
 'Twill cure your Distempers whatever they be,
 In Body or Spirit,
 Wherever you bear it ;
 Take of this a large Dose, and it soon sets you free.
 By cunning Directors if trick'd of your Pelf,
 Your Losses a Dose of good Claret can heal ;
 Or if you have been a Director yourself,
 'Twill teach you no Loss of your Honour to feel ;
 Stocks fall or rise,
 Tell Truth or Lies,
 Your Fame and your Fortune here Remedy find ;

If Sylvia be cruel,
Take this Water-gruel,
'Twill soon cure the Fever that burns up your Mind.

SONG 448.

THE Man who for Life
Is blest'd in a Wife,
Is sure in a happy Condition ;
Go Things how they will,
She sticks by him still ;
She's Comforter, Friend, and Physician,
She's, &c.

Pray where is the Joy
To trifle and toy,
Yet dread some Disaster from Beauty ?
But sweet is the Bliss
Of a conjugal Kiss,
Where Love mingles Pleasure with Duty,
Where, &c.

One extravagant Whore,
Shall cost a Man more,
Than twenty good Wives that are saving ;
For Wives they will spare,
That their Children may share,
But Whores are eternally craving,
But, &c.

SONG 449.

THE Man who is rich and has Money to spend,
May now and then with it oblige a good Friend ;
But he who has nothing can lend none at all,
Or having but little, may soon spend it all.

'Tis very surprising to see some Men take
Great Pains to get Riches, then lay them at Stake ;
And then go to Gaming, and sometimes lose all,
While he who has nothing, can lose none at all.

With ease others get Wealth, and spend it as fast,
And then to the Devil for more go in haste ;
But as they are riding sometimes get a fall,
And he who has little may soon spend it all.

The Drunkard who never thinks he has enough,
His Substance dees spend on a Butt of foul Stuff:

He

He must have more Guzzle though it cost him a Fall,
Thus he who has little may soon spend it all.

The Glutton great feasting makes for his foul Guts,
And till they are full he his Mouth never shuts ;
He must have more Beef and Plumb-pudding and all,
This Hog having little, may soon spend it all.

How happy's the Man, who tho' poor, yet in Mind
Is contented with what he in th' Cupboard does find :
Old Cheese, rusty Bacon, he cares not at all,
'Cause having but little, he may soon spend it all.

SONG 450.

THE last Time I came o'er the Moor,

I left my Love behind me ;
Ye Pow'rs what Pain do I endure,
When soft Ideas mind me ?
Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd
The beaming Day ensuing,
I met betimes the lovely Maid,
In fit Retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,
Gazing and chafly sporting ;
We kiss'd and promis'd Time away,
Till Night spread her black Curtain.
I pitied all beneath the Skies,
E'n Kings, when she was nigh me ;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where mortal Steel may wound me ;
Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may surround me :
Yet Hopes again to see my Love,
To feast on glowing Kisses,
Shall make my Cares at Distance move,
In Prospect of such Blissess.

In all my Soul there's not one Place,
To let a Rival enter ;
Since she excels in every Grace,
In her my Love shall center.

Sooner

Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
 Their Waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland Ice shall Roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor,
 She shall a Lover find me ;
 And that my Faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me :
 Then Hymen's sacred Bonds shall chain
 My Heart to her fond Bosom ;
 There, while my Being does remain,
 My Love more fresh shall blossom.

SONG 451.

THE Macedon Youth
 Left behind him this Truth,
 That nothing is done with much thinking ;
 He drunk, and he fought,
 'Till he had what he sought,
 The World was his own by good drinking.
 He drench'd his brave Soul
 In a plentiful Bowl,
 And cast away Trouble and Sorrow ;
 His Head never run
 Of what was to be done,
 For he car'd not to-day, for to-morrow.

SONG 452.

THE Man that is drunk, is void of all Care ;
 He needs neither Parthian Quiver nor Spear :
 The Moor's poison'd Dart he scorns for to wield ;
 His Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.
 Undaunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,
 Demolishes Windows, and breaks open Doors ;
 He revels all Night, is afraid of no Evil,
 And boldly defies both Proctor and Devil.
 As late I rode out with my Skin full of Wine,
 Encumber'd neither with Care, nor with Coin,
 I boldly confronted a horrible Dun ;
 Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.
 No Monster cou'd put you to half so much Fear,
 Should he in Apulia's Forest appear ;

In Africa's Desert there never was seen
 A Monster so hated by Gods and by Men.
 Come place me, ye Deities, under the Line,
 Where grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the Vine ;
 O'er hot-burning Sands I'll swelter and sweat,
 Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the Heat.
 Or place me where Sun-shine is ne'er to be found,
 Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound ;
 E'en there I wou'd nought but my Bottle require,
 My Bottle shou'd warm me, and fill me with Fire:
 My Tutor may job me, and lay me down Rules ;
 Who minds 'em but damn'd philosophical Fools ?
 For when I am old, and can no more drink,
 'Tis Time enough then for to sit down and think.
 'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
 For he thought Aristotle an Ass for his Pain ;
 His Sorrow he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
 And when he was drunk, then the World was his own.
 This World is a Tavern with Liquor well stor'd,
 And into't I came to be as drunk as a Lord ;
 My Life is the Reck'ning, which freely I'll pay,
 And when I'm dead-drunk, then I'll stagger away.

S O N G 453.

THE Man who for Life
 Is plagu'd with a Wife,
 Is sure in a wretched Condition ;
 Go Things hew they will,
 She sticks by him still,
 And Death is his only Physician,
 Poor Man, &c.
 To trifle and toy
 May give a Man Joy,
 When Passion's promoted by Beauty ?
 But where is the Bliss
 Of a conjugal Kiss,
 When Passion is prompted by Duty ?
 Poor Man, &c.
 The Dog when possess'd
 Of Mutton the best,
 A Bone he may leave at his Pleasure ;

But

But if to his Tail,
'Tis ty'd, without fail
He's harra's'd and plagu'd beyond Measure,
Poor Cur, &c.

SONG 454.

THE Miser thus a Shilling fees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With Sighs resigns it by Degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.
The Boy, thus, when his Sparrow's flown,
The Bird in Silence eyes;
But soon as out of Sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

SONG 455.

THE Modes of the Court so common are grown,
That a true Friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for Interest is but a Loan,
Which they let out for what they can get;
'Tis true, you find
Some Friends so kind,
Who will give you good Counsel themselves to defend,
In sorrowful Ditty,
They promise, they pity,
But snuff you for Money from Friend to Friend.

SONG 456.

THE Morn was fair, safe was the Air,
All Nature's Sweets were springing;
The Buds did bow with silver Dew,
Ten thousand Birds were singing:
When on the Bent, with blyth Content,
Young Jamie sang his Marrow;
Nae bonnier Lads e'er trod the Grass
On Lenden-haighs and Yarrow.
How sweet her Face, where every Grace
In heavenly Beauty's planted;
Her smiling Een, and comely Mien
That nae Perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my Fate,
But bless my bonny Marrow:
If her dear smile my Doubts beguile,
My Mind shall ken nae Sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of every Charm enchanting,
 Each Good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if Love be wanting.
 O benny Lads! have but the Grace
 To think, ere ye gae further;
 Your Joys moun flit, if ye commit
 The crying Sin of Murder.
 My wand'ring Ghast will ne'er get rest,
 And Night and Day affright ye;
 But if you're kind, with joyful Mind
 I'll study to delight ye.
 Our Years around with Love thus crown'd,
 From all Things Joys shall borrow;
 Thus none shall be more blest than we
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.
 O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
 Can make Life worth my Wishes,
 If equal Love your Mind can move
 To grant this best of Blesses.
 Thou art my Sun, and thy least Frown
 Would blight me in the Blossom;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy Bosom.

S O N G 457.

THE Night was in her Sable Shroud,
 No silver Stars were seen,
 Wrapt in a cold and wintry Cloud,
 Midst bleak Showers of Rain.
 Unfaithful Edward's treacherous Step
 To Susan's Dwelling came;
 Long he pretended to have su'd,
 And lov'd the gentle Dame.
 His Entrance at this fatal Hour
 The Innocent allow'd;
 Ungrateful Edward silent smil'd,
 Then kiss'd her Lips, and bow'd.
 With am'rous Toy he first began,
 Her snowy Bosom prest;
 Vow'd, that he lov'd her more than Life,
 And begg'd he might be blest.

But

But she, in Honour's strictest Rule
 Had train'd her gentle Mind :
 Is this your Love to me, she said,
 Ungrateful, and unkind ?

In dreadful Rage of hated Lust,
 Her purple Blood to spill,
 He drew his Sword, and swore she dy'd
 If she refus'd his Will.

With trembling Fear she cry'd, and thought
 Each Moment to be slain :
 Help ! help ! oh help ! for Heaven's sake !
 She cry'd, but cry'd in vain.

Whole Floods of Tears, like silver Dew
 From off the Lilly's Head,
 Fell down her white and pearly Neck :
 Unhappy ! lovely Maid.

The Thoughts of losing all her Charms,
 That they must turn to Clay ;
 To think of dying, when so young,
 Induc'd her to obey.

Her bleeding Heart did oft misgive,
 She pray'd, she wept, and sigh'd :
 But when her precious Jewel lost,
 Much better had she dy'd.

The faithless Wretch now flies her Charms,
 Those very Charms he swore
 To nourish with his utmost Care,
 He now regards no more.

Her Bed she waters with her Tears,
 And beats her panting Breast ;
 Her Hand supports her drooping Head,
 But she can find no Rest.

At length the ruddy Morning rose,
 She blush'd to see the Day ;
 And curs'd the Night, that fatal Night,
 In which she did obey.

The Guilt, which Guilt was not her own,
 So black was in her Eye,
 That though at Death she started first,
 She now resolv'd to die.

A pois'now

A pois'nous Drug, Oh! mournful Tale!
 Within a silver Bowl
 She mix'd---then sipp'd the deadly Juice,
 And breath'd away her Soul.
 The Scarlet of her Lips grew pale,
 Her Eyes no Lustre boast;
 Soft Musick dies upon her Tongue,
 And all her Charms are lost.
 Now, Edward, think what thou hast done,
 Repent e'er 'tis too late;
 Or at the dreadful Day of Doom,
 Expect thy wretched Fate.

S O N G 458.

THE Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd:
 She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye,
 And the Cause of a Flame that never can die.
 Her Mouth from whence Wit still obligingly flows,
 Has the beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the Rose;
 Love and Destiny both still attend on her Will,
 She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she can kill.
 The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
 Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess;
 In Sylvia they meet, so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

S O N G 459.

THE old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter,
 To grind her Grist quickly, and so return back:
 The Miller so work'd it, that in eight Months after
 Her Belly was fill'd as full as her Sack;
 Young Robin so pleas'd her, that when she came home,
 She gap'd like a stuck Pig, and star'd like a Mome,
 She hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she halloo'd and whoop'd,
 And all the Day long,
 This, this was her Song,
 Was ever a Maiden so lexicompoop'd?
 Oh Nelly, cry'd Celie, thy Clothes are all mealy,
 Both Backside and Belly are rumpled all o'er,
 You moap now and slabber, why what a pox ails ye?
 I'll go to the Miller, and know all ye Whore:

I i

She

She went, and the Miller did grinding so ply,
 She came cutting Capers a Foot and half high,
 She waddled, she straddled, she halloo'd and whoop'd,
 And all the Day long,

This, this was her Song,

Hey! was ever two Sisters so lericompoop'd?

Then Mary o'th' Dairy, a third of the Number,

Wou'd fain know the Cause they so jig'd it about,
 The Miller her Wishes long would not incumber,

But in the old manner the Secret found out.

Thus Celia and Nelly, and Mary the mild,

Were just about Harvest-time all big with Child,

They danc'd in the Hay, they halloo'd and whoop'd,

And all the Day long,

This, this was the Song,

Hey! were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd?

And when they were big they did stare at each other,

And crying, oh Sisters! what shall we now do?

For all our young Bantlings we have but one Father,

And they in one Month will all come to Town too?

O why did we run in such haste to the Mill,

To Robin, who always the Toll Dish would fill?

He bump'd up our Bellies, then halloo'd and whoop'd,

And all the Day long,

This, this was their Song,

Hey! were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd?

S O N G 460.

THE Stone, that all Things turns at Will

To Gold, the Chymist craves;

But Gold, without the Chymist's Skill,

Turns all Men into Knaves,

And a cheating they will go, &c.

The Merchant wou'd the Courtier cheat,

When on his Goods he lays

Too high a Price---but, faith, he's bit,

For a Courtier never pays,

And a cheating, &c.

The Lawyer, with a Face demure,

Hangs him who steals your Pelf;

Because the good Man can endure

No Robber but himself,

And a cheating, &c.

Betwixt

Betwixt the Quack and Highwayman,
What Difference can there be ?

Tho' this with Pistol, that with Pen,

Both kill you for a Fee,

And a cheating, &c.

The Husband cheats his loving Wife,

And to a Mistress goes ;

While she at home, to ease her Life,

Carouses with the Beaus,

And a cheating, &c.

The Tenant doth the Steward nick,

(So low this Art we find)

The Steward doth his Lordship trick,

My Lord tricks all Mankind,

And a cheating, &c.

One Sect there are, to whose fair Lot

No cheating Arts do fall,

And those are Parsons call'd, God wot,

And so I cheat you all,

And a cheating, &c.

S O N G 461.

THE Sun was just setting, the Reaping was done,

And over the Common I tript it alone ;

Then whom shou'd I meet but young Dick of our
Town,

Who swore ere I went I shou'd have a green Gown ;

He prest me, I stumbl'd ;

He push'd me, I tumbl'd ;

He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd ;

But still he kiss'd on ;

Then rose and went from me, as soon as he had done.

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,

May I be worse rumpl'd,

Worse tumbl'd and jumbl'd,

Wherever, wherever I go.

Before an old Justice I summon'd the Spark,

And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clerk ?

He pull'd out his Ink-horn, and ask'd me his Fee,

You now shall relate the whole Business, quoth he,

He prest me, &c.

The Justice then came, tho' grave was his Look,
Seem'd to wish I wou'd kiss him instead of the Book;
He whisper'd ; his Clerk then leaving the Place,
I was had to his Chamber, to open my Case,
He prest me, &c.

I went to our Parson to make my Complaint ;
He look'd like a Bacchus, but preach'd like a Saint ;
He said, we should soberly Nature refresh ;
Then nine times he urg'd me to humble the Flesh,
He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He push'd me, I tumbl'd,
He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd ;
But still he kiss'd on ;
Then rose and went from me, as soon as he'd done.
If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse rumpl'd,
Worse tumbl'd, and jumbl'd,
Wherever, wherever I go.

S O N G 462.

THE sweet rosy Morning
Peeps over the Hills,
With Blushes adorning
The Meadows and Fields ;
While the merry, merry, merry Horn calls,
Come, come, come away,
Awake from your Slumber,
And hail the new Day.
The Stag rous'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the Chorus
Of Hounds in full cry.
Then follow, follow, follow
The musical Chase,
Where Pleasure and vigorous
Health you embrace.
The Day's Sports when over,
Makes Blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh Charms for the Night.

Tha

Then let us, let us enjoy
 All we can while we may,
 Let Love crown the Night,
 As our Sports crown the Day.

S O N G 463.

THE terrible Law,
 When it fastens its Paw
 On a poor Man, it gripes 'till he's undone ;
 And what I am doing,
 May turn to my Ruin,
 Though rich as the Lord-Mayor of London.
 Therefore I'll be wary,
 What Message I carry,
 Unless we first make a sure Bargain ;
 I will be dempnify'd,
 Thoroughly satisfy'd,
 That ch'am shan't suffer a Varding.

S O N G 464.

THERE was a jovial Beggar,
 He had a wooden Leg,
 Lame from his Cradle,
 And forced for to beg,
 And a begging we will go,
 Will go, will go,
 And a begging we will go.
 A Bag for his Oatmeal,
 Another for his Salt ;
 And a Pair of Crutches,
 To shew that he can halt.
 And a begging, &c.
 A Bag for his Wheat,
 Another for his Rye ;
 A little Bottle by his Side,
 To drink when he is dry :
 And a begging, &c.
 To Pimblico we'll go,
 Where we shall merry be ;
 With ev'ry Man a Can in's Hand,
 And a Wench upon his Knee.
 And a begging, &c.

I i 3

And

And when we are disposed
To tumble on the Grass,
We have a long patch'd Coat
To hide a pretty Lais.
And a begging, &c.

Full seven Years I begged
For my old Master Wild ;
He taught me how to beg,
When I was but a Child.
And a begging, &c.

I begg'd for my Master,
And got him Store of Pelt ;
But Jove now be praised,
I can beg for myself.
And a begging, &c.

In an old hollow Tree
I live and pay no Rent ;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, &c.

Of all the Occupations
A Beggar lives the best ;
For when he is a weary.
He'll lay him down to rest :
And a begging, &c.

I fear no Plots against me,
I live in open Cell ;
Then who would be a King,
When a Beggar lives so well ?
And a begging, &c.

SONG 465.

THERE was a bonny Blade,
Had marry'd a Country Maid,
And safely conducted her home, home, home ;
She was neat in ev'ry Part,
And she pleas'd him to the Heart,
But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She

She was bright as the Day,
 And brisk as the May,
 And as round and as plump as a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb;
 But still the silly Swain
 Could do nothing but complain,
 Because that his Wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could brew, and she could bake,
 She could sew, and she could make,
 She could sweep the House with a Broom, Broom, Broom,
 She could wash, and she could wring,
 She could do any kind of Thing ;
 But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor then he went,
 For to give himself Content,
 And to cure his Wife of the mum, mum, mum ;
 Oh ! 'tis the easiest Part
 That belongs unto my Art,
 For to make a Woman speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor he her brings,
 And he cuts her chatt'ring Strings,
 And at Liberty he set her Tongue, Tongue, Tongue ;
 Her Tongue began to walk,
 And she began to talk,
 As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her Faculty she tries,
 And she fill'd the House with Noise,
 And she rattled in his Ears like a Drum, Drum, Drum.
 She bred a deal of Strife,
 Made him weary of his Life,
 He'd give any Thing again she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor then he goes,
 And thus laments his Woes,
 Oh ! Doctor you've me undone, undone, undone ;
 For my Wife she's turn'd a Scold,
 And her Tongue can never hold,
 I'd give any Kind of Thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

When I did undertake
 To make your Wife to speak,
 It was a Thing easily done, done, done ;

But

But 'tis past the Art of Man,
 Let him do whate'er he can,
 For to make a scolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue,
 Tongue.

S O N G 466.

THE Wheel of Life is turning quickly round,
 And nothing in this World of Certainty is found :
 The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out :
 Good lack ! good lack ! how Things are wheel'd about !
 Some few aloft on Fortune's Wheel do go,
 And as they mount up high, the others tumble low ;
 In this we all agree, that Fate at first did will,
 That this great Wheel should never once stand still.
 The Courtier turns to gain his private Ends,
 'Till he's so giddy grown, he quite forgets his Friends ;
 Prosperity oft-times deceives the Proud and Vain,
 And wheels so fast, it turns them out again.
 Some turn to this, to that, and ev'ry Way,
 And cheat, and scrape for what can't purchase one poor
 Day ;
 But this is far beneath the generous-hearted Man,
 Who lives, and makes the most of Life he can.
 And thus we're wheel'd about in Life's short Farce,
 'Till we at last are wheel'd off in a rumbling Hearse :
 The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out :
 Good lack ! good lack ! how Things are wheel'd about.

S O N G 467.

THE Widow can bake and the Widow can brew,
 The Widow can shape, and the Widow can sew,
 And many brave Things the Widow can do ;
 Then have at the Widow my Laddie.
 With Courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her ye munna be blate ;
 Speak well and do better, for that's the best Cate
 To win a young Widow my Laddie.
 The Widow she's youthful, and never a Hair
 The war of the wearing, and has a good Skair
 Of every Thing lovely : she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich Jointure my Laddie.

What

What cou'd ye wish better your Pleasure to crown,
 Than a Widow, the boniest Toast in the Town,
 With naithing, but draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport with the Widow my Laddie.

Then till'er and kill'er with Courtesie dead,
 Thro' stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead,
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
 With a bonny gay Widow my Laddie.

Strike Iron while 'tis hot, if ye'd have it to wald,
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the Wooer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the Widow my Laddie.

S O N G 468.

THEN as it fell out on a Holiday,
 Then as it fell out on a Holiday,
 Then as it fell out on a Holiday;
 'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a,
 'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a,
 'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a.

Sir John he got on his ambling Nag,
 Sir John, &c.

To Scotland for to ride-a.
 With an hundred and more of his own he swore,
 With an hundred, &c.

To guard him on ev'ry Side-a.
 No Errant Knight e'er went to fight,
 No Errant, &c.

So bold a Desperada;
 Had you seen but his Look, you'd have swore on a Book,
 Had you, &c.

He'd have conquer'd a whole Armada.
 The Ladies look'd out at their Windows, to see,
 The Ladies, &c.

So brave, so warlike a Sight-a,
 And they did cry, as he pass'd by,
 And they, &c.

Sir John, why will you go fight-a?
 But he, like a hardy Knight, rode on,
 But he, &c.

His

His Heart wou'd not relent-a ;
 For, till he came there, what had he to fear ?
 For, till, &c.

Or why shou'd he repent-a ?

The King (God save him) had singular Hope,
 The King, &c.

Of him and all his Troop-a,
 And all the Troop, as he march'd along,
 And all, &c.

For joy did halloo and hoop-a.

None lik'd him so well as his Colonel,
 None lik'd, &c.

Who took him for John du Barta ;
 But when the Scots Army came in Sight,
 But when, &c.

The Knight was not so pert-a.

And when there was shows of Guns and Blows,
 And when, &c.

And ev'ry Man must fight-a,
 He ran to his Tent, and they ask'd what he meant,
 He ran, &c.

He said, He must needs go sh---t-a.

His Colonel sent for him back again,
 His Colonel, &c.

To place him in the Van-a,
 But Sir John did swear, he wou'd never come there,
 But Sir John, &c.

To be kill'd the very first Man-a.

To ease him of Fear, he plac'd him in the Rear ;
 To ease, &c.

At Miles back half a Score-a.

Sir John he did play a Trip and away,
 Sir John, &c.

And ne'er saw the Enemy more-a.

SONG 469.

THere liv'd long ago in a Country Place,
 A clever young Lad that lov'd a young Lass ;
 She lov'd him again, and (O ! wonder to hear !)
 No Offers could move her, she lov'd him so dear.

The

The Lord of the Village took it into his Head,
 To tempt her to leave him and come to his Bed:
 He offer'd her Jewels, and Baubles and Rings,
 But she slighted his Love, and refus'd his gay Things.
 He told her, he'd make her as fine as a Queen,
 Her Gown should be Silk, and her Cap Colberteene.
 But she said Linsey-woolsey and Bone-lace would serve,
 And rather than please him she'd venture to starve.
 He told her he'd give her a Pad to ride out,
 Or a Coach, if she lik'd it, to visit about.
 She thank'd him, but said, she could very well walk,
 And should she have a Coach, how the Neighbours would
 talk !

He said, for the Neighbours, he'd make it his Care,
 That none, e'en the Parson on Sundays, should dare
 To find Fault with her Conduct, or offer to blame
 Her manner of Living, or blast her good Name.
 She told him, in short, he must e'en be content,
 For Jewels or Gold should ne'er bribe her Consent ;
 Her Heart was another's, and so should remain,
 And she scorn'd to be false for the Lucre of Gain.

S O N G 470.

THis great World is a Trouble,
 Where all must their Fortunes bear;
 Make the most of the Bubble,
 You'll have but Neighbours Fare.

Let not Jealousy tease ye,
 Think of nought but to please ye,
 What's past, 'tis but in vain
 For Mortals to wish again.

When dull Cares do attack ye,
 Drinking will those Clouds repel;
 Four good Bottles will make ye,
 Happy, they seldom fail.

If a Fifth should be wanted,
 Ask the Gods 'twill be granted
 Thus, with ease, you'll obtain
 A Remedy for all your Pain.

S O N G

SONG 471.

THE Card invites, in Crowds we fly
 To join the jovial Rout, full cry ;
 What Joy, from Cares and Plagues all Day,
 To hie to the Midnight Hark-away.
 Nor Want, nor Pain, nor Grief, nor Care,
 Nor dromish Husbands enter there ;
 The brisk, the bold, the young and gay,
 And roar to the jolly Hark-away.
 Uncounted strikes the Morning Clock,
 And drowsy Watchmen idly knock ;
 Till Day-light peeps, we sport and play,
 All hie to the Midnight Hark-away.
 When tir'd with Sport, to Bed we creep,
 And kill the tedious Day with Sleep ;
 To-morrow's welcome Call obey,
 And again to the Midnight Hark-away.

SONG 472.

THOU' cruel you seem to my Pain,
 And hate me because I am true ;
 Yet Phillis you love a false Swain,
 Who has other Nymphs in his View,
 Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
 To me what a Heaven it would be !
 To him but a Woman you seem,
 But ah ! you're an Angel to me.
 Those Lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow,
 Still clinging around that dear Wasté,
 Which he spans as beside him you go ;
 That Arm, like a Lilly so white,
 Which over his Shoulders you lay,
 My Bosom could warm it all Night,
 My Lips they would press it all Day.
 Were I like a Monarch to reign,
 Were Graces my Subjects to be,
 I'd leave them and fly to the Plain,
 To dwell in a Cottage with thee :

But if I must feel thy Disdain,
 If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
 O! let me not live in this Pain,
 But give me my Death in a Frown.

S O N G 473.

TOO plain, dear Youth, those tell-tale Eyes
 A willing Heart declare;
 But for Love's Sake, let it suffice,
 You reign triumphant there.
 Forbear your utmost Power to try,
 Nor farther urge your Sway;
 Pres not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey,
 For fear I should obey.

Resolve not then to do an Ill,
 Because perhaps you may;
 But rather interpose your Skill,
 To save me than betray.
 Be you yourself my Virtue's Guard,
 Defend, and not pursue;
 Since 'tis a Task for me too hard
 To strive with Love and you,
 To strive with Love and you.

S O N G 474.

TO heal the Smart a Bee had made,
 Upon my Chloe's Face,
 Honey upon her Cheeks she laid,
 And bid me kiss the Place.
 Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the Wound,
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart:
 The Honey on my Lips I found,
 The Sting within my Heart.

S O N G 475.

TO make the Wife kind, and to keep the House still,
 You must be of her Mind, let her say what she will:
 In all that she does, you must give her her Way,
 For tell her she's wrong, and you'll lead her astray.
 Then Husbands take care,
 Of Suspicious beware.

K k

Yours

Your Wives may be true,

If you fancy they are :

With Confidence trust them, and be not such Elves,
As to make by your Jealousy Horns for yourselves.

With Confidence, &c.

Abroad all the Day if she chances to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her Absence, she'll sigh to come
Home :

The Man she likes best, and longs most to be at,
Be sure to commend, and she'll hate him for that.

Then Husbands take care, &c.

What Virtue she has, you may safely oppose ;
Whatever her Follies are, praise her for those :
Prove all her Schemes that she lays for a Man,
For name but a Vice, and she'll sin if she can.

Then Husbands take care,

Of Suspicious beware,

Your Wives may be true,

If you fancy they are :

With Confidence trust them, and be not such Elves,
As to make by your Jealousy Horns for yourselves.

With Confidence, &c.

SONG 476.

TOO late for Redress, and too soon for my Ease,
I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I cou'd please ;
I fancy'd your Eyes read the Language of mine,
And saw my Love's Image reflected on thine ;
The Flatterer Hope to my Ruin led on,
And taught me to judge of your Heart by my own ;
Self-love to my Wish was at hand to persuade,
That my Love was return'd, and my Friendship repaid.
But wak'd from this Dream, 'tis with Anguish I find,
Words and Looks were but civil, which once I thought
kind ;

Its Colour no longer false Fancy will lend,
To form the fond Lover, or image the Friend ;
But be still my poor Heart, or beat thee to Rest,
I'll drive this Tormentor, this Love from my Breast ;
I'll break the gay Bauble my Fancy has made,
And punish the Heart Self-love has betray'd.

SONG

(387)

SONG 477.

TO the God of Wine
My Song and my Design
With a grateful Spirit will I raise.
'Tis my Heart's Delight
To give him ev'ry Night,
And to carol merrily his Praise.
Monarch Bacchus, gay and young ;
Free to save us,
And relieve us,
When the World goes wrong.
Sound his Name,
Raise it high,
Sing his Fame
To the Sky,
Till the wise World join in our Song.
Shou'd a Mortal dare
His merry Subjects sneer,
Let him dread the Fate decreed.
A new Law well weigh'd
The drinking Court has made,
And to Justice thus they'll proceed.
Set the Rebel to the Bar,
That the Traitor,
Bound in Fetter,
May his Sentence hear.
Let the Rogue,
In a String,
Like a Dog,
Take a Swing,
Or be drown'd in Rot-gut Small-beer.

SONG 478.

TO thee, O gentle Sleep, alone
Is owing all our Peace ;
By thee our Joys are heighten'd shown,
By thee our Sorrows cease.
The Nymph whose Hand, by Fraud or Force,
Some Tyrant has possess'd ;
By thee obtaining a Divorce,
In her own Choice is blest.

K k 2

Oh!

Oh! stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,
The sadly weeping Fair
Conjures thee not to lose in Day
The Object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleasing Form she sought,
That Motion chas'd her Sleep;
Thus by ourselves are closest wrought
The Griets for which we weep.

SONG 479.

TRanported with Pleasure
I gaze on my Treasure
And ravish my Sight;
While she gaily smiling,
My Anguish beguiling,
Augments my Delight.

How blest is a Lover
Whose Torments are over,
His Fears and his Pain;
When Beauty relenting
Repays with consenting,
Her Scorn and Disdain.

SONG 480.

'TWas when the Seas were roaring,
With hollow Blasts of Wind,
A Daniel lay deploring,
All on a Rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the rearing Billows,
She cast a wishful Look;
Her Head was crown'd with Willows
That trembled o'er the Brook.
Twelve Months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days;
Why didst thou vent'rous Lover,
Why didst thou trust the Seas?
Cease, cease then, cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled Motion,
To that within my Breast?

The

The Merchant, robb'd of Treasure,
 Views Tempest in Despair ;
 But what's the Loss of Treasure,
 To losing of my Dear !
 Shou'd you some Coast be laid on,
 Where Gold and Diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer Maiden,
 But none that loves you so.
 How can they say that Nature
 Has nothing made in vain ;
 Why then beneath the Water
 Do hideous Rocks remain ?
 No Eye those Rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the Deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
 And leave the Maid to weep.
 All Melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her Dear,
 Repay'd each Blast with sighing,
 Each Billow with a Tear :
 When o'er the white Waves stooping
 His floating Corps she spy'd ;
 Then like a Lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

S O N G 481.

'TWas cold, and young Roger had Leave from the
 'Squire
 To cleave some dry Blocks to recruit his Wife's Fire ;
 When, at every Blow, from his Stomach there broke
 A Hem, or a Hah, near as loud as the Stroke.
 His Wife standing by, and demanding the Reason,
 Quoth Hodge, these Emissions in labouring ease one :
 For while Voice and Members at once thus employ'd are,
 I drive the Wedge further, and make the Slit wider.
 Attentive Joan heard, and was silent till Night,
 When Roger performing the conjugal Rite,
 In the midst of the rapturous, amorous Game,
 She pinch'd him, and pull'd him, and bid him cry
 Hem,

K:k 3

Hodge

Hodge knew what she meant, but unable to give
 A Comfort so long as his Spouse could receive :
 He cry'd, my dear Jewel, I can stem no more in ;
 There's Odds you must know between cleaving and
 boring.

SONG 482.

'TWas at the silent midnight Hour,
 When all were fast asleep :
 It glided Marg'ret's grimly Ghost,
 And stood at William's Feet.
 Her Face was like an April Morn,
 Clad in a wint'ry Cloud ;
 And Clay cold was her lily Hand,
 That held her sable Shroud.
 So shall the fairer Face appear,
 When Youth and Years are flown :
 Such is the Robe that Kings must wear.
 When Death has left their Crown.
 Her Bloom was like the springing Flow'r,
 That sips the silver Dew ;
 The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
 Just op'ning to the View.
 But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early Prime :
 The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek :
 She dy'd before her Time.
 Awake, she cry'd, thy True-love calls,
 Come from her midnight Grave :
 Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
 Thy Love refus'd to save.
 This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
 When injur'd Ghosts complain ;
 Now yawning Graves give up their Dead,
 To haunt the faithless Man.
 Bethink thee, William, of thy Fault,
 Thy Pledge, and broken Oath ;
 And give me back my maiden Vow,
 And give me back my Troth.

Why

Why did you promise Love to me,
 And not that Promise keep?
 Why did you swear my Eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those Eyes to weep?
 How could you say my Face was fair,
 And yet that Face forsake?
 How could you win my Virgin Heart,
 Yet leave that Heart to break?
 Why did you say my Lips were sweet,
 And made the Scarlet pale?
 And why did I young witless Maid,
 Believe the flatt'ring Tale?
 That Face, alas! no more is fair,
 Those Lips no longer red;
 Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
 And ev'ry Charm is fled.
 The hungry Worm my Sister is,
 This Winding-sheet I wear;
 And cold and dreary lasts our Night,
 'Till that last Morn appear.
 But hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence!
 A long and last Adieu!
 Come see, false Man, how low she lies,
 That dy'd for Love of you.
 The Lark sung leud, the Morning smil'd,
 And rais'd her glitt'ring Head:
 Pale William quak'd in ev'ry Limb,
 And raving left his Bed.
 He hy'd him to the fatal Place,
 Where Marg'ret's Body lay;
 And stretch'd him on the green Grass Turf,
 And wrapt her breathless Clay.
 And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's Name,
 And thrice he wept full sore;
 Then laid his Cheek to the cold Grave,
 And Word spake never more.

S O N G 483.

'T Was in the Land of Cyder,
 At a Place call'd Brampton-Bryon,
 Such a Prank was play'd
 'Twixt a Man and Maid,
 That all the Saints cry'd fie on.

For

For gentle John and Susan
 Were oft at Recreation;
 To tell the Truth,
 This vigorous Youth,
 Caus'd a dreadful Conflagration.
 Both Morning, Noon, and Night, Sir,
 Brisk John was at her Crumper;
 He got in her Geers
 Five times before Pray'rs,
 And six times after Supper.
 John being well provided,
 So closely did solace her,
 That Susan's Waist,
 So slackly lac'd,
 Shew'd Signs of Babe of Grace.
 But when the Knight perceived
 That Susan had been sinning,
 And that his Lais,
 For want of Grace,
 Lov'd Kissing more than Spinning:
 To cleanse the House from Scandal,
 And filthy Fornication;
 Of all such Crimes
 To shew the Times
 His utter Detestation:
 He took both Bed and Bolster,
 Nay, Blankets, Sheets, and Pillows;
 With Johnny's Frock,
 And Susan's Smock,
 And burnt them in the Kiln-house.
 And every vile Utensil
 On which they had been wicked;
 As Chairs, Joint-stools,
 Old Trunks, Close-stools,
 And eke the three-legg'd Cricket.
 But had each Thing defiled
 Been burnt at Brampton-Bryon,
 We all must grant
 The Knight would want
 Himself a Bed to lie on.

'TWas on a River's verdant Side,
 About the Close of Day,
 A dying Swan with Musick try'd
 To chase her Cares away.
 And tho' she ne'er had strain'd her Throat,
 Or tun'd her Voice before,
 Death, ravish'd with so sweet a Note,
 A while the Stroke forbore.
 Farewel, she cry'd, ye silver Streams,
 Ye purling Waves adieu,
 Where Phoebus us'd to dart his Beams,
 And bless both me and you.
 Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds,
 Soft Scenes of happy Love;
 Farewel, ye bright enamel'd Meads,
 Where I was wont to rove.
 With you I must no more converse;
 Look, yonder setting Sun
 Waits, while I these last Notes rehearse,
 And then he must be gone.
 Mourn not, my kind and constant Mate,
 We'll meet again below:
 It is the kind Decree of Fate,
 And I with Pleasure go.
 While thus she sung, upon a Tree
 Within th' adjacent Wood,
 To hear her mournful Melody
 A Stork attentive stood.
 From whence thus to the Swan she spoke:
 What means this Song of Joy?
 Is it, fond Fool, so kind a Stroke
 That does thy Life destroy?
 Turn back, deluding Bird, and try
 To keep thy fleeting Breath:
 It is a dismal Thing to die,
 And Pleasure ends in Death.

Base Stork, the Swan reply'd, give o'er,
 Thy Arguments are vain;
 If after Death we are no more,
 Yet we are free from Pain.

But there are soft Elysian Shades,
 And Bow'rs of kind Repose,
 Where never any Storm invades,
 Nor Tempest ever blows.

There in cool Streams, and shady Woods,
 I'll sport the Time away;
 Or, swimming down the crystal Floods,
 Among young Nymphs play.

Then prythee cease, or tell me why
 I have such Cause to grieve,
 Since 'tis a Happiness to die,
 And it's a Pain to live.

SONG 485.

TWO Gods of great Honour, Bacchus and Apollo,
 The one fam'd in Musick, the other in Wine,
 In Heaven were raving, disputing, and braving,
 Whose Theme was the noblest, and Trade most
 diving:

Your Musick, says Bacchus, would stun us and rack us,
 Did Claret not soften the Discords you make:
 Songs are not inviting, nor Verses delighting,
 Till Poets of my great Influence partake.

I'm young, plump, and jolly, free from Melancholy:
 Who ever grew fat by the Sound of a String?

Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often contribute,
 To purchase a Bottle before they do swing.

In Love I am noted, by old and young courted;
 A Girl, when inspir'd by me, is soon won;

So great are the Motions of one of my Portions,
 The Muses, tho' Maids, I could whore ev'ry one.

When Mortals are flett'd, perplex'd, or indebted,
 To me, as a Father, for Succour they cry;

In their sad Condition, I hear their Petition,
 A Bottle revives the oppress'd Votary.

, Then

Then leave off your Tooting, your Fiddling and Fluting,

Aside lay your Harp, and bow down to the Flask ;

My Joys they are riper than Songs from a Piper,

What Musick is sweeter than sounding a Cask ?

Says Phœbus, this Fellow is drunk sure, or mellow,

To prize Musick less than Wine and October,

Since those who love Drinking, are void of all Thinking,

And want so much Sense as to keep themselves sober.

Thus while they were wrangling, disputing and jangling,

Came buxom bright Venus to end the Dispute :

Say she, now to ease ye, Mars best of all pleas'd me,

When arm'd with a Bottle, and charm'd with a Flute.

Your Musick has charm'd me, your Wine has alarm'd
me,

When I have seem'd coy and hard to be won ;

When both have been moving, I could not help loving,

And Wine has compleated what Musick begun.

The Gods, struck with Wonder, deciar'd by Jove's

Thunder,

They'd mutually join in supplying Love's Flame ;

So each, in his Function, mov'd on in Conjunction,

To melt with soft Pleasure the amorous Dame.

SONG 486.

TWO Gossips they merrily met

At Nine in the Morning full soon ;

And they were resolv'd for a Whet,

To keep their sweet Voices in Tune.

Away to the Tavern they went ;

' Here Joan I vow and protest,

' That I have a Crown yet unspent,

' Come, let's have a Cup of the best.

' And I have another perhaps,

' A Piece of the very same Sort ;

' Why should we sit thrumming of Caps,

' Come, Drawer, and fill us a Quart !

' And let it be Liquor of Life,

' Canary, or sparkling Wine !

' For I am a buxom young Wife,

' And I love to go gallant and fine.

The

The Drawer as blythe as a Bird
 Came skipping with Cap in his Hand,
 ' Dear Ladies, I give you my Word,
 ' The best shall be at your Command ;
 A Quart of Canary he drew,
 Joan fill'd up a Glass and begun,
 ' Here Gossip's a Bumper to you,
 ' I'll pledge you, Girl, were it a Tun !
 ' And, pray Gossip, didn't you hear
 ' The common Report of the Town ?
 ' A Squire of five hundred a Year
 ' Is marry'd to Doll of the Crown :
 ' A draggle-tail'd Slut on my Word,
 ' Her Clothes hanging ragged and foul ;
 ' In troth he would fain have a Bird,
 ' That would give a Great for an Owl.
 ' And she had a Sister last Year,
 ' Whose Name they call'd gasping Peg,
 ' She'd take up a Straw with her Ear,
 ' I warrant her right as my Leg !
 ' A Brewer he got her with Child,
 ' But e'en let them brew as they bake ;
 ' I knew she was wanton and wild,
 ' But I'll neither meddle nor make.
 ' Nor I, Gossip Joan, by my troth,
 ' Tho' nevertheless I've been told,
 ' She stole seven Yards of Broad-cloth,
 ' A Ring and a Locket of Gold ;
 ' A Smock and a new Pair of Shoes,
 ' A flourishing Madam was she ;
 ' But Margery told me the News,
 ' And it ne'er shall go further for me.
 ' We were at a Gossiping Club,
 ' Where we had a cheruping Cup,
 ' Of good humming Liquor, strong Bub !
 ' Your Husband's Name there it was up,
 ' For bearing a powerful Sway,
 ' All Neighbours his Valour have seen ;
 ' For he's Cu--kold they say,
 ' A Constable, Gossip, I mean.

' Dear

- ' Dear Gossip, a Slip of the Tongue
 ' No Harm was intended in Mind ;
 ' Chance Words they will mingle among
 ' Our others, we commonly find :
 ' I hope you won't take it amiss,
 ' No, no, that were Folly in us :
 ' And if we perhaps get a Kiss,
 ' Pray what are our Husbands the worse.

SONG 487.

V irgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre,
 Which in the Garden enamels the Ground ;
 Near it the Bees in Play flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy Butterflies frolick around.
 But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
 To Covent-Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet)
 There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under Feet.

SONG 488.

V ain is ev'ry fond Endeavour,
 To resist the tender Dart ;
 For Examples move us never,
 We must feel to know the Smart.
 When the Shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our Beauties set to view,
 Vanity her Aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our Due.
 Softer than the vernal Breezes
 Is the mild deceitful Strain ;
 Frowning Truth our Sex displeases,
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain.
 Soon, too soon, the happy Lover
 Does our tenderest Hopes deceive ;
 Man was form'd to be a Rover,
 Foolish Woman to believe.

SONG 489.

V ainly now you strive to charm me,
 All ye blooming Sweets of May ;
 How shou'd empty Sun-shine warm me
 While Lothario keeps away.

L 1

Co,

Dear

Go ye working Birds, go leave me,
 Shade ye Clouds the smiling Sky ;
 Sweeter than his Voice can give me,
 Is her Sun-shine to my Eye.

S O N G 490.

W A S T E me, some soft and cooling Breeze,
 To Windsor's shady, kind Retreat,
 Where sylvan Scenes, wide-spreading Trees,
 Repel the raging Dog-star's Heat :
 Where tufted Grass, and mossy Beds,
 Afford a rural calm Repose ;
 Where Wood-bines hang their dewy Heads,
 And fragrant Sweets around diffuse.
 Old easy Thames that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling Valley plays ;
 His grassy Surface cheers the Eye,
 And thro' the flow'ry Meadows strays.
 His verdant Banks, with Herbage green,
 His Vales with smiling Plenty swell ;
 Where'er his purer Stream is seen,
 The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.
 Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave
 With naked Arms once more divide ;
 In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
 And stem the gently-rolling Tide.
 Lay me with Damask Roses crown'd
 Beneath some Osier's dusky Shade ;
 Where Water Lillies paint the Ground,
 And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.
 Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
 With azure Mantle lightly drest ;
 Ye Nymphs, bind up her silken Hair,
 Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breast.
 O haste away, fair Maid, and bring
 The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love ;
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

Welcome, welcome, Brother Debtor,
 To this poor, but merry Place,
 Where no Bailiff, Dunn, nor Sector,
 Dare to shew his frightful Face;
 But, kind Sir, as you're a Stranger,
 Down your Garnish you must lay,
 Or your Coat will be in Danger,
 You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your Confinement
 From your Children or your Wife;
 Wisdom lies in true Resignment,
 Thro' the various Scenes of Life.
 Scorn to shew the least Resentment,
 Tho' beneath the Frowns of Fate;
 Knaves and Beggars find Contentment,
 Fears and Cares attend the Great.

Tho' our Creditors are spiteful,
 And restrain our Bodies here,
 Life will make a Goal delightful,
 Since there's nothing else to fear.
 Ev'ry Island's but a Prison,
 Strongly guarded by the Sea;
 Kings and Princes, for that Reason,
 Pris'ners are as well as we.

What was it made great Alexander
 Weep at his unidently Fate?
 'Twas because he could not wander
 Beyond this World's strong Prison Gate.
 For the World is also bounded,
 By the Heav'ns and Stars above;
 Why should we then be confounded,
 Since there's nothing free but Love?

WE're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet,
 And we's not very fow, but we're gaily yet,
 Then sit ye awhile and tippie a bit,
 For we's not very fow, but we're gaily yet.
 And we're gaily yet, &c.

There was a Lad, and they cau'd him Dickey,
 He gae me a Kiss, and I bit his Lippy,
 Then under my Apron he shew'd me a Trick,
 And we's not very fow, but we're gaily yet.

And we're gaily yet, &c.

There were three Lads, and they were clad,
 There were three Lasses. and them they had,
 Three Trees in the Orchard are newly sprung,
 And we's a' git geer enough, we're but young.

And we're gaily yet, &c.

Then up went Ailey Ailey, up went Ailey now,
 Then up with Ailey, quo Crumma, we's a get rozring
 few.

And one was kifs'd in the Barn, another was kifs'd on
 the Green,

And t'other behind the Pease-stack, till the Mow flew
 up to her Ey'en.

Then up went Ailey, &c.

Now sie John Thompson run,
 Gin ever ye run in your Life,
 De'el get ye, but hye my dear Jack,
 There's a Mon got to Bed with your Wife.

Then up went Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thompson ran,
 And agad, he ran with Speed :
 But before he had run his length,
 The false Loon had done the Deed.

Then up went Ailey, &c.

S O N G 493.

WERE I laid on Greenland's Coast,
 And in my Arms embrac'd my Lads,
 Warm amidst eternal Frost,
 Too soon the half Year's Night would pass.

WERE I sold on Indian Soil,
 Soon as the burning Day was clos'd,
 I would mock the sultry Toil,
 When on my Charmer's Breast repos'd ;

I would love you all the Day,
 Ev'ry Night we'd kiss and play,
 If with me you'd fondly stay
 Over the Hills and far away.

S O N G

S O N G 494.

What Beauties does Flora disclose ?
How sweet are her Smiles upon Tweed ?

Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.

Nor Daisy, nor sweet blushing Rose,
Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field,

Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,

The Black-bird, and sweet cooing Dove,
With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.

Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us see how the Primroses spring ;

We'll lodge on some Village on Tweed,
And love where the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day ?

Does Mary not tend a few Sheep ?

Do they never carelessly stray

While happily she lies asleep ?

Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to Rest ;

Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,

To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,

I'd steal an ambrosial Kiss.

'Tis she does the Virgins excel,

No Beauty with her can compare ;

Love's Graces around her do dwell,

She's fairest, where Thousands are fair.

Say, Chatterer, where do thy Flocks stray ?

Oh ! tell me at Noon where they feed ;

Shall I seek them at sweet-winning Tay,

Or the planter Banks of the Tweed.

S O N G 495.

What care I for Affairs of State ?

Or who is rich, or who is great ?

How far abroad th' Ambitious roam,

To bring us Gold or Silver home ?

What is't to me if France or Spain,

Consent to Peace, or War maintain ?

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
 And wish all well at Gibraltar ;
 But mind a Cardinal no more,
 Than any other scarlet Whore :
 Grant me, ye Pow'rs, but Health and Rest,
 And let who will the World contest.

Near some smooth Stream, oh, let me keep
 My Liberty and feed my Sheep ;
 A shady Walk well lin'd with Trees,
 A Garden, with a Range of Bees ;
 An Orchard which good Apples bears,
 Where Spring a long green Mantle wears.
 Where Winters never are severe ;
 Good Barley-Land to make good Beer ;
 With Entertainment for a Friend,
 To spend in Peace my latter End,
 In honest Ease and home spun Grey ;
 And let the Evening crown the Day.

S O N G 496.

What Cato advises

Most certainly wise is,
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play ;
 To mingle sweet Pleasure
 With Search after Treasure,
 Indulging at Night for the Toils of the Day.
 And while the dull Miser
 Esteems himself wiser,
 His Bags to increase, he his Health will decay ;
 Our Souls we enlighten,
 Our Fancies we brighten,
 And pass the long Evenings in Pleasure away.
 All chearful and hearty,
 We set aside Party,
 With some tender Fair each bright Bumper is crown'd ;
 Thus Bacchus invites us,
 Thus Venus delights us,
 While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd.
 See here's our Physician,
 We know no Ambition,
 For where there's good Wine and good Company found,
 Thus

Thus happy together,
 In spite of all Weather,
 'Tis Sunshine and Summer with us the Year round.

S O N G 497.

WHat beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight,
 How closely yonder Vine,
 Does round that Elm, supporting Height,
 Her wanton Ringlets twine.
 That Elm no more a barren Shade,
 Is with her Clusters crown'd ;
 And that fair Vine, without it's Aid,
 Had crep'd along the Ground.
 Let this my fair one move thy Heart,
 Connubial Joys to prove :
 But mark what Age and Cares impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on Love.
 Know thy own Bliss, and joy to hear,
 Vertumnus loves thy Charms,
 The youthful God that rules the Year,
 And keeps the Grove from Harms.
 While some with short-liv'd Passion glow,
 His Love remains the same :
 On him alone thy Heart bestow,
 And crown his constant Flame.
 So shall no Frost's untimely Power
 Deform the blooming Spring ;
 So shall thy Trees from Blasts secure
 Their wanted Tribute bring.

S O N G 498.

WHat Creature's that with his short Hair,
 His little Band, and huge long Ears,
 That this new Faith hath founded ?
 The Saints themselves were never such,
 The Prelates ne'er rul'd half so much.
 O such a Rogue's a Round-head.
 What's he that doth the Bishops hate,
 And counts their Calling reprobate,
 'Cause by the Pope propounded ;
 And think a zealous Cobler better
 Than Usher learn'd in ev'ry Letter ?
 O such, &c.

What's

What's he that doth High-Treason say,
As often as his yea and nay,
And with the King confounded ;
And dares maintain that Mr. Man
Is fitter for the Crown than him ?
O such, &c.

What's he, that if he chance to hear
A little Piece of Common-Prayer,
Doth think his Conscience wounded ;
Will go five Miles to preach and pray,
And meet a Sister by the Way ?
O such, &c.

What's he that met a holy Sister,
And in a Hay-stack gently kiss'd her ?
O then his Zeal abounded ;
'Twas underneath a shady Willow,
Her Bible serv'd her for a Pillow,
And there he got a Round-head.

SONG 409.

WHAT Life can compare with the jolly Town Rake's,
When in his full Swing of all pleasure he takes ?
At Noon he gets up for a Whet and to dine,
And wings the swift hours with Mirth, Musick, and
Wine ;
Then jogs to the Play-house and chats with the
Marques,
And thence to the Rose, where he takes his three Flasks.
There great as a Caesar he revels when drunk,
And scorns all he meets as he reels, as he reels to his
Punk,
And finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he wakes ;
What Life can compare to the jolly Town Rake's, the
jolly Town Rake's.

He like the Great Turk has his favourite she,
But the Town's his Seraglio, and still he lives free ;
Sometimes she's a Lady ; but as he must range,
Black Betty, or Oyler Moll serve for a Change :
As he varies his Sports his whole Life is a Feast,
He thinks him that is sober it is most like a Beast :
At Houses of Pleasure, breaks Windows and Doors,
Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their Whores :
Raze

Rare Work for the Surgeon and Midwife he makes ;
 What Life can compare with the jolly Town Rake's ?
 Thus in Covent-Garden he makes his Campaigns,
 And no Coffee-house haunts but to settle his Brains ;
 He laughs at dry Mortals, and never does think,
 Unless 'tis to get the best Wenches and Drink ;
 He dwells in a Tavern, and lives ev'ry-where
 And improving his Hour, lives an Age in a Year :
 For as Life's uncertain, he loves to make haste,
 And thus he lives longest, because he lives fast :
 Then leaps in the Dark, and his Exit he makes ;
 What Death can compare with the jolly Town Rake's ?

SONG 500.

WHAT tho' I am a Country Lads,
 A lofty Mind I bear-a,
 And think myself as good as those,
 Who gay Apparel wear-a.
 What tho' my Clothes are home-spun Grey,
 My Skin it is as soft-a,
 As those that in their Cypress Veils,
 Carry their Heads aloft-a.
 What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
 It is what must be done-a :
 A Garland of the sweetest Flow'rs
 Shall shade me from the Sun-a.
 And when I see they feeding be,
 Where Grass and Flow'rs do spring-a,
 Beside a purling crystal Stream
 I'll set me down and sing-a.
 My Leathern Bottle, stuff with Sage,
 Is Drink that's very thin-a :
 No Wine did 'er my Brain enrage,
 Or tempt me for to sin-a.
 My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,
 Methinks are very fine-a :
 When on a shady Bank at Noon
 I set me down and dine-a.
 What tho' my Portion won't allow
 Of Bags of shining Gold-a ;
 Our Farmers Daughters now-a-days,
 Like Swine are bought and fold-a.

My

My Body's fair, I'll keep it sound,
 And an honest Mind within-a ;
 But for an hundred thousand Pound,
 I value not a Lin-a.
 No Jewels wear I, in my Ears,
 Or Pearls about my Neck-a ;
 No costly Rings do I e'er use,
 My Fingers nor to deck-a.
 But for the Man, whoe'er he be,
 Whom I shall chance to wed-a ;
 I'll keep a Jewel worth them all,
 I mean my Maidenhead-a.

S O N G. 301.

What, tho' I am a London Dame,
 And lofty Looks I bear-a ?
 I carry sure as good a Name,
 As those who Ruffet wear-a.
 What, tho' my Clothes are rich Brocades,
 My Skin it is more white-a,
 Than any of the Country Maids,
 That in the Fields delight-a.
 What, tho' I to Assemblies go,
 And at the Opera Gine-a ?
 It is a Thing all Girls must do,
 That will be Ladies fine-a.
 And while I hear Faustina sing
 Before the King and Queen-a,
 My Eyes they are upon the Wing,
 To see if I am fen-a.
 My Pekoe and Imperial Tea,
 Are brought me in the Morn-a ;
 At Noon, Champagne and rich Tokay
 My Tables do adorn-a ;
 The Evening then does me invite
 To play at dear Quadrille-a :
 And sure in this there's more Delight
 Than in a bustling Rill-a.
 Then since my Fortune does allow,
 I'll live just as I please-a ;
 I'll never milk my Father's Cow,
 Nor press his coming Cheese-a ;

But

But take my Swing both Night and Day,
 I'm sure it is no Sin-a,
 And as for what the Grave-ones say,
 I value not a Pin-a.

S O N G 502.

WHat tho' they call me Country Lads,
 I read it plainly in my Glads,
 That for a Dutchess I might pass,
 Oh! could I see the Day!
 Would Fortune but attend my Call,
 At Lark, at Play, at Ring, at Ball,
 I'd brave the proudest of them all,
 With a stand by!---Clear the Way!
 Surrounded by a Croud of Beaus,
 With smart Toupees, and powder'd Cloaths,
 At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose,
 Oh! could I see the Day!
 I'll dart such Glances from these Eyes,
 Shall make some Nobleman my Prize,
 And then, Oh! how I will tyrannize!
 With a stand by!---Clear the Way!

O then for Grandeur and Delight,
 For Equipage and Diamonds bright,
 And Flambeaus that outshine the Light;
 Oh! could I see the Day!
 Thus ever easy, ever gay,
 Quadrille shall wear the Night away,
 And Pleasure crown the growing Day!
 With a stand by!---Clear the Way!

S O N G 503.

WHat Woman could do, I have try'd to be free;
 Yet do what I can,
 I find I love him, and th' he likes me,
 Still, still he's the Man.
 They tell me, as many have sworn will swear;
 When Vows are to fly, wh' the Faithhood can fear;
 So, when you have said all you can,
 Still,---still he's the Man.

I caught

I caught him once making Love to a Maid,
 When to him I ran,
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me ; then who cou'd upbraid
 So civil a Man ?
 The next Day I found to a third he was kind,
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind ;
 So let me do what I can,
 Still,---still he's the Man.
 All the World bids me beware of his Art ;
 I do what I can ;
 But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
 I doubt he's the Man !
 So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,
 He may have his Faults, but if none I can find,
 Who can do more than they can ;
 He,---still is the Man.

S O N G 503.

When a Lady like me condescends to agree
 To let such a Jackanapes taste her,
 With what Zeal and Care should he worship the Fair,
 Who gives him ---what's Meat for his Master.
 His Actions should still
 Attend on her Will,
 Hear, Sirrah, and take it for Warning,
 To her he should be
 Each Night on his Knee,
 And so he should be on each Morning.

S O N G 504.

When Britons first by Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure Main,
 This was the Charter, the Charter of the Land,
 And guardian Angels sung the Strain,
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the Waves,
 For Britons never will be Slaves.
 The Nations, not so bless'd as thee,
 Must in their Turns to Tyrants fall ;
 While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and Envy of them all.
 Rule, &c.

Still

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign Stroke :
 As the loud Blast that tears, that tears the Skies,
 Serves but to root thy native Oak.
 Rule, &c.

The haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 All their Attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous Flame,
 And work their Woe, and thy Renown.
 Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural Reign,
 Thy Cities shall with Commerce shine ;
 All thine shall be, shalt be the subject Main,
 And ev'ry Shore it circles, thine.
 Rule, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom's Sound,
 Shail to thy happy Coast repair ;
 Bless'd life, with matchless, with matchless Beauty
 crown'd,
 And manly Hearts to guard the Fair.
 Rule, &c.

S O N G 505.

W H E N dear Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver Stream ;
 How brisk the Nymphs, the Swains how gay !
 Content inspir'd each rural Lay.
 The Birds in livelier Concert sung,
 The Grapes in thicker Clusters hung ;
 All look'd as Joy could never fail,
 Among the Sweets of Arno's Vale.
 But since the good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of Shepherds, and their Pride ;
 Now Arno's Sons must all give Place
 To Northern Men, an iron Race.
 The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er,
 Thy Notes, Lucinda, please no more ;
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail,
 Adieu the Sweets of Arno's Vale.

SONG 506.

When charming Myra first I saw,
 Her beauteous Form did strike an Awe,
 Upon my wand'ring Eyes ;
 But while I gaz'd upon her Face,
 Admiring ev'ry Charm and Grace,
 She did my Heart surprize.

Soon as I felt the pleasing Smart,
 First Joy, then Grief, within my Heart,
 Alternate took their Course ;
 At last I thought the wisest Way,
 Was first my Talents to display,
 Her Friendship to enforce.

Her Friendship gain'd, I next aspir'd,
 To what my longing Heart desir'd,
 And crown my ardent Love :
 The charming, lovely, tender Maid,
 To own it mutual was afraid,
 But did not disapprove.

Tho' envious Tongues with Art have strove
 To wrong me in my Myra's Love,
 Their Efforts prov'd in vain ;
 For with Contempt her prudent Eye
 Did their malicious Reasons spy,
 And mine does still remain.

SONG 507.

When Dazies py'd, and Violets blue,
 And Cuckow-Buds of yellow Hew,
 And Lady-Smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the Meadows with Delight ;
 The Cuckow then on every Tree,
 Mocks married Men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckow, Cuckow, O ! Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a married Ear.

When Shepherds Pipe on Oaten-straws,
 And merry Larks are Plowmens Clocks,
 When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
 And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks ;
 The Cuckow then on every Tree,
 Mocks married Men, for thus sings he.

Cuckow,

Cuckow, Cuckow, O! Word of Fear,
Unpleasing to a married Ear.

SONG 508.

WHen Fanny blooming Fair,
First caught my ravish'd Sight,
Pleas'd with her Shape and Air,
I felt a strange Delight :
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry Part,
And ev'ry Feature prais'd,
She stole into my Heart.
In her bewitching Eyes
Ten thousand Loves appear ;
There Cupid basking lies,
His Shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming Checks are dy'd
With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the Pride
Of Roses newly blown.
Her well-turn'd Limbs confess
The lucky Hand of Jove,
Her Features all express
The beauteous Queen of Love ;
What Flames my Nerves invade,
When I behold the Breast
Of that too charming Maid
Rise, suing to be prest.
Venus round Fanny's Waist,
Has her own Cestus bound,
There guardian Cupids Grace,
And dance the Circle round.
How happy must he be,
Who shall her Zone unloose ?
That Bliss to all, but me,
May Heaven and she refuse.

SONG 509.

WHen Chloe we ply,
We swear we shall die,
Her Eyes do our Hearts so enthrall ;

M m 2

But

But 'tis for her Pelf,
 And not for herself:
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.
 The Maidens are coy,
 They'll pish, and they'll fie!
 And swear if you're rude they will call:
 But whisper so low,
 By which you may know,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.
 My Dear, the Wives cry,
 If ever you die,
 To marry again I ne'er shall;
 But in less than a Year
 Will make it appear,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.
 In Matters of State,
 And Party Debate,
 For Church and for Justice we bawl:
 But if you'll attend,
 You'll find in the End,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.
 The Non-Cons will rant,
 In their Pulpits and cant,
 And the honest Conformists will maul;
 In holy Disguise,
 They lift up their Eyes,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.
 The Lawyers you know,
 To Westminster go,
 And plead for their Fees in the Hall;
 For their Clients they'll wrangle,
 And make such a Jangle,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.
 The Wretch that attends,
 And on Courtiers depends,
 His Fortune he'll find to be small;
 For their Actions declare,
 Their Words are but Air,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

When humming brown Beer was the Englishman's
Taste,

Our Wives they were merry, our Daughters were chaste;
Their Breath smelt like Roses whenever embrac'd.

Oh the brown Beer of old England!

And old English brown Beer.

E'er Coffee and Tea found its Way to the Town,

Our Ancestors they by their Fires sat down,

Their Bread it was white, and their Beer it was brown.

Oh the brown Beer, &c.

Our Heroes of old, of whose Conquest we boast,

Could make a good Meal of a Pot and a Toast;

Oh did we so now, we should soon rule the Roast!

Oh the brown Beer, &c.

When the great Spanish Fleet on our Coast did appear,

Our Sailors each one drank a Jorum of Beer,

And sent them away with a Flea in their Ear.

Oh the brown Beer, &c.

Our Clergymen then took a Cup of good Beer,

E'er they mounted the Rostrum, their Spirits to cheer,

Then preach'd against Vices, tho' Courtiers were near.

Oh the brown Beer, &c.

Their Doctrines then were authentick and bold,

Well grounded on Scripture and Fathers of old,

But now they preach nothing but what they are told.

Oh the brown Beer, &c.

But since the Geneva and strong Ratafee,

They are dwindled to nothing, but stay--let me see--

Faith. nothing at all, but mere fiddle dee dee.

Oh the brown Beer, &c.

SONG 511.

When mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's Food,

It enobled our Veins and enriched our Blood,

Our Soldiers were brave and our Courtiers were good.

Oh the roast Beef of old England!

And old English roast Beef.

But since we have learn'd from all-conquering France,

To eat their Ragouts as well as to dance,

M m 3

We

We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaisance.
Oh the roast Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open House with good Chear all Day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song.
Oh the roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name ?
A sneaking poor Race, half-begotten--and tame,
Who sully these Honours that once shone in Fame.
Oh the roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the Throne,
E'er Coffee, or Tea, and such Slip Slops were known,
The World was in Terror, if e'er she did frown.
Oh the roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
They seldom or never return'd back again,
As Witness the vaunting Armada of Spain,
Oh the roast Beef, &c.

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when Wrongs were a cooking to do themselves right!
But now we're a--I cou'd--but good Night.
Oh the roast Beef, &c.

SONG 512.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the Regions below,
Which Men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his Lyre as Histories show,
To set his Euridice free,
To set, &c.

All Hell was astonish'd a Person so wise
Should rashly endanger his Life,
And venture so far, but how vast their Surprise,
When they found that he came for his Wife,
How vast, &c.

To find out a Punishment due to the Fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his Brain,
But Hell had no Torment sufficient he thought,
So he gave him his Wife back again,
So he, &c.

But

(415)

But Pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his Heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in Reward of his Art,
Such Pow'r had Musick in Hell,
Such Pow'r, &c.

S O N G 513.

W HEN first I laid Siege to my Chloris,
Cannon-Oaths I brought down,
To batter the Town,
And I storm'd her with amorous Stories.
Billeu-doux like Small-shot did so ply her,
And sometimes a Song
Went whistling along,
But still I was never the nigher.
At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,
If I lik'd that Life,
She would be my Wife,
But she would not be any Man's Strumpet.
I told her that Mars would not marry,
And swore by the Scars,
Got in Combats and Wars,
That I'd sooner dig Stones in a Quarry.
At length she granted the Favour,
Without the damn'd Curse,
For better, for worse,
And sav'd the dull Parson the Labour.

S O N G 514.

W HEN Maids live to Thirty, yet never repent,
When Europe's at Peace, and all England content,
When Gamesters won't swear, and no Bribery thrives,
Young Wives love old Husbands, young Husbands old
Wives ;
When Landlords love Taxes, and Soldiers love Peace ;
And Lawyers forget a rich Client to fleece :
When an old Face shall please as well as a new,
Wives, Husbands, and Lovers will ever be true :
When Bullies leave huffing, and Cowards their Trem-
bling,
And Courtiers, and Women, and Priests their dissem-
bling ;

When

When these shall do nothing against what they teach,
 Pluralities hate, and we mind what they preach :
 When Vintners leave Brewing to draw the Wine pure,
 And Quacks by their Medicines kill less than they cure ;
 When an old Face shall please as well as a new,
 Wives, Husbands, and Lovers will ever be true.

SONG 515.

When the Delian God to fann'd Helicon
 From Heaven's high Court descended down,
 The tuneful Muses playing he found

A Sonata divinely rare :

When Thalia touch'd the charming Flute,
 Erato struck the warbling Lute,
 And Chloe's Treble joining to't

Made th' Harmony beyond compare.

There Euterpe's full Baïs

The sweet Consort did raise,

And with Pleasure each Sense alarm'd ;

Ev'ry Note was enjoy'd,

Ev'ry Hand was employ'd ;

With Sounds of Joy the flowery Valleys rung ;

Apollo gaz'd, and silent was his Tongue ;

But when his dear Calliopea sung,

Ah ! then the God was charm'd.

SONG 516.

When the Rose is in Bud, and the Violets blow,
 When the Birds sing us Love-songs on every Bough ;

When Cowslips, and Daisies, and Daffadils spread,

And adorn and perfume the green flow'ry Mead ;

When, without the Plow, fat Oxen do low,

The Lads and the Lasses a Sheep-sheering go ;

The cleanly Milk-pail

Is fill'd with brown Ale,

Our Table, our Table's the Grass ;

Where we kiss and we sing,

And we dance in a Ring,

And ev'ry Lad, ev'ry Lad has his Lass.

The Shepherd he sheers his jolly Fleece,

How much richer than that which they say was in Greece !

'Tis our Cloth and our Food,

And our politick Blood,

'Tis

'Tis the Seat, 'tis the Seat, which our Nobles do sit on ;
 'Tis a Mine above Ground,
 Where our Treasure is found,
 'Tis the Gold, 'tis the Gold and the Silver of Britain.

S O N G 517.

WHen the bright God of Day
 Drove to westward each Ray,
 And the Evening was charming and clear,
 The Swallows amain
 Nimble skim-o'er the Plain,
 And our Shadows like Giants appear.
 In a Jessamine Bow'r,
 When the Beans was in Flow'r,
 And Zephyrs breath'd Odours around ;
 Lovely Sylvia was sat,
 With a Song and Spinnet,
 To charm all the Grove with the Sound.
 Rofy Bowers she sung,
 While the Harmony rung,
 And the Birds they all flutt'ring drive ;
 Th' industrious Bees,
 From the Flowers and Trees,
 Gently hum with their Sweets to the Hive.
 The gay God of Love,
 As he rang'd o'er the Grove,
 By Zephyr conducted along ;
 As she touch'd o'er the Strings,
 He beat Time with his Wings,
 And Echo repeated the Song.
 Oh! ye Rovers, beware
 How you venture too near,
 Love is doubly arm'd for to wound ;
 Your Fate you can't shun,
 And you're surely undone,
 If you rashly approach near the Sound.

S O N G 518.

When you censure the Age,
 Be cautious and sage,
 Lest the Courtiers offended should be :
 If you mention Vice or Bribe,
 'Tis so pat to all the Tribe ;
 Each cries, that was levell'd at me.

S O N G

WHence comes it, Neighbour Dick,
That you, with Youth uncommon,
Have serv'd the Girls this Trick,
And wedded an old Woman ?
Happy Dick !

Each Belle condemns the Choice
Of a Youth so gay and sprightly ;
But we your Friends rejoice,
That you have judg'd so rightly :
Happy Dick !

Tho' odd to some it sounds,
That on Threescore you ventur'd ;
Yet in Ten Thousand Pounds
Ten Thousand Charms are center'd :
Happy Dick !

Beauty, we know, will fade,
As doth the short-liv'd Flower ;
Nor can the fairest Maid
Insure her Bloom an Hour :
Happy Dick !

Then wisely you resign,
For Sixty, Charms so transient ;
As the Curious value Coin
The more for being ancient :
Happy Dick !

With Joy your Spouse shall see
The fading Beauties round her,
And she herself still be
The same that first you found her :
Happy Dick !

Oft is the married State
With Jealousies attended :
And hence, thro' foul Debate,
Are Nuptial Joys suspended :
Happy Dick !

But you, with such a Wife,
No jealous Fears are under ;
She's yours alone, for Life,
Or much we all shall wonder :
Happy Dick !

Her Death wou'd grieve you fore,
 But let not that torment you ;
 My Life ! she'll see Fourscore,
 If that will but content you :
 Happy Dick !

On this you may rely,
 For the Pains you took to win her,
 She'll ne'er in Child-bed die,
 Unless the D---l's in her :
 Happy Dick !

Some have the Name of Hell
 To Matrimony given ;
 How falsely, you can tell,
 Who find it such a Heaven :
 Happy Dick !

With you, each Day and Night
 Is crown'd with Joy and Gladness ;
 While envious Virgins bite
 The hated Sheets for Madness :
 Happy Dick !

With Spouse, long share the Bliss
 Y'had miss'd in any other ;
 And when you've bury'd this,
 May you have such another :
 Happy Dick !

Observing hence, by you,
 In Marriage such Decorum,
 Our wiser Youth shall do,
 As you have done before 'em :
 Happy Dick !

S O N G 520.

WHO has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the
 Grave,
 The fatal Retreat of the unfortunate Brave :
 Where Honour and Justice most odly contribute,
 To ease Heroes Pains by a Halter and Gibbet.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had put on :

And the Hangman compleats what the Judge but begun :
There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Post,

Find their Pains no more baulk'd, and their Hopes no more crost.

Derry down, &c.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known ;

And the King and the Law, and the Thief has his own ;
But my Hearers cry out, what a Duce dost thou ail ?

Put off thy Reflections, and give us thy Tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil Respect to harsh Laws,
And for want of false Witness to back a bad Cause,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear :

And who to assist but a grave Cordelier ?

Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whose good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great Haste, that the Show shou'd begin :

Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart ;

And often took Leave, but was loath to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good Son ? says the Priest,
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.

O Father ! my Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon,

For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pough ! prythee ne'er trouble thy Head with such Fancies !

Rely on the Aid you shall have from Saint Francis :

If the Money you promis'd be brought to the Chest ;

You have only to die, let the Church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks say, if they see you afraid ?

It reflects upon me, as I knew not my Trade :

Courage, Friend ; to-day is your Period of Sorrow ;

And Things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To-

To-morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright:
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of to
Night.

Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly trufs'd
up;

For you surely to Night shall in Paradise sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er sumptuous the Treat,
Parbleu, I shall have little Stomach to eat:

I should therefore esteem it great Favour and Grace,

Would you be so kind, as to go in my Place.

Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank ye to boot;

But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must suit.

The Feast, I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;

For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, he said,

Dispatch me, I pray thee, this troublesome Blade:

For thy Cord and my Cord both equally tie,

And we live by the Gold, for which other Men die.

Derry down, &c.

SONG 521.

WHO to win a Woman's Favour,

Would solicit long in vain;

Who to gain a Moment's Pleasure,

Wou'd endure an Age of Pain:

Idly toying,

Ne'er enjoying,

Pleas'd with suing,

Fond of Ruin,

Made the Martyr of Disdain,

Made the Martyr of Disdain.

Give me, Love the beautiful Rover,

Whom a gen'ral Passion warms;

Fondly blessing ev'ry Lover,

Frankly professing all her Charms:

Never flying,

Still complying,

N a

Train'd

Train'd to please you,
 Glad to ease you,
 Circled in her Snowy Arms.
 Circled in her Snowy Arms.

SONG 522.

WHY heaves my fond Bosom, or what can it mean?
 Why flutters my Heart that was once so serene?
 Why sighing and trembling when Daphne is near?
 Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear?
 Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear?
 Methinks I for ever with Wonder could trace
 The thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face;
 Each Moment I view thee, more Beauty I find,
 With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy Mind.
 With thy Face, &c.

Untainted with Folly, unsullied by Pride,
 There native good Humour and Virtue reside;
 Pray Heavens that Virtue thy Soul may supply
 With Compassion for him who without thee must die.
 With Compassion, &c.

SONG 423.

WINE does Wonders ev'ry Day,
 Makes the heavy light and gay;
 Throws off all their Melancholy,
 Makes the Wifest go astray,
 And the Busy toy and play,
 And the Poor and Needy jolly.
 Wine makes trembling Cowards bold,
 Men in Years forget they're old;
 Women leave their coy disdain,
 Who till then were shy and cold;
 Makes the Niggard slight his Gold,
 And the Foppish entertaining.

SONG 524.

WIT and Beauty once contended
 Which should reign in Celia's Arms;
 Both an equal Claim pretended
 To be sole Monarch of her Charms.

'Till

'Till at last they both agreed
 To maintain alternate Sway ;
 One by Night to bless her Bed,
 And one to win her Heart by Day.

SONG 525.

WITH early Horn,
 Salute the Morn
 That gilds this charming Place ;
 With cheerful Cries,
 Bid Echo rise,
 And join the jovial Chase,
 And join, &c.
 The vocal Hills around,
 The waving Woods,
 The Crystal Floods,
 All return their enlivening Sounds.
 The vocal, &c.

SONG 526.

WITH tuneful Pipe and merry Glee,
 Young Jockey won my Heart ;
 A blyther Loon you ne'er did see,
 All Beauty without Art :
 His soothing Tale did soon prevail,
 To gain my fond Belief :
 But now the Swain roves o'er the Plain,
 And leaves me full of Grief.
 Young Jemmy courts with artful Song,
 But few regard his Mean ;
 The Lasses about Jockey throng,
 And Jemmy's left alone.
 In Aberdeen, sure ne'er was seen,
 A Loon that gave such Pain ;
 He daily woes and still pursues ;
 Till he does all obtain.
 But soon as he hath gain'd the Bliss,
 Away the Loon does run ;
 And hardly will afford a Kiss,
 To filly me undone.
 Bonny Molly, Moggy, Dolly,
 Avoid my roving Swain ;
 His wily Tongue, be sure you shun,
 Lest you like me complain.

WITH ev'ry Grace young Strephon chose
 His Person to adorn,
 That, by the Beauties of his Face,
 In Sylvia's Love he might find Place,
 And wonder'd at her Scorn.
 With Bows and Smiles he made his Part ;
 But ah ! 'twas all in vain :
 A Youth less fine, a Youth of Art,
 Had talk'd himself into her Heart,
 And would not out again.
 With Change of Habits Strephon press'd,
 And urg'd her to admire ;
 His Love alone the other dress'd,
 As Verse or Prose became it best,
 And mov'd her soft desire.
 This found, his Courtship Strephon ends.
 Or makes it to his Glass ;
 There in himself now seeks Amends ;
 Convinced, that where a Wit pretends,
 A Beau is but an Ais.

SONG 528.

WITH every Lady in the Land
 Soft Strephon kept a Pother,
 One Year he languish'd for one Hand,
 And next Year for another.
 Yet when his Love the Shepherd told
 To Flavia fair and coy,
 Reserv'd, demure, than Snow more cold,
 She scorn'd the gentle Boy.
 Late, at a Ball, he own'd his Pain ;
 She blush'd, and frown'd and swore,
 With all the Marks of high Disdain,
 She'd never hear him more.
 The Swain persisted still to pray,
 The Nymph still to deny ;
 At last she vow'd she wou'd not stay ;
 He swore she shou'd not fly.

Enrag'd

Enrag'd, she call'd her Footman strait,
And rush'd from out the Room ;
Drove to her Lodging, lock'd the Gate,
And --- lay with Ralph at Home.

S O N G 529.

WITH an honest old Friend, and a merry old Song,
And a Flask of old Port, let me sit the Night long
And laugh at the Malice of those who repine,
That they must swig Porter, whilst I can drink Wine.
I envy no Mortal, 'tho ever so great,
Nor scorn I a Wretch for his lowly Estate ;
But what I abhor, and esteem as a Curse,
Is Poorness of Spirit, not Poorness of Purse.
Then dare to be generous, dauntless and gay,
Let's merrily pass Life's Remainder away ;
Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may despise ;
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

S O N G 530.

WITHout Affectation, gay, youthful and pretty ;
Without Pride or Meanness, familiar and witty ;
Without Form obliging, good-natur'd and free ;
Without Art, as lovely as lovely can be.
She acts what she thinks, and thinks what she says,
Regardless alike both of Censure and Praise ;
But her Thoughts, and her Words, and her Actions are
such,
That none can admire them, or praise them too much.

S O N G 531.

WOMAN, Nature's greatest Beauty,
Was alone design'd for Man ;
It therefore is each Mortal's Duty,
To enjoy it whilst he can,
No more denying,
Be complying,
Joys are nigh you,
Youth will fly you,
For our Life is but a Span.
For, &c.

Ask old Mortals past the Pleasure,
 If they would be young again,
 They'd give their golden Hoops of Treasure,
 But they must desire in vain.

Always whining,
 Ever pining,
 Always sighing,
 Ever crying,

Oh ! that I were young again.
 Oh ! &c.

Yield then quickly, Charmer, ease me,
 Whilst thy Beauty's in its Prime ;
 The Joys I'm sure I know will please thee,
 And no more be call'd a Crime.

Melting Blissies,
 Dying Kisses,
 Hearts inviting,
 Souls uniting,

All excite the happy Time.
 All, &c.

SONG 532.

WOMAN, thoughtless, giddy Creature !
 Laughing, idle flutt'ring Thing !
 Most fantastick Work of Nature !
 Still, like Fancy, on the Wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing Passion,
 Loving, hating, in extream ;
 Fond of ev'ry foolish Fashion,
 And, at best, a pleasing Dream.

Lovely Trifle ! dear Illusion !
 Conqu'ring Weakness ! wish'd for Pain !
 Man's chief Glory, and Confusion,
 Of all Vanities most vain.

Thus, deriding Beauty's Power,
 Bevil call'd it all a Cheat ;
 But in less than half an Hour,
 Kneel'd and whin'd at Celia's Feet.

SONG

S O N G 533.

WOULD Fate to me Belinda give,
 With her alone I'd chafe to live ;
 Variety I'd ne'er require,
 Nor a greater, nor a greater,
 Nor a greater bliss desire.
 My charming Nymph, if you can find,
 Amongst the Race of Human Kind,
 A Man that loves you more than I,
 I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
 I'll resign you, though I die.
 Let my Belinda fill my Arms,
 With all her Beauties, all her Charms,
 With Scorn and Pity I'd look down
 On the Glories, on the Glories,
 On the Glories of a Crown.

S O N G 534.

WOULD you taste the Noontide Air,
 To yon fragrant Bower repair,
 Where woven with the Pop'lar Bough,
 The Mantling Vine will shelter you.
 Down each Side a Fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes
 Lightly o'er the Mossy Ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.
 Round, the languid Herds and Sheep
 Stretch'd o'er sunny Hillocks sleep.
 While on the Hyacinth and Rose
 The Fair does all alone repose.
 All alone---and in her Arms
 Your Breast may beat to Love's Alarms,
 'Till blest and blessing you shall own
 The Joys of Love are joys alone.

S O N G 535.

WOMEN are wanton, yet cunningly coy ;
 Lascivious, yet crafty, to make us obey :
 When once they have nos'd us, triumphant they ride,
 And trample down Man, that was made for their Guide.
 Cho.

Cho. But let them rememoer their Grannum Eve's
Fate,

Left they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.

This Creature was made a Hee priest for Man,
And so he approv'd her, deny it who can ;
But surely poor Adam was soundly asleep
Whilst out of his Side this dear Blessing did creep.

Cho. But let them remember, &c.

Old Painters did form them resembling the Snail,
Their House on their Backs was, and in it their Tail;
Implying that Modesty keeps something in,
Tho' now they'll expose all from Tail up to Chin.

Cho. But let them remember, &c.

S O N G 536.

WOMEN form'd by Nature coy,

Blush to give or take the Joy,

Man by Nature warm and brave,

Must to win them be a Slave.

Fawn and flatter, sigh and wine,

Call their mortal Charms divine.

Whilst the Idol thus we please,

Female Pride deceiv'd obeys.

S O N G 537.

WOULD you chuse a Wife,

For a happy Life,

Leave the Court, and the Country take ;

Where Dolly and Sue,

Young Molly and Prue,

Follow Roger and John,

Whilst Harvest goes on,

And merrily, merrily rake.

Leave the London Dames,

Be it spoke to their Shames,

To lig in their Beds till Noon ;

Then get up and stretch,

Then paint too, and patch,

Some Widgeon to catch ;

Then look on their Watch,

And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then

Then Coffee, and Tea,
 Both Green and Bohea,
 Are serv'd to their Tables in Plate;
 Where their Tattles do run,
 As swift as the Sun,
 Of what they have won,
 And who is undone,
 By Coming, and sitting up late.
 The Laïs give me here,
 Though brown as my Beer,
 That knows how to govern her House;
 That can milk her Cow,
 Or fann w her Sow,
 Make Butter, or Cheese,
 Or gather green Pease,
 And values fine Cloaths not a Soufe.
 This, this is the Girl,
 Worth Rubies and Pearl;
 This the Wife that will make a Man rich;
 We Gentlemen need,
 No Quality Breed,
 To squander away,
 What Taxes would pay;
 In troth we care for none such,

S O N G 538.

Would you have a young Virgin of fifteen Years,
 You must tickle her Fancy with sweets and Dears,
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly
 Sing a Love sonnet to charm her Ears;
 Wittily, prittily talk her down,
 Chase her, and please her, if fair or brown;
 Sooth her, and smooth her,
 And tease her, and please her,
 And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a Widow well known in Man,
 With a Front of Assurance come boldly on;
 Be at her each Moment, and briskly, briskly
 Put her in Mind how the Time steals on;
 Rattle, and prattle, altho' she frown,
 Rouse her, and touze her from Morn to Noon,

And

And shew her some Hour
 You'll answer her Dow'r,
 And get but her Writings, and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
 That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
 You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 That Pleasure's best Charm is Variety:
 Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
 Try her, and ply her when Cully is gone;
 Dog her, and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kiss with a Guinea, and all's your own.

S O N G 539.

W Ould you know how we meet o'er our jolly
 Bowls?

As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our Souls.
 The sharp melts the sweet, the kind smooths the strong,
 And nothing but Friendship grows all the Night long:
 We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry Desire;
 Love only remains our unquenchable Fire.

S O N G 540.

Y E Britons be merry, because you're grown wise,
 Look back with Disdain on your Indolence past:
 Our Parliament lately has open'd its Eyes,
 And sees our true Strength and true Treasure at last.
 From this happy Hour,
 Though our Friends may look sour,
 We are, and we will be the Maritime Power.
 For Britain's determin'd her Rights to maintain;
 And the Fish'ries shall make her the Queen of the Main
 What though, round our Islands when sails our brave
 Fleet;
 As Lords of the Ocean we bluster and brag?
 And what though our Neighbours, as oft as we meet,
 Must lower their Top-sails and strike to our Flag?
 It is all but a---pish!
 They have still their full Wish,
 If we get the Honour, while they get the Fish.
 But Britain's determin'd, &c.
 For us without all Molestation or Care,
 May Hans in the Indies his Projects pursue;

And

And wary Jack Spaniard lets nobody share,
In his Mexican Trade, or the Wealth of Peru.

Then why should not we

All the while be as free,

With our own inexhaustable Mine in the Sea?

But Britain's determin'd, &c.

Our Plan is conducted with Vigour and Skill,

A glorious Beginning already is made;

The Fund with Subscriptions we chearfully fill,

To settle a brisk and a flourishing Trade.

For we need not be told

That our Herrings well sold

Will bring us in Plenty of Silver and Gold.

But Britain's determin'd, &c.

If his Charm had but hit, Friar Bacon of yore

Had fenc'd us about with a Bulwark of Brats;

But this noble Scheme does a thousand Times more,

And shews the old Conjurer was but an Ass.

For from this shall proceed

A successive bold Breed,

To man out our Navies, whenever they need.

For Britain's determin'd, &c.

All Ages, all Sexes, all Hands it employs

To fit out the Buffes and manage the Freight;

Old Men, and old Women, and Maidens and Boys;

The Parish shall quickly be eas'd of its Rate.

It shall daily add more

To the general Store,

And give Coin to the Wealthy, and Work to the

Poor.

For Britain's determin'd, &c.

And O ye kind Fates, give us Leave to forebode,

(For what cannot fortunate Commerce command?)

In Time it shall lessen the national Load,

Nor ever shall Bankruptcy threaten the Land.

And what shall we say

To the Jubilee Day,

When our Debts and our Taxes are vanish'd away?

For Britain's determin'd her Rights to maintain;

And the Fish'ries shall make her the Queen of the

Main.

SONG

YE Beaus of Pleasure,
Whose Wit at Leisure,
Can court Loves Pleasure,
Its Joy and Smart ;
At my Desire,
With me retire,
To know what Fire
Consumes my Heart.

Three Moens that hasted,
Are hardly wasted,
Since I was blasted

With Beauty's Ray ;
Aurora shews ye
No Face so rufy,
No July's Pofy,
So fresh and gay.

Her Skin by Nature,
No Ermine better,
Tho' that fine Creature

Is white as Snow ;
With blooming Graces
Adorn'd her Face is ;
Her flowing Tresses
As black as Slow.

She's tall and slender,
She's soft and tender ;
Some God commend her,
My Wit's too low.

'Twere joyful Plunder,
To bring her under ;
She's all a Wonder,
From Top to Toe.

Then cease, you Sages,
To quote dull Pages,
That in all Ages

The Mind is free :
Tho' great your Skill is,
So strong the Will is,
My Love for Phillis
Must ever be.

S O N G 542.

YE Cats that at Midnight spit Love at each other,
 Who best feel the Pangs of a passionate Lover;
 I appeal to your Scratches and tattered Fur,
 If the Business of Love is no more than to purr.
 Old Lady *Grimalkin*, with Gooseberry Eyes;
 When Kitten knows something, for why? she was wise:
 You find by Experience the Love Fit's soon o'er,
 Pufs, Pufs lasts not long, but turns to Cat-whore.
 Men ride many Miles,
 Cats tread many Tiles,
 Both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the Fray;
 Only Cats, if they fall
 From a House or a Wall,
 Keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails,
 and away.

S O N G 543.

YE fair injured Nymphs, and ye Beaus who deceive 'em,
 Who with Passion engage, and without Reason
 leave 'em.
 Draw near and attend, how the Hero I sing,
 Was foil'd by a Girl, tho' at Arms he was King.
 Derry down, &c.
 Crests, Mottos, Supporters, and Bearings knew he,
 And deeply was study'd in old Pedigree;
 He would sit a whole Evening, and not without Rapture,
 Tell who begat whom, to the End of the Chapter.
 Derry down, &c.
 In forming his Tables, nought griev'd him, but solely,
 That this Man dy'd coelebs, and that fine prole.
 At last, having trac'd other Families down,
 He began to have Thoughts of encreasing his own.
 Derry down, &c.
 A Damsel he chose, not too slow of Belief,
 And fain would he deem'd her Admirer in chief:
 He blazon'd his Suit, and the Sum of his Tale,
 Was, his Coat and her Coat, join'd party per pale.
 Derry down, &c.
 In different Stile, to tie faster the Noose,
 He next would attack her in soft Billet-deaux:

His Argent and Sable were laid aside quite,
Plain English he wrote, and in plain black and white.
Derry down, &c.

Against such Atchievements what Beauty could fence?
Or who would have thought it was all but Pretence?
His pain to relieve, and fulfil his Desire,
The Lady agreed to join Hands with the 'Squire.

Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire in a Fret that the Jest went so far,
Consider'd with Speed how to put in a Bar.
His Words bound him not, since hers did not confine her;
And this in plain Law, because Miss was a Minor.

Derry down, &c.

Miss briskly reply'd, that the Law was too hard,
If she who's a Minor may not be a Ward:
In Law then confiding, she took it upon her,
By Justice to mend those foul Breeches of Honour.

Derry down, &c.

She handled him so, that few would, I warrant,
Have been in his Coat, on so sleeveless an Errand:
She made him give Bond for stamp'd Argent and Or,
And sabl'd his Shield with Gules blazon'd before.

Derry down, &c.

Ye Heralds produce, from the Time of the Normans,
In all your Records such a base Non-performance;
Or if without Instance the Case is we touch on,
Let this be set down as a Blot in his 'Scutcheon,

Derry down, &c.

SONG 544.

YE Gods that round fair Celia wait,
To bring from her bright Eyes our Fate?
Go tell the Nymph in softest Sighs,
And tell her, her Adorer dies.
But if that won't her Pity move,
And she, proud Thing, disdains my Love;
Then let her know; 'tis all a Lye,
For haughty Strephon scorns to die.

SONG

YE Maidens, ye Wives, and young Widows rejoice,
Proclaim a Thanksgiving with your Heart and your
Voice ;

Since Waters were Waters, I dare boldly say,
Ye ne'er had more Cause for a Thanksgiving-Day.
For from London Town, there is lately come down,
Four able Physicians, who never wore gown ;
Whose Physick is pleasant, tho' their Doses are large,
And you may be cur'd without Danger or Charge.

No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion, no Pill,
Which sometimes do cure, but oftner do kill ;
Your taste, or your Palate, need ne'er be dispic'd,
If you'll be but advis'd, to try one of these.
For they have a new Drug, 'tis call'd the close Hug,
'Twill mend your Complexion, and make you look snug :
'Tis a sovereign Balsam, when once well apply'd,
For, though wounded at Heart, the Patient ne'er dy'd.

In the Morning you need not be robb'd of your Rest,
For in your warm Bed this Physick works best ;
What tho' in the taking some Stirring's requir'd,
The motion's so pleasant you cannot be tir'd :
On your Backs you must lie, with you Bodies rais'd high,
And one of these Doctors must always be nigh,
Who still will be ready to cover you warm,
For if you take Cold, all Physick does Harm.

But before these Doctors will give their Direction,
They always consult the Patient's Complexion ;
If she has a moist Palm, or a red Head of Hair,
She requires more Balsam than one man can spare ;
If she has a long Nose, the L--d-above knows
How many great Handfuls must go to her Dose :
You Ladies, that have such ill Symtoms as these,
In Conscience and Honour should pay double Fees.

And so let us give to these Doctors due Praise,
Who to all kind of Persons their Favour conveys :
On the Ugly, for Pity's Sake, Skill shall be shown,
But as for the Handsome, they're cur'd for their own.
On their Silver and Gold, they never lay hold,
For what comes so freely they scorn should be sold :

Then join with these Doctors, and heartily pray,
That the Power of their Physick may never decay.

S O N G 546.

YE fragrant Scents, and Colours fine,
Or with the Seasons fly, or stay :
Where'er ye breath, where'er ye shine,
To find ye I shall learn the Way.

In vain ye hope at hide and seek,
My Senses fond Pursuit to fly ;
I'll catch you on Belinda's Cheek,
Or some convenient Charm near by.

S O N G 547.

YE gentle Gales, that fan the Air,
And wanton in the shady Grove ;
Oh ! whisper to my absent Fair,
My secret Pain, and endless Love :
And, in the sultry Heat of Day,
When she does seek some cool Retreat,
Throw spicy Odours in her Way,
And scatter Roses at her Feet.

That when she sees their Colours fade,
And all their Pride neglected lie ;
Let that instruct the charming Maid,
That Sweets not timely gather'd die.
And when she lays her down to Rest,
Let some auspicious Vision shew,
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what for her I'd undergo.

S O N G 548.

YE Gods ye gave to me a Wife,
Out of your Grace and Favour,
To be the Comfort of my Life,
And I was glad to have her.

But if your Providence divine,
For greater Bliss design her,
To obey your Will at any Time,
I am ready to resign her.

S O N G 549.

YE Minutes bring the happy Hour,
And Chloe blushing to the Bow'r ;

Then

Then shall all idle Flames be o'er,
 Nor Eyes or Heart e'er wander more:
 Both, Chloe, fix for ever on thee:
 For thou art all thy Sex to me.

A guilty is a false Embrace;
 Corinna's Love's a Faery Chace;
 Be gone, thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
 And all that can't survive desire:
 Chloe my Reason moves, and Awe;
 And Cupid shot me when I saw.

SONG 550.

YE Purple-blooming Roses,
 When Love in Wreaths disposes;
 Why guard you so your Treasures,
 And grudge the Boy his Pleasures?
 So mix'd with sweet and sour,
 Life's not unlike the Flow'r:
 Its Sweets unpluck'd will languish,
 And gather'd 'tis with Anguish.
 Then, lovely Boy, bring hither
 The Chaplet, e'er it wither;
 Steep'd in the various Juices
 The cluster'd Vine produces.
 This, round my moisten'd Tresses,
 The Use of Life expresses:
 Wine blunts the Thorn of Sorrow;
 Our Rose may fade To-morrow.

SONG 551.

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
 Be warn'd and instructed by me;
 Tho' small the Experience I've had,
 I'll give you good Counsel and free,
 For Women are changeable Things,
 And seldom a Moment the same;
 As Time a Variety brings,
 Their Looks new Humours proclaim.
 Their Looks, &c.

But he who in Love would succeed,
 And his Mistress's Favour obtain,
 Must mind it as sure as his Creed,
 To make Hay while the Sun is serene:

There's

There's a Season to conquer the Fair,
 And that's when they're merry and gay ;
 To catch the Occasion take Care,
 When 'tis gone in vain you'll assay.

S O N G 552.

YE Nymphs and ye Swains that adorn the gay Plains,
 Come listen a while to my sorrowful Strains ;
 Oh ! hear me with Pity, no Trifle I sing,
 Of no less a Loss than my little brown Thing.

As at Cards with my Friends I play'd t'other Day,
 To banish dull Vapours, and drive Care away,
 Young Collin, as brisk as the Birds in the Spring,
 Was playing all the while with my little brown Thing.

I dream'd of no Mischief, but let him enjoy
 His innocent Fancy and play with my Toy,
 But I found when his Humour was left to its Swing,
 He would have more than have play'd with my little
 brown Thing.

He was smiling at something, I ask'd what it was ?
 He answer'd, with a Smile, that I was the Cause ;
 He swore, he had rather, than call himself King,
 Have play'd all the Night with my little brown Thing.

However, said he, if on Terms you will treat,
 Be kind, and I'll fall like a Lamb at your Feet ;
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! He cry'd thus, whilst round thee I cling,
 Surrender one Moment thy little brown Thing.

I sigh'd, and cry'd, nay, but as well might comply'd
 He was fix'd to obtain what in vain I deny'd :
 The rest of my Story, Oh ! how shall I sing,
 In Words how he ravish'd my little brown Thing.

S O N G 553.

YE Nymphs, no more take Pains to hide
 Your Love, but own your Passion :
 For Virtue, if too nice, is Pride ;
 And Coyness, Affectation.

Cupid, make your Virgins tender,
 Make 'em easy to be won ;
 Let 'em presently surrender,
 When the Treaty's once begun.

Such

Such as like a tedious Wooing,
 Let 'em cruel Damsels find
 But for such as would be doing,
 Pr'ythee, Cupid, make them kind.

S O N G 554.

YE Virgins Pow'rs, defend my Heart
 From amorous Looks and Smiles ;
 From saucy Love, or nicer Art,
 Which most our Sex beguiles.
 From Sighs and Vows, and awful Fears,
 That do to Pity move ;
 From speaking Silence, and from Tears,
 Those Springs that Water love.
 But if thro' Passion I grow blind,
 Let Honour be my Guide ;
 And when frail Nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a Guard of Pride.
 An Heart whose Flames are seen, tho' pure,
 Needs every Virtue's Aid ;
 And she who thinks herself secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.

S O N G 555.

YES, I'm in Love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me ;
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how,
 The pleasing Plague stole on me.
 'Tis not her Face that Love creates,
 For there no Graces revel :
 'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates
 Have rather been uncivil.
 'Tis not her Air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common :
 'Tis not her Sense, for that's but Chat,
 Like any other Woman.
 Her Voice, her Touch, might give th' Alarm.
 'Tis both perhaps, or neither :
 In short, 'tis that provoking Charm
 Of Celia all together.

S O N G

S O N G 556.

YES, I could love, If I could find
 A Mistress fitted to my Mind ;
 Whom neither Gold nor Pride could move,
 To change her Virtue or her Love.

Loves to go neat, not to go fine ;
 Loves for myself, and not for mine :
 Not City proud, nor nice and coy ;
 But full of Love, and full of Joy.

Nor childish young, nor beldame old ;
 Nor fiery hot, nor icy cold :
 Not gravely wise, to rule the State :
 Nor foolish, to be pointed at.

Not worldly rich, nor basely poor ;
 Not chaste, nor a reputed Whore.
 If such a one you can discover,
 Pray, Sir, entitle me her Lover.

S O N G 557.

YOU I love, by all that's true,
 More than all Things here below ;
 With a Pleasure far more great
 Than e'er a Creature loved yet ;
 And yet still you cry, forbear,
 Love no more, or love not here.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
 Bid the Wretched sigh no more ;
 Bid the Old be Young again,
 Bid the Nun not think of Man :
 Sylvia, when thou this can do,
 Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not the Thing of Choice, but Fate :
 What makes me love, makes you to hate,
 Sylvia then do what you will,
 Ease, or cure, torment or kill ;
 Be kind, or cruel, false or true,
 Love I must, and none but you.

SONG 558.

YOU little blind Deceiver go,
And tell thy beautiful Mother,
A strong Repentment I will show,
Since she does love another.

What tho' her Air and Shape's divine,
Yet still I can withstand her,
I'll make the sporting Youth repine,
And shew him I am Commander.

But if true Love hath no Effect,
On that delightful Treasure,
The Power I have I'll not neglect,
But seize her at my Pleasure.

SONG 559.

YOU understand no tender Vows
Of fervent and eternal Love;
That Lover will his Labour lose,
Who does with Sighs and Tears propose
Your Heart to move:
But, if he talk of settling Land,
A House in Town, and Coach maintain'd,
You understand.

You understand no Charms in Wit,
In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air,
To any Fops you will submit,
The naucious Clown, or fulsome Cit,
If rich they are;
Who Guineas can, may you command,
Take Gold, and then put in your Hand.
You understand.

SONG 560.

YOU ask, Melissa, why I love;
Go, ask the rising Sun,
The Moon, the Stars, ask why they move,
And in their Order run.
Go to the Seas, the restless Seas,
Ask why they ebb and flow;
Ask why the Damn'd are ne'er at ease,
The Happy always so.

Go

Go search thro' Nature's secret Laws,
 Why to herself she's true ;
 If you extort from her the Cause,
 Then I will answer you.

SONG 561.

Young Virgins love Pleasure,
 As Misers do Treasure,
 And both alike study to heighten the Measure ;
 Their Hearts they will rise,
 For ev'ry new Trifle,
 And when in their Teens fall in Love for a Song:
 But soon as they marry,
 And find Things miscarry,
 Oh ! how they sigh, that they were not more wary :
 Instead of soft wooing,
 They run to their Ruin,
 And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.

SONG 562.

Youth's the Season made for Joy,
 Love is then our Duty,
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her Beauty,
 Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a Flower, despis'd in Decay.
 Youth's the Season, &c.
 Let us drink and sport to Day,
 Ours is not To-morrow ;
 Love with Youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but Sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the Wing,
 Life never knows the returning Spring.
 Let us drink, &c.

SONG 563.

Young I am, and yet unskill'd :
 How to make a Lover yield :
 How to keep, or how to gain ;
 When to love, or when to feign.

Take

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true :
Ere I can my Soul disguise,
Heave my Breasts, and roul my Eyes.

Stay not till I learn the Way,
How to lie and to betray ;
He that has me first is blest ;
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth ;
Brisk and of a janty Mein,
I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

S O N G 564.

Y O U N G Damsels were formerly won,
By a Pimp's Application to Mother ;
But the Quality saving are grown,
One does the good Office for t'other.
At Ombre, Ballet, and Quadrille,
They care not what Money they squander :
Yet though they disgorge the old Pill,
They grumble at paying the Pander.

S O N G 565.

Y O U R Charms to Ruin led the Way ;
My Sense deprav'd,
My Strength enslav'd ;
As I did love, you did betray :
How great the Curse, how hard my Fate,
To pais Life's Sea with such a Mate.

S O N G 557.

Y O U R musty old Rules,
Are for dull thinking Fools,
Who to Wisdom make awkward Pretences ;
But the World is so wise,
All Schemes to despise,
Which prohibit th' enjoying five Senses.
I'll rove and I'll range,
My Lovers I'll change,
Since changing in Females is common ;
The dull Life of a Nun,
All fine Ladies shun,
For Pleasure's the Soul of a Woman.

S O N G

(444)

SONG 567.

Young Cupid one Day wilely,
With well dissembled Art,
Let fly an Arrow sily,
And pierc'd me to the Heart.
And while I sigh'd, grew stupid,
But to quit Scores with Cupid,
I found a Way, which soon I'll try,
Since Reason takes my Part :
I'll steal away his Arrows,
And sweet Revenge pursue :
With Womens Hearts I'll head 'em,
And then they'll ne'er fly true,
No, no, they'll ne'er fly true.

SONG 568.

Young Cupid I find,
To subdue me inclin'd,
But at length I a Stratagem found,
That will rid me of him,
For I'll drink to the Brim,
And unless he can swim,
He like other Puppies will drown.

SONG 569.

You've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe
Was Soak'd of old with Noah's Flood :
See ! here's a Globe that holds a Sea !
A Sea of Liquor's twice as good ! Tol, lol, de rol.
Had Noah's been a Flood like this,
And Anak's Sons such Souls as I,
They'd drank the Deluge as it rose,
And left the Ark, like Noah, dry, Tol, lol, de rol.

SONG 570.

ZENO, Plato, Aristotle,
All were Lovers of a Bottle ;
Poets, Painters, and Musicians,
Churchmen, Lawyers, and Physicians,
All admire a pretty Laff,
All requite a cheerful Glas :
Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season,
Love and Drinking are no Treason.

F I N I S.



5